

SLIPSLIDE

dillinger four

and other
Top tens
for 1998

Number 116 • Jan/Feb 1998
\$3.00 US • \$4.25 Canada



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Gotohells • Brian GTA • Misconduct •
Mudhoney • Quadrajets • DeeDee Ramone •
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Nobodys
Greatassfits
HR628-cd only



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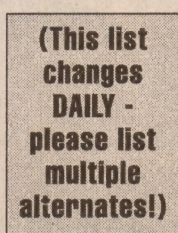
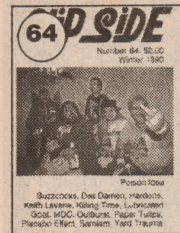
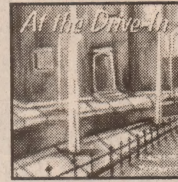
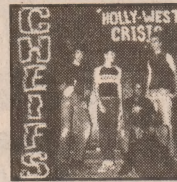
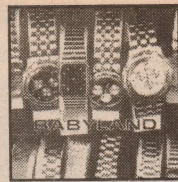


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FLIPSIDE CATALOG!!

7", 12", EP, LP, CS, CDs

- FLIP14 Detox "We Don't Like You Either" LP
 FLIP17 The Crowd "Big Fish Stories" CS only
 FLIP20 Bulimia Banquet "Party My Colon" LP/CS
 FLIP21 Motorcycle Boy "Feel It"/"One Punch" 7"
 FLIP22 Motor Morons "Conspicuous Consumption" 7" EP
 FLIP24 Paper Tulips "Insects" CS
 FLIP26 Popdefect "Without"/"To Each His Own" 7"
 FLIP28 Sandy Duncan's Eye "525.NTSC" 7"
 FLIP29 Popdefect "Puro Desmadre" 7"
 FLIP30 Various "The Big One" CD
 FLIP31 Anus The Menace "Number One" LP/CS
 FLIP33 Pooch "Anyway The Wind Blows" 7"
 FLIP34 Dirtclodfight "Speak Tongue Man"+3 7" EP
 FLIP35 Paper Tulips "Linoleum" 7" EP
 FLIP36 Popdefect "Third Degree Road Burns" 7" EP
 FLIP37 Babyland "Reality Under Smrowth" 12" EP
 FLIP38 TVTV\$ "Brainwashing" LP/CD
 FLIP39 Dirtclodfight "Everything That Isn't" LP
 FLIP40 Sandy Duncan's Eye LP
 FLIP42 Paper Tulips "Orbital" CD
 FLIP43 Popdefect "Punch Drunk" LP/CD
 FLIP44 Babyland "You Suck Crap" CD
 FLIP45 Anus The Menace "Yeah Right" 7" EP
 FLIP48 TVTV\$ "Rap Music Is Killing America" CDEP
 FLIP49 Dirtclodfight "Hunting Lesson" LP/CD
 FLIP50 Paper Tulips "Baker's Dozen" LP/CD
 FLIP51 Anus The Menace "Number Two" CD/CS
 FLIP54 TVTV\$ "We The Sheeple" CD
 FLIP55 Dirtclodfight "Denny" 7"
 FLIP56 Dirtclodfight "Suffering The Aftertaste" CD/CS
 FLIP57 Babyland "A Total Letdown" CD
 FLIP58 Paper Tulips "Small Bee Helicopter Type" CDEP
 FLIP59 Popdefect "Don't Be Hateful" CDEP
 FLIP60 Beck "Stereopathic Soulmaneure" CD
 FLIP61 Xylol "Alcoholic Fuckers" 7"
 FLIP63 Kryptonite Nixon "Swag" CD/CS
 FLIP64 Various "The Devil You Know, The Devil You Don't" CD
 FLIP65 Babyland / My Suicide split 7" EP
 FLIP67 Drag "Pifer" CDEP
 FLIP68 Far Flung "25000 Feet Per Second" CD
 FLIP69 Various "Rock and Fucking Roll Vol. 1" CD
 FLIP70 New York Loose "Loosen Up" CDEP
 FLIP71 Various "Live From Jawbone" CD
 FLIP72 Kryptonite Nixon "Live From Jawbone" CD+
 FLIP74 Haskells "Hopscotch and Bourbon" CD
 FLIP75 Chrome-moly Violets "Gentle Art Of Smoking" CD
 FLIP76 TVTV\$ "Pepsi Generation X" CD
 FLIP77 Clowns For Progress "Clowns" CD
 FLIP78 The Ryders "Zasso" CDEP
 FLIP79 Gasoline "Driven" CD+
 FLIP80 Babyland/Kryptonite Nixon split 8" EP
 FLIP81 Various "Arlan's Army" CD
 FLIP83 Paper Tulips "Sound Tape Recording" CD+
 FLIP84 Paper Tulips "Sugar Leper" 7"
 FLIP85 Popdefect "Live At Big Bear" CD
 FLIP86 Mad Daddy's "Live At The Court Tavern" CD
 FLIP87 Babyland "Who's Sorry Now" CD+
 FLIP88 Mercury 9 Project "Project 1" CD+ (?)
 FLIP89 The Crowd "Letter Bomb" CD+
 FLIP90 Sluts For Hire "Happiest Band On Earth" CD+
 FLIP91 Farflung "The Raven that Ate the Moon" CD
 FLIP92 The Cheifs "Hollywest Crisis" CD+
 FLIP94 At The Drive In "Acrobatic Tenament" CD+
 FLIP95 Various "Welcome to Las Vegas" CD
 FLIP96 Abe Lincoln Story "Dance Party" CD
 FLIP97 Various "Rock and Fucking Roll Vol. 2" CD

¹ Flipside / Gusto Productions

² Flipside / Rock and Fucking Roll Records

³ Flipside / Blackjack Records

CDS/RECORDS/BACKISSUES SALE

Yep, the sale is still happening! It's cool to finally get rid of some back stock we've had for a long time - but that also means that items that we only had a few copies of are selling out completely! Just make sure to list alternate choices when ordering.

SALE PRICES	
FORMAT	PRICE
7"/BACK ISSUE	\$1.00
12"/CDEP	\$3.00
COMPACT DISC	\$5.00

POSTAGE	
TO WHERE	PRICE
UNITED STATES	\$2.00
CANADA/MEXICO	\$3.00
ANYWHERE ELSE	\$5.00

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Everyone else can be reached care of Flipside.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

All subs are for 6 issues (1 full year!)

Please list the issue number that you want your sub to start with remember, we come out every other month.

- US subs are \$15.00 (First Class \$24.00)
- Canada or Mexico/S.A. \$28.00
- Europe or Asia \$38.00
- Australia, Japan, etc \$43.00

CATALOG

Details of all our stuff is in our catalog. There's a mini catalog/listing on the opposite page but the real catalog has descriptions and pictures of back issues, CDs and all that. Just one 32 cent stamp or IRC.



AD INFORMATION

AD DEADLINES:

Deadline for #117 - January 18 •
#118 - March 15 • #119 - May 17

SIZES AND PRICES:

Sizes	(wide x high)	Autonomous*	Majors
Full page	7 1/2"x10" B&W	\$400.00	\$800.00
	7 1/2"x10" 4 Color	\$600.00	\$1000.00
1/2 page	7 1/2"x5" B&W	\$200.00	\$400.00
	7 1/2"x5" 4 Color	\$300.00	\$600.00
1/4 page	3 3/4"x5" B&W only	\$100.00	\$200.00
1/6 page	2 1/2"x5" B&W only	\$70.00	\$140.00
Bus. card	3 1/2"x2"	\$50.00	\$100.00
Classified	(per 40 words)	\$2.00	\$2.00

*An autonomous label is self-sufficient. It must be free of direct or indirect association to a major label which it is dependent upon for any service, ie: billing, accounting, inventory, manufacturing, or distribution.

REQUIREMENTS:

- Send payments (cash, check or money order) with your ad! If we have to invoice you, etc, then the major label ad rates will apply.
- It ain't rocket science. Make ads the right size and the right orientation! We can't run odd-shaped ads.
- Use BLACK ink on all art. No pencil, absolutely no blue pen.
- Photos/shades should be screened with an 85 line halftone screen.
- Please, no electronic files.
- We can make ads for \$10/hr. Get in touch for all details.
- For black and white ads send positive stats or good quality, first generation xerox or laser prints, not transparent film or negatives.
- Full color ads require color separated film negatives (right reading, emulsion down, up to 133 LPI) and color keys. (We can compose your art and create film separations at a small additional cost.)
- Ad space runs out with the flood of submissions received on deadline day. Get ads in early!! First received, first placement.

STAFF/CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINES:

Issue #117 Jan. 4th
#118 - Mar. 1st • #119 - May 3rd

Rodney On The Roq's Top 20 Requests

1. Blondie "Maria"
2. Beachwood Sparks "Desert Skys"
3. Sexyriest "Do You Want To Be My Girl?"
4. Placebo "You Don't Care About Us"
5. Lagwagon "The Messenger"
6. Julian Lennon "A Way To Your Heart"
7. 12 Caesars "You're My Favorite"
8. Trashmonk "High Times"
9. Bis "Erodisco"
10. Ash "Windsurf"
11. Loger "I'm Leaving"
12. Orange Kandy "Ice Cream Man"
13. Dig "Stay on the Grass"
14. Moxie "Suburbia"
15. Hole "Heaven Tonight"
16. The Wondermints "Cellophane"
17. 3 Colors Red "Beautiful Day"
18. Julie Plug "Starmaker"
19. Republic "Boys Don't Cry"
20. The Coswell "She Said to Me"



Rodney can be heard on KROQ (the world's most listened to rock station!) every Sunday 12-3AM. You can also read his column "It's All Happening" in "Yeah Yeah Yeah!" magazine.

A very rare photo of Rodney Bingenheimer with his Dad. From the documentary film: "The Mayor of the Sunset Strip."

THANK YOU • Holly Mailgirl Extraordinaire • Jessica Thiringer for the Gotohells interview, pics, and record reviews • Ken All Night Rocker, Vicki Viscera, and Christina Lange for the Roller int. and pics • Jens Nordstrom for the Misconduct int. and pics • Gerry Fialka for book, live, and record reviews • Kat for the live reviews and pics • Rusty Sanchez for the bomb photo for the UAF layout • William Lorton for Roxon pics • Sick Boy and Riot Child for the comic • Little Suze for the Mudhoney pic • Jeffery Mayer for the Ramones group shot in the Dee Dee layout • Ching and Tony Finely for Subsonics pics • Ben Davies and Gregor Schmidt for the Henry Rollins pics • Donofthead for his live and record reviews • Brian GTA for the Dr. Strange interview and book review • J. Cyco, Kirin, Carey, Jimmy Alvarado, Squeaky, K, Juan Bastos, and Southern Fried Keith, for record reviews • Erin Searcy for her live review • Gary Hornberger for his comic reivevs and live pics • Martin Banner for his book review • Reflex for his record reviews and book review • everyone who turned in a top ten • NO THANKS • Jan Houst, Other People's Music. That smell? A burned bridge. Pay. Bruce Saunders, Dutch East India, a man who's so good at lying he should run for political office.

TOP TENS

I was studying an alien culture the other night. The Billboard Awards were on. Payola isn't dead and the government obviously isn't prosecuting any cases. It seems to me that in the world of Billboard, there are about twenty artists making music in the world and, in orgiastic ego interpenetration that the ancient Greeks would be jealous of, these bands pat one another on the back and their acceptance speeches basically consist of thank yous to their record companies. Confused and amused but far too detached from their world to be angry about any of this, it's ironic that a band that spends more time doing dance moves, that lip synchs, probably takes lessons on how to "correctly" hold a microphone, with made-for-poseable-action-figures bodies, won best "Musical Group." At this point, the Backstreet Boys came up on stage and beamed. As a defense mechanism when I know I'm fascinated but am in the dire possibility of kicking in my TV, I've found out that the TV on mute and The Dead Kennedys on the stereo is an antidote. (You'll be surprised how enjoyable a Whitney Houston/Maria Carey duet can be when "Frankenchrist" is blaring. I highly recommend it.) In no way do I think that, "only if

(fill in the blank of your favorite band) was on the ballot that this particular music awards show would be any better. Green Day, a band who I like quite a bit, was on but didn't see 'em. It's just that short-sightedness and the limiting of choices is a formula for profit, one that the music industry fully endorses and propels. The thinking behind this is that when consumers don't get overwhelmed or confused they buy more product. This correlates to why I think people that read Rolling Stone "for the music" are fucking assholes. A magazine that makes \$75,000 for each full page color ad that reviews around ten to fifteen albums a months (Flipside hovers around 400 per issue), feeds this music myopia where you can get this distinct feeling that there is, at the most, 100 bands alive and kicking today - a sliver of a fraction of the real total.

Top tens are printed in this issue. If you're looking into some new music that you hope rocks or hooks you in the right way, I suggest you take some time and read through them. It's separated into two basic sections: the Flipside umbrella of staffers and everyone else who we came in contact with who responded. No stipulations beyond keep it around ten, try to make it current, and turn it in soon. None of this is fabricated, no one was told to vote in a certain way, no one was coerced or paid off, no understandable top tens were omitted.

And that brings us to the cover. You might realize that Dillinger Four is on it but no interview (it'll be in the next issue). They had a strong showing in the top tens (even counting the non-Hopeless votes), rock crazy live, put out a great CD, and we had the pictures. Simple as that. It's like the silent Flipside Awards. There's a great world of music out there. It's massive. But you have to seek it out. It's probably not going to be televised. I could harsh more on the Backstreet Boys, but you know, in two years, it'll be "Backstreet who"? consumerism being what it is, short shelf life and all.

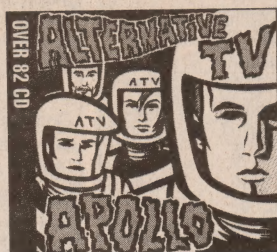
Also, if you feel like you're out of the Flipside loop, we'll accept and print any top tens you have to offer that make some sort of sense.

Todd

OVERGROUND • ONE LOUDER



OVER 83 CD
FRUIT EATING BEARS
"Gentle Creatures, Despite Their Fierce Appearance"
Unreleased album & singles from 1977 Eurovision punk hopefuls.



OVER 82 CD
ALTERNATIVE IV APOLLO
New album from ATV. Their best since 'The Image Has Cracked'.



OVER 81 CD
THE SHAPES
Songs For Sensible People
19 tracks of Pop-Punk with a large dose of humour



OVER 78 CD
14 ICED BEARS
Let The Breeze Open Our Hearts
Compilation of the best material from long lasting C86 band



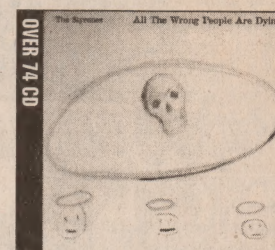
OVER 77 CD
MANIACS
So Far... So Loud
One of the first UK punk bands. This is a compilation of their entire recorded output.



OVER 76/OVER 76 CD
DICKIES
Stukas Over Disneyland
10" colour vinyl and mini CD from America's finest pop punkers.



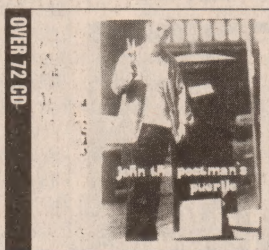
OVER 75 CD
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Gigantic Days
Their unreleased third album with bonus tracks from 1983.



OVER 74 CD
STYRENES
All The Wrong People Are Dying
Ex-Electric Eels and Pagans members. An essential compilation of deleted material.



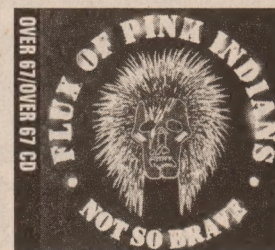
OVER 73 CD
THE VIBRATORS
Volume 10/Unpunked
Two superb deleted Vibrators albums on one value-for-money package.



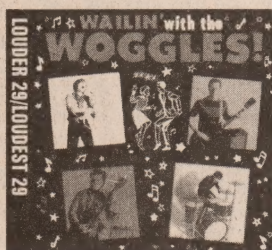
OVER 72 CD
JOHN THE POSTMAN
Puerile
Hear your favourite rock standards destroyed by the anarchist postman in true 1977 style.



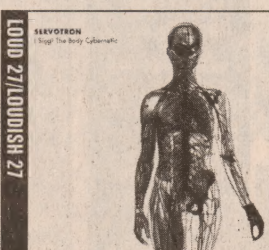
OVER 69 CD
BLITZKRIEG BOP
Top Of The Bops
28 track compilation of everything from 1977 legendary Teesside punks.



OVER 67/OVER 67 CD
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS
Not So Brave
25 tracks including their unreleased debut album. 16 track vinyl.



LOUDER 29/LOUDEST 29
THE WOGGLES
Wailin' With The Woggles
10" vinyl/mini CD of 8 new tracks from Alabama's finest garage band.



LOUD 27/LOUDISH 27
SERVOTRON
I Sing! The Body Cybernetic
2 track 7"/4-track CD. More anti-flesh brainwashing propaganda vibrations from the Robot Allegiance.



LOUDER 26/LOUDEST 26
MCRAKINS
Live In Madrid
Awesome power-punk. Limited to 1000 copies in each format. Recorded during their Eggvasion Tour.



LOUDER 4/LOUDEST 4
MAN OR ASTROMAN?
Your Weight On The Moon
8 track 10" mini album/CD available again.

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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

FASHIONABLE PC FASCISM?

Anatomy of a Witch Hunt

I generally don't comment on my political notions in the arena of music. I often feel that if I limit myself to listening only to the music I like or agree with, it engenders the sort of intolerance and prejudice that I find so repulsive in other people. However, there are times when music becomes so inextricably entwined with politics that I cannot help but comment. This is one of those times:

On Oct. 5th, 1998, Blood Axis, a band from Portland, was scheduled to play at the Paradise Lounge in San Francisco. Suddenly, flyers started appearing around the venue touting Michael Moynihan, the band's founder and vocalist, as a Nazi and a racist. Harassing phone calls started coming in to the Paradise Lounge. By Monday afternoon, the show was in danger of being canceled, and by Monday evening, when the time for the show rolled around, the Paradise Lounge was locked up tight and the only people having a show were a group of protestors carrying signs that allegedly said things asinine as "No Free Speech for Fascists."

As a fan of Blood Axis, and a fan of black metal and what now gets called "folk metal" in some circles, I must say that I'm more than just a little disappointed that the Paradise Lounge buckled under pressure from these people. The protestors were people who obviously have never listened to a Blood Axis album and don't have a clear understanding that free speech includes, as a rule, even people who disagree with you and make you feel uncomfortable.

More and more, the music underground is degenerating into an arena for witch hunts. Last year Resistance Records was raided and inventory was confiscated. Yes, Resistance Records carries bands that are racist. Yes, Resistance Records was headed by George Burdi, a.k.a. George Eric Hawthorne, who is and was involved in racist and neo-Nazi activities in Canada in the U.S., and yes, many people found Resistance Records frightening and disgusting. Still, this is America. Resistance Records touts unpopular ideas, not illegal ones. Ideas are not supposed to be illegal. Were Resistance Records, say, any other label but a Nazi one, the underground would be clamoring for the release from jail of George Eric Hawthorne. There would be bumper stickers and fund-raising concerts. There would be t-shirts and compilation albums.

As it is, the issue in the underground is not free speech, nor even freedom in general; the issue seems to be based on some nebulous notion of what is "anti-establishment," or "acceptably unacceptable." There are definite lines drawn; it's OK to say heterosexual bigots are idiots. It's not OK to say homosexual bigots are idiots. It's OK to silence white male racists; it's intolerable to silence black female racists. It's OK to paste labels like "Nazi" on people who are in actuality not Nazis, it's OK to make fun of Christian bands and call them stupid and uninformed, but it's not OK to use a term like "feminazi," or say that something you don't like is "gay." Double standards abound.

It's no wonder that people turn their backs on "the scene." It's no wonder that people get fed up and walk away. The underground is supposed to be the alternative to the status quo. These days, all the underground is, is the status quo with green hair and lip piercings. I'm disgusted. -Kirin

LOOKING FOR DRUMMER NOT IN PRISON

Todd, Well, the drama continues: Here's the latest with Summerjack. We are headed down to that big show at the Board Riders Expo in San Mateo this weekend. We play on Sunday, along with 6 other bands from 6 different states. Our show should be interesting. Our situation is this: We have no drummer. Our drummer is in prison. We tried out 6 different drummers, all to no avail. There was a brief moment in time where we had a possibility to hook up with someone in the bay area to drum this one show for us, but that didn't work out because people in the music biz are flakes and can't stick to any task or obligation. So, what is Summerjack going to do? Shit man, we are going to fucking play! We are being given a free hotel room, free meals, and bunch of free merchandise. So, of course, now that we know we are just going to be humiliated by not having a drummer on stage, we are taking this baby to maximum retardation. We are going to play with a drum machine. Also, accompanying us on stage will be two exotic dancers that we are going to dance around with a bunch of props, such as: pom-poms, hula-hoops, party-poppers, lays, confetti, pirate pitch forks, etc. etc. We will probably be kicked out of the place, but who cares. You can't really take a punk rock band seriously if they have no drummer, and we've never really wanted to be taken too seriously anyway - if an audience member is standing there with a frown on his face, then he is obviously missing the point of our live show.

Talk to you later.
Geno

CREASES ON THE ROADMAP

Just a quick note to say that I really enjoy this magazine. I live in Shreveport, La. and it's difficult to get stuff on some of the labels that you guys advertise, so I kind of consider it a roadmap for finding punk rock. The interviews are generally informative, unpretentious, and able to capture the spirit of the band/individual answering the questions. Holly and Todd - thanks for the interview with Greg Graffin... I like to be able to put down a magazine and start seeking out my own answers and solutions to things discussed - rather than merely having a



headache from insane banter and people trying to be the A.D.D. class clown. You guys were able to speak to him on his level (no small task) instead of the typical "rock journalist" tellmeaboutyourpersonalstruggleandangst crap. I run a magazine called the Redneck Punk that covers punk from a deep south perspective and would love it if you guys could keep an eye out for people wanting to contribute articles, artwork, music, or anything else. (1102 Dudley, Shreveport, La 71104 or BrknHalo@AOL.com) Anyways, keep up the good work. Oh yeah, what's the deal with that Mendelowitz guy? I've lived in the deep south my whole life and am quite familiar with that sort of rhetoric, so it's laughable to hear it coming from a Jewish guy; however, I applaud Flipside for not being pansies and refusing to print him because he says "nigger lover" or whatever. Personal threats, though, are always in poor taste and most often cowardly.

Write if you like,
Carey Johnston

PRINT HIM. BEAT HIM

Hey Guys,

I think Todd should lift his ban on Paul - print his crappy nonsense letters; but should beat the crap out of him if he keeps calling and sending threatening letters!

John Canuck

DONT PRINT HIM. BEATING OPTIONAL

Hey Flipside gang,

Oh, while I am unsure of the Paul Mendelbaumwitznazijew guy deal in terms of whether you should print or not, for you to refuse his stuff isn't censorship. You don't have to print everything that everyone sends you just because you publish something. Gee whiz. It's only censorship if you try to prevent him from publishing his own zine, or something.

Rich Macklin

WOK THIS WAY. MUCHACHO

Hey Todd,

In regards to the Paul Mendelowitz issue: fuck him. You're not censoring him, you're editing for content. Besides, he has that Anti-MRR rag he puts out whenever he's not harassing you on the phone. If he thinks his rants and pissings are so fuckin' important, let him use his crappy zine to push his pathetic, misanthropic agenda of self-hatred. As for his phone calls, maybe you should see if you can get a restraining order put on him that prevents him from annoying you with his phone calls and letters. Jewish nazi? HAHAHA. What a fuckin' dumbass. Incidentally, I'm putting together an all-black Skrewdriver cover band. Think he'll manage 'em for me? I mean, seriously. What logic is there in being a white supremacist jew? Adolf must be giggling his little Charlie Chaplin mustache off. Maybe you should berate him and his rag with pointless, inflammatory letters stating why you're much more superior to middle-aged, reclusive jews with mommy fixations and a penchant for writing silly letters rife with self-hatred due to an inability to accept the lot life deal them.

That's why I'm proud to be a former Chicano who gave up all affiliation with the Mexican people and

have come to embrace a culture that, genetically, isn't mine. Yup, you guessed it. I'm Japanese, baby. Now who can argue with reasoning like that? My girlfriend, Kada, is Nicaraguan, and she says that she's having a hard time coming to terms with the fact that her boyfriend, who was Latino when she met him, is now an Asian man who worships the emperor, celebrates Pearl Harbor Day, wears kimonos and does all things Japanese (except the seafood thing. I hate fucking fish, shrimp, et al.). She is making a wholehearted attempt to cope with this new facet to our relationship, though; even the fact that I look better in a dress than she does.

But enough of these cheap jokes at the expense of others. Let's talk about midgits with goiters.

Hasta lechuga,
Jimmy Alvarado

BEAT HIM. YOU PANSY

Flipside, Todd, Paul, etc.,

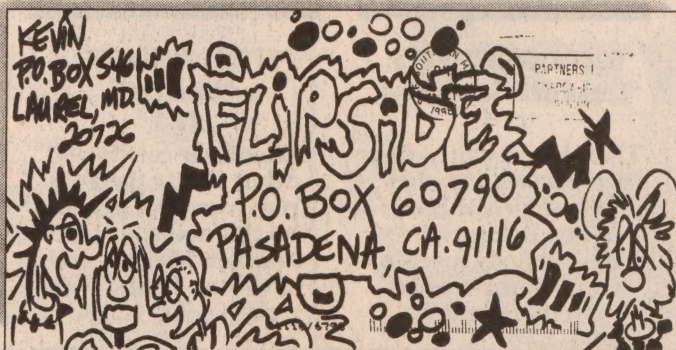
I'm not much good at putting my words to paper, but I'll give it my best shot.

As you know, this is referring to the Todd/Paul feud. First, let me say I haven't looked so forward to the letters section since G.G. was still alive and so many people either loved or hated him. I'm not going to get into my own personal past, which I'm not involved in anymore, but I do have strong personal beliefs on race, religion, freedom of speech, etc. I do feel Paul has a right to speak his mind, while I also feel Flipside has a right to not print what it doesn't want to. To blatantly ban someone from a zine is not right, it's censorship. I think there is only one way for Todd and Paul to settle their differences. They need to have a bare-knuckle, no holds barred throw down. I have spoken to Paul before and he sounds like he couldn't beat his way out of a paper bag, while Todd looks like a pansy so it should be equal.

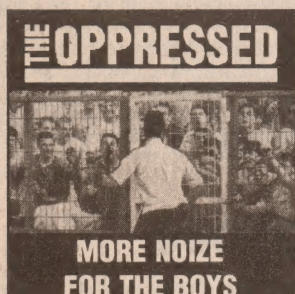
Anyhow, like yall's mag. Keep it up!

J.H., PO Box 18201, HSV, AL 35804

(You must have seen the pansy tattooed on my ass and the petunia tattoo on my hip. Dang, I try to keep those top secret. -Todd)



GET THE GOODIES!



THE OPPRESSED:
"More Noize For The Boys" (LP/CD)

Brand new album of this cult band from Whales. Roddy Moreno & his boys collect on this record all their latest hits from the last singles and compilations



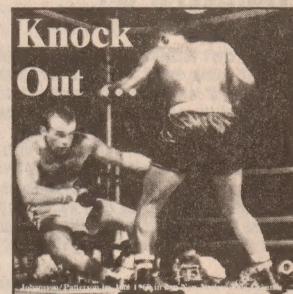
COCK SPARRER:
"Live And Loud" (LP)

The classic live album from the Godfathers of Streetpunk! After a long time available on vinyl & original artwork. Not to be missed in any decent record collection.



BRAINDANCE:
"Delusions Of Grandeur" (LP/CD)

The fourth long player by the skins and punks from Norfolk. Sloss and his boys know how to rock the house. Streetpunk with a fucking sharp edge.



V/A: "Knock Out In The 3rd Round" (CD)

Part III of our label compilation series. More than 72 minutes with Red London, Anti Nowhere League, The Oppressed, Klasse Kriminale & more



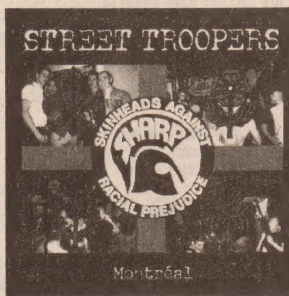
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 DROPKICK MURPHYS:**
"Split 7"

Two international top bands on one single. Four songs means four hits. Any question. Both bands will tour the US in spring '99. Don't miss them!



DROPKICK MURPHYS:
"Curse Of A Fallen Soul" (7")

Their long awaited first new record with their new singer Al Barr (ex Bruisers). Irish melody meets a Scottish brave heart. Pretty essentiell!



STREET TROOPERS:
"Montreal" (7")

After their convincing debut album the guys from Montreal present you this new four track smasher. Melodic and hard street punk with deep going lyrics.



CUT THROAT:
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Four noisy American guys play Oi! the American style. Loud, rude and lewd. They are good buddies with Patriot. Don't miss this!

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new 6 song MLP/MCD out in January
 On tour in the US and Europe in spring '99



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You, yeah, you! "Locked in this cell with no chance of escape, I've got to get out 'cause my mind can't take it." - Rich Kids on L.S.D.

my statements. You say that Mendel proved time and time as to how certain to what I'm discussing? I described my features. I described my children or my children's children are going to be like me. What's that about? I am who I am, I think how I think. I hope that Mendel thought that you just said you were hesitant concerning that different genera rarely converge without mutation. A Jew is a mutation and they are the one exception. On the other hand and the majority of the readers know what I'm talking about upon which you build reality. I've noticed you have a bit of a couple things between you and I. Todd, I am not your enemy who blew away the ARA members in the desert. I am an innocent. I believe in free speech. I see all of these groups out there public into standing behind what they deem as the cause. I see people into blindly following them. Whether it's educating the public on homosexuality, feeling sorry for them because of something that happened long ago, or they will destroy your reputation if you don't stand with them. What I'm trying to say is I have a voice and a cause. My cause is to get white people to take pride in themselves. To let them know that they don't have to feel bad about not being comfortable around the other races. To speak up and say "Being homosexual is not natural." I mean shit, it would be very clear when it comes to sex. Tab A goes into Tab B. Not shove your dick into another man's ass 'cause it's a hole. I'm not sure about why we're here, but I am sure of how procreation works. There is nothing wrong with my beliefs. It's just that America has gotten so P.C. and confused that they've been taught/programmed to stomp out anything resembling fascism, racism, bigotry, or powerful beliefs. All I wanted to do when I began writing Flipside was let that person out there know that he/she isn't alone. I got great response from it. I've made many good friends out there and I thank Flipside for the chance to be heard. As a matter of fact, this will be probably the last letter I write addressing this exact topic. I want to move on to other issues. To end my chat for now, with you Todd, I want to you to know I am thankful for you to pay you back. I would.

ShitEd... ShitEd... ShitEd. You continue your politically correct stance. I wouldn't be surprised if you also supported homosexual activity. Possibly even promoted it. You did a great job of interrupting my letter. It's funny how you say all of the great men of the past were wrong. Also, your little slur on rating me out was very becoming. So you state that current genetic evidence derived from studying mitochondrial DNA indicates that the entire human race had its origin in Africa somewhere between 100,000 to 200,000 years ago. That's a very loose statement. First off, land masses were different then. So where was so-called Africa then? Secondly, the origin of the human race? What the fuck are you saying? We crawled out of the muck there? We were created by the hand of god there? The aliens beamed us down there? Please enlighten me. Now, thirdly, for such scientific data to have such a gap of a hundred thousand years is pretty vague. You know, there was this belief for years that Indians were the "original" Americans. Studied, dissected, and documented. They were wrong! At least six Caucasoid skeletons, older than any Mongoloid Indian remains known in North America, have been found. These include the nearly 10,000 year-old mummy of a Caucasoid male found in Spirit Cave, Nevada, and the skeletal remains of a nine-year-old Caucasoid female child found in Nevada of equal antiquity. Just to make myself clear here. Fuck you and your bullshit rage facts. I have a hard time with you saying, "Darwin was wrong." It's wild that his studies were the basis for many a theory, experiment, and thesis. And boom, the world collapses! Look, ShitEd, your Aryan statement was wrong, also. Oh ShitEd, what are we going to do with you? Yes, I'm well aware of the white skin people in India that spoke the unwritten language called "Arian." They were referred to as "Arians" because of this separating factor. I'm thrilled that you have studied but to the laymen of the populace the term Aryan is derived from Hitler's reign. The definition that he created was due to him being an aries. Aries people are referred to as Aryans. So to back on track, the hittites were of white skin, but still had Mongoloid features. Hence, the traditional Jewish feature of hook nose, elongated ears, black, curly, coarse hair, and the vision problems. Sure there are many Jews that don't have these features, but I'll bet they are converted to Judaism. Are my

washed, confused, politically correct flock. I mean, damn me to hell for thinking that white skin, blonde hair, and green/blue eyes is beautiful. The most beautiful women in the world are white. At least that is my opinion. Why are you giving the impression that nailing other races is cool? If the blacks can have their exclusive beauty pageants, the 14 th Amendment, a black caucus in the White House, a coalition of African American Bar Association, United Black Clergy, et cetera., then why can't the white have the same thing without being labeled as racists? Well, I hope we can debate some other issue down the line. I almost forgot. I wanted to commend you on your stance against the new metal. I remember the first time I heard Cro-Mags "Best Wishes." I thought, what the fuck is this? Then M.O.D., Agnostic Front, English Dogs, G.B.H., Bad Brains, et cetera. At that point all I would give the time of day to were the bands that I'd see live all of the time. Poison Idea, Lockjaw, R.K.L., Minor Threat, Ill Repute, M.D.C., et cetera. Now, I was in prison when this new metal got big. People would get on the yard and go "Have you heard Rage Against the Machine or Korn?" I would yell with the younger kids. I like much, but as you

ol. Then they'd say "It's hardcore." So they'd get a tape, I'd listen to it, and go back to them saying, "This isn't hardcore. This is metal." Whatever. I believe as long as there are bands out there such as U.S. Bombs, Dropkick Murphys, Fang, Pushers, Billyclub, The Crowd, Max Resist, No Remorse and All that the kids will know what's pure and what is a Mongoloid strain. Luckily, a lot of the bands that strayed in the mid to late '80s came back to the punks. Hey, on this CD-R thing you spoke of, can you continuously record over it or it's just a one shot deal? Also, how much would the unit cost to enable you to burn your own CDs? Your 10 point system to being punk is funny. Now the trendies have an instruction book. I don't know. It was just something I felt deep inside when I was labeled a punk. Remember, on #10, when diplomacy fails, there is only one thing left... violence!

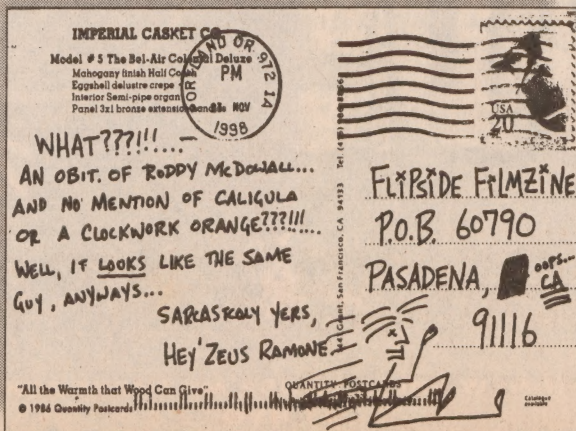
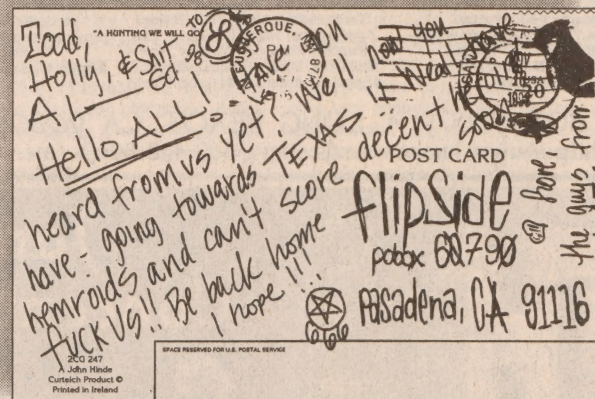
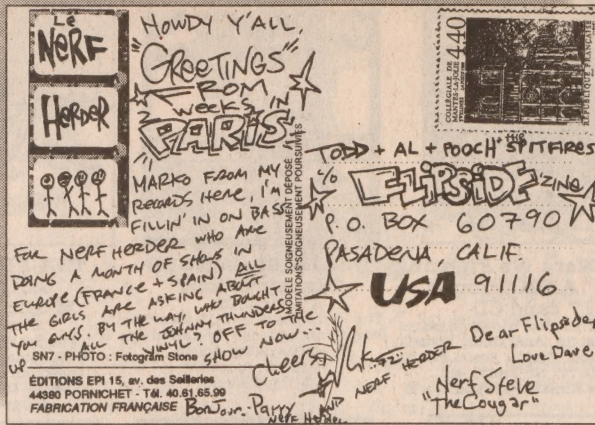
Cough, Sneeze, Puke
Sick Boy,

(All concerned scenesters please contact Paul Morrison H72927, PO Box 2210 L2-130UP Susanville, CA 96137-2210)

(Sick Boy, I want to make clear to you that I regard what you claim is your intent: "My cause is to get white people to take pride in themselves" as equally racist as the Black Pride/Black Power & La Raza (the race) advocates. Since when did it become desirable to become the very thing you hate in others? It's racism as a response to racism. On the other hand, if that truly is your only goal then that makes you a racist, but not necessarily a Nazi. The former is antisocial in that it doesn't wish to associate with others based on their ancestry, while the latter, historically, is associated with acts of violence against others based on their ancestry. So I pose this question to you: is it your intent to kill other races or merely shun them? I'm trying to discover whether you are a murderous Nazi racist. As for homosexuality, I don't favor it. I don't support it. But I refuse to ostracize others merely because they don't understand that "Tab A goes into Tab B." To me it's a matter of personal choice. I own my body and no one else's, therefore I do not see that I have any right telling others what to do with their bodies.)

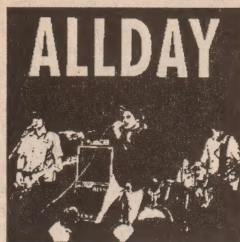
ies. So though I don't favor homosexuality, that doesn't keep me from listening to everyone's favorite "commie fag" (self-proclaimed) Dave Dictor and MDC. He's funny and the old music rages. Do you understand my point of view yet? Try this: I am a firm supporter of individual freedom. I dislike the use of force on anyone, me, you or even Paul Mendelowitz; and I will not resort to force except as a final resort (which could be quite final indeed, as I own quite a few firearms). I believe that people shouldn't coerce one another except in immediate self defence against force or fraud. So while I favor putting the correct tabs together, I'm not going to act against others who insist on shoving queer pegs into brown holes. No - land masses weren't that different 100,000 years ago when what anthropologists classify as anatomically modern humans first appeared, only ocean levels were different. It's interesting to notice in the fossil record from Israel where modern humans and Neanderthals lived in the same neighborhood for thousands of years, that the fossils from there show interbreeding between the two types. Also please allow me to expand on your comments about the Paleoindians. Yes, the early American Indians exhibited as many or more "Caucasian" characteristics to their skulls as they did "Indian" traits. But skulls from paleolithic

Europe (generally lumped together as "Cro-magnon") show a similar mix of traits. It's as if the Europeans and North Americans of ancient time were of the same stock, the same "race!" In particular, notice the wide "oriental" cheekbones on Cro-magnon skulls. This is all I'm giving you for now; you complained about my "vague bullshit facts" but the truth is I haven't the time, space or inclination to teach you a correspondence course in physical anthropology. About "Aryan" the word means "noble" and is from an ancient Indo-European word. The name of the modern nation of Iran is a cognate and derives from that ancient root. Hitler was a Taurus, not an Aries, get your facts straight. A compliment: judging by the bands you named you have great taste in music. My zine Censor This will have an interview with Billyclub (great guys!) in the January issue. Quit being an asshole toward me and I might sell you one (if you want it and don't totally hate my guts). There are re-recordable CD-Rs, but most of them are "record-once." Initial startup to burn CD-Rs vary with what you're trying to do. They range from perhaps 1000 to 1500 bucks for a computer with a CD burner built in, to complex setups with reel-to-reel analog machines, DAT players/recorders and mixing software to mix, master and

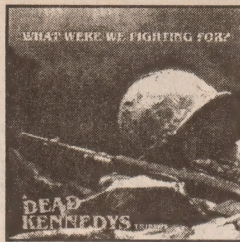


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"When We Were Good"
 3 song 7"
 New stuff by the Long Beach bad boys.
 Includes a GG Allin cover.
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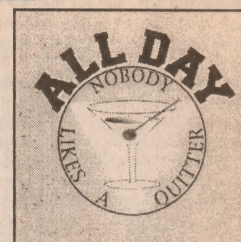
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 Final Conflict, Das Klown, Electric Frankenstein, Anal Cunt, Visual Disrimination, Eyelid, Arson Family, Blanks 77, No Fraud, etc..
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 16 song CD
 The 2nd release by OC's favorite beer drinking fools. Produced by Pete Dee of the Adicts.
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THE FIXTURES
"Dangerous Music Defect"
 27 song CD
 The 1st 2 LP's along with some compilation tracks on one release.
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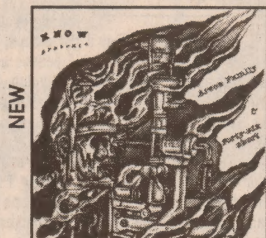


ALL DAY
"Nobody Likes A Quitter"
 17 song CD
 Most of the songs released on 7"s and compilations from 94-96 on one release.
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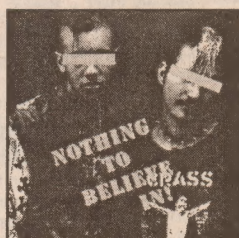


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 sampler comp Cd coming soon with UK Subs, All Day, JFA, The Fixtures, Electric Frankenstein, The Suspects, Raw Power, Insult, Kill Your Idols, Toe To Toe, 46 Short, Arson Family, Das Klown, Drain Bramaged, etc.....

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 5 song split 7"
 Old school West Coast punk vs. manic East Coast hardcore punk.
 On creamy yellow vinyl.
 'Awesome 7" and killer artwork by Jeff Harp' - A. Greene
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 36 band comp CD
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Das Klown
"Live At Zed"
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 The Klown's "Greatest Hits" recorded live at the oldest punk record shop in Long Beach; Zed Records.
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Jon Cougar Concentration Camp



Melon



♦ BOTH NEW FROM THOSE MOTHERFUCKERS ♦
 AT BYO

produce pro level CDs using anything from a cassette of a live show, to someone's reel from a recording studio. Lastly, and I quote you: "...when diplomacy fails, there is only one thing left... violence!" Yeah? Does that attitude have anything to do with why you're in prison? Maybe if you didn't see things that way you'd still be out here enjoying the world? Lighten up! -ShitEd)

(Hey Sick Boy, Todd here. This is going to make me unpopular across the board, but fuck it. True. I'm white. I've got light hair, light eyes. I'm male. I'm heterosexual. I'm also proud of what and who I am. I think it's fucked that, say, white pride is taboo when brown pride and black pride are rallying cries. I understand the thinking behind those groups (i.e. Why should there be a White Caucus, when in many eyes, there already is but without it being directly stated) - that me - a white man - symbolizes all that is bad and evil and that I already belong to a strong, unstated group, that the culture that I am in, by default was responsible for their oppression. (What the fuck have I done - me - Todd? Absolutely fucking nothing so pack up your PC pistols and self-contained neurosis and start looking in the mirror to point.) With that I agree. And I've caught slack from fellow Flipsiders who always ask why I let Nazis talk in Flipside at all. Because I believe in free speech. Free speech is the speech that nobody wants to hear. Dismantling at the core is essential. Will it ever happen? Probably not. But it doesn't stop there. My pride of who I am doesn't spill into prejudice against others. Just the opposite. To hold the belief that homosexuals and non-whites are worthless and should be suppressed is plain weird, and if you hold this belief real strong, I suggest you drop the mag right now. You know who printed it? Nice Chinese folks. You like Bad Brains? Ummm... (take a guess of what you hate or want to separate from), Dicks (take a guess), Buzzcocks (guess again), X-Ray Spex (guess again), Big Boys (guess real hard) and the list goes on and on. You probably like certain hardcore labels that are owned by non-whites and homosexuals but you just don't know it and the world gets along fine. Even when you drive home in a white rage think of one reason why you made it home safely. Stop lights. They were invented by a Black man. I think my point is far from taking any side, far from any "brainwashing" - oppression in any form: pure white or pure black or pure whatever the fuck sucks. I take extreme pride in who I am. That doesn't mean I have to separate myself from other people who aren't totally like me nor does it mean I'll put a bullet in their brain. It means I'm happy with me, and being so, am happy with other people. That's about it. -Todd)

THE DAY THE STARS WENT OUT

Flipside,
I kind of follow astronomy and some other sciences. The atmosphere on earth scatters light and makes it appear blue. No atmosphere means no light scatter so all you see is the blackness of space even with the sun illuminating the moon. The stars would still be washed out. I saw the earlier Flipside with the guy (long forgotten his name) who had the NASA pix with the funny crosshairs. I'm pretty sure that if you flipped the pix (which are slide shots) the crosshairs would look OK. It's like you are looking up from the bottom of something; everything in front is obscured (like crosshairs) with that view if an object that would be below it (in a normal view) intercedes. Well, that's your science lesson for today!

See ya,
Dave

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE NEOPOLITAN ICE CREAM, WHERE THE CHOCOLATE TOUCHES THE VANILLA?

Flipside, I've been reading #114 - the letter in there titled "Brain Pain" by Alfred "Loki" Busby. I just want to make my own opinion heard in the zine I've been reading for years. (No, I'm not kissing your ass, although I would like to kiss Paige Darling.) You probably won't print this 'cause I'm only a non-white minority of the Mexican heritage, so suck it! Ha ha! Yak yak! I believe I am prejudice but not a racist. The color of another human being's skin makes no difference to me. I have black friends, Chicano friends, white friends, Asian friends, etc. I try hard to respect the cultures that surround me. It's not easy, but with an open mind it can be fun and knowledgeable as long as I get respect back for my thoughts and feelings. Because after all, no man is better than me. If no one can respect that and have no feeling for those around, then I become very prejudice towards that person or persons. That's just the way the cookie crumbles. Ha ha! The point is, I don't care if you're white, but I do care if you're mister white supremacy. No human race is better than another. Who wishes this America to be pure white? Let me tell all of you's something... It will not happen. Stop dreaming and just enjoy our company. I don't hate African-Americans, but I can't be around the crap mentality too long without something going down. I know this through past experience. Their whole trip is violence, talking shit, and racism. But I have also met some really cool ones, don't get me wrong - usually the old school type, not the rap, gangster shit. It's fucking not for me. Punk has already done what they claimed to have started. Real music for the revolutionist. Look at the other side. We have my own killing each other for a name of a street. They talk of being brown and proud - where is the unity? Bottom line is that racism will never end. It will only get worse, not better. There will always be racist animosity because there will always be ignorance. The only thing we can do in our scene is keep that shit in the toilet where it belongs. Punk is not about hate for the people, but questioning the authority and big, bad corporations. The way I look at punk is a race in itself, united under one word - "individuality."

Love and respect,
Dacaava

P.S. Anti-Product kicks ass. Divisia does too. Final Conflict puts on a great show.

STUKAS OVER FRANCE

Hello Todd, It's not in my habits to react to reviews of my band, it might be the 1st time in 17 years of playing music, but I felt like I had to set up a few things. Oh yeah, I'm Hugo and I drum and sing for the Frog band Garlic Frog (!) Diet who appeared on this tribute to the Dickies 7". Yep, I'm that "98 year old guy making a Dickies song sound like Jerry Lewis farts." Too bad you hated that sweet sound! I don't really care about my band getting slagged, it's part of the game (been putting out crappy records and playing shitty shows since... fuck it), no, I'm just writing you to say that if you were there at the Dickies 20th anniversary show (I wish I was there too!), I was there to support them when they played my city in 1978, opening for the mighty Stranglers, so I'm not impressed, baby! And as being an absolute Dickies fan since that day, I think (even if I'm not writing for Flipside!) I could tell you to go back listen to the originals of the covers we did on that 7". Maybe you could hear that "Manny Moe and Jack" actually HAD a piano, and that "Fan Mail" WAS slower than our version. We never pretended to be better than the

Dickies (who can't?) but even if we're French, we do have the same fuckin' right to cover them than any shitty US band we get to see here in Europe (remember when punk was an international thing?). If you have more time to waste, you can have a look at our bio joined here.

Smile and Stay Politel!
Later, Hugo

(Regular Flipside reader since 1982 - first letter!)
PS: I really wish all French bands live in Bakersfield so you'd give 'em good reviews!
(Hugo, I misplaced my email back to you so this response may be a bit differently worded. I think your band sucks pretty bad, that your covers, even if they are "historically accurate" are as interesting to me as listening to tennis coverage on the radio. Some bands can do covers that are interesting (i.e. The Dickies are the only way you'll get me to listen to Led Zeppelin.). You are not in one of them. I'm not here to impress you - just stating a fact that I saw and have seen the Dickies lately and it happened to be their 20th anniversary, and they were pretty good. What does punk's internationality have to do with anything? (If you were Turbonegro, NRA, Melt

Banana, Snuff, or the TV Killers (all international) I'd say something good) and I can't think of any ripass Bakersfield bands at the moment. -Todd)

RAVE GRAVE

Dear Flipside,

I've been a steady reader of your fine publication for about five years now. I slowly made the transition from MRR to Flipside when I suddenly decided that I didn't like a generous helping of politics with my rock'n'roll. I have political beliefs, I just prefer to keep the two separate.

I was flipping through issue #114 and I have to say that the Retodded column was of particular interest. I too was but a wee toddler during the height of the early '80s hardcore scene that was going on out there in sunny California, but when I did come onto the scene around '87, punk was as dangerous as it ever was. At least to me it was. Then for a while, when Green Day and Offspring brought our music to the masses it became acceptable, even fashionable, to have punk hair, wear a Misfits t-shirt, and to say things to intentionally irritate people. My friends and I knew then what we know now, that 98% of those people wouldn't be seen at a punk rock show a year from the time of the punk "resurgence." Now those kids are taking designer drugs and going to raves on the weekend. For those kids that are still around, good for you. For those of you who did not, good riddance.

So now I'm an outcast once again. Not so much for being punk rock, but for listening to music that's not electronically produced, and not to mention the fact that I've stuck out a "trend" that in their eyes was dead and gone by the end of 1985. The hardest part for me is that it's hard to get a date in Birmingham, Alabama when you're punk. Oh well, I got by before and I'll get by in the future. Just as long as I got my rock'n'roll, I'm happy.

Thanks,

Chris Thomas

P.S. Good luck and good-bye to Michele. I don't hate swing music, but I really haven't listened to it very much either. It also never bothered me that you chose to take your column in that direction. I still read your column anyway.

NOT QUITE A MONKEY WRENCH

To Al Flipside: Let me be the one to set the record straight on the death of Kurt Cobain. I wanna throw a wrench into the whole suicide story. Kurt Cobain was killed, not by his own hand but by a low life plumber, wannabe singer who was paid 50,000 dollars in heroin by Courtney Love to end Cobain's life.

I've been in and out of state prisons for the past 15 years. Most recently at Soledad and California Men's Colony - I've been told the "behind the walls" story of what really happened. Enter the late El Duce of The Mentors...

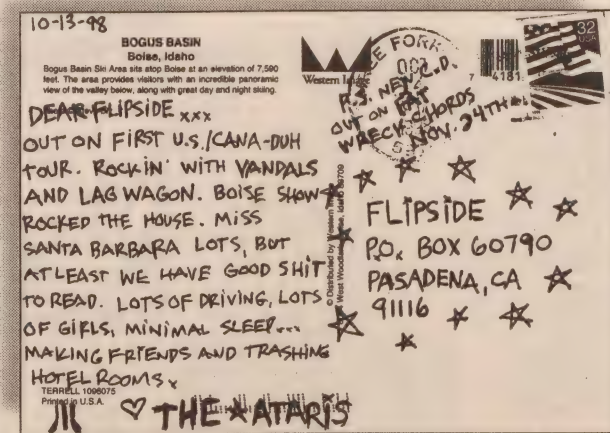
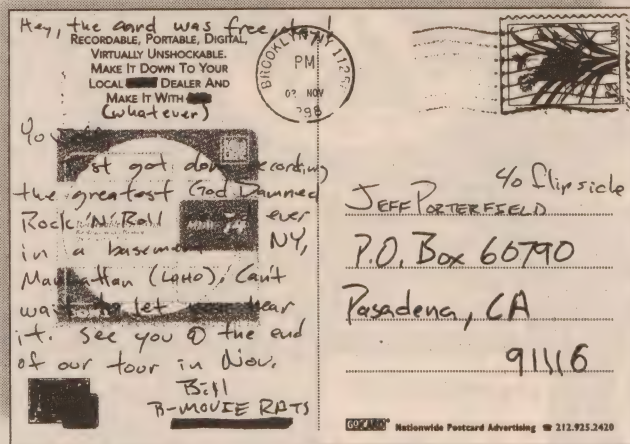
El Duce is having off and on affairs with Courtney Love, Cobain's wife at the time. Love asks Duce if he will kill Cobain, offering to pay him with cash and heroin. El Duce turns down the offer, passing it off as only a joke. Now enter the wrench... Allen Wrench.

Allen Wrench, friend of El Duce, listens to Duce tell of the offer. Wrench, deep in debt, has Duce contact Love to the offer. Wrench kills Cobain for 50,000 dollars in heroin. He then sells the heroin for the cash.

El Duce hears of Cobain's death and starts questioning Allen Wrench. El Duce begins getting drunk, telling people of the offer and demanding money from Wrench to keep quiet. Allen Wrench then decides to quiet El Duce by getting him drunk and staging the perfect accident... Which he did. El Duce was killed by being pushed in front of a train - not standing on the train tracks as thought by police.

Since the death of Kurt Cobain and El Duce, Allen Wrench has bought a home in Riverside, California, new truck, etc.

I have personally spoke with the person who sold the heroin but I refuse to print his name. All I will

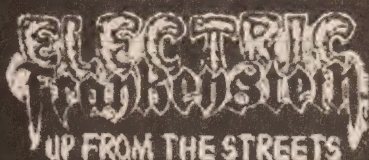


PUNK FUCKING ROCK SHIT FOR YA'!



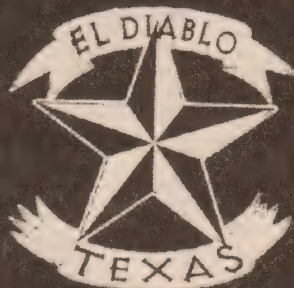
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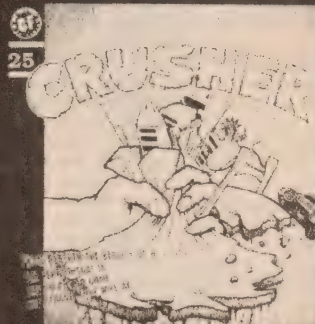


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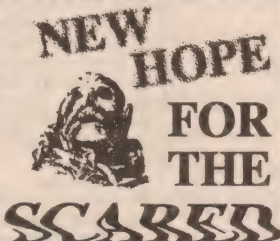
Send SASE to Intensive Scare Mallorder, PO Box 416, West Long Branch, NJ 07764-0416, USA

Bands contact Intensive Scare Records at PO Box 640338, San Jose, CA 95164-0338, USA



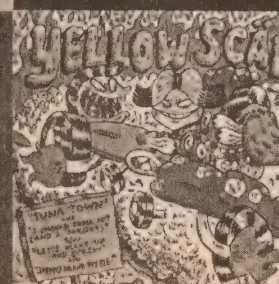
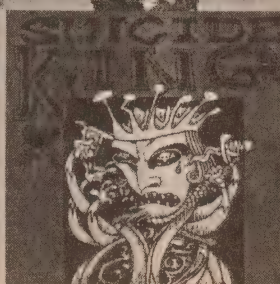
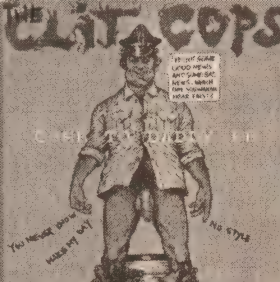
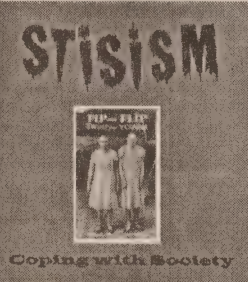
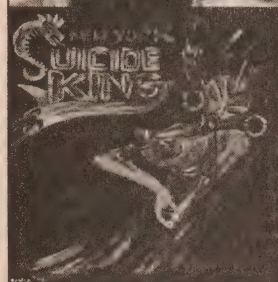
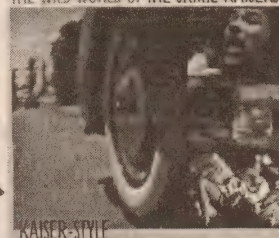
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Coming up!
Pleasure Fuckers 7"
AeroBitch 7"
Plungers LP



Intensive Scare Records

MUSIC TO JOIN
THE WILD WORLD OF THE CRIME KAISERS



say is that he's from FFF (Fight For Freedom) out of North Hollywood. I have also spoke with the ex-girlfriend of the person who actually picked up Allen Wrench after the train accident in Riverside. I've also spoken with, and did time with, the roommate of the person who sold Allen Wrench the gun used to kill Kurt Cobain.

How does a homeless plumber, wannabe punk rock singer go from having nothing to a home in the hills of Riverside, a new truck, toys, and a plumbing business? It's simple... He kills Kurt Cobain, then El Duce to keep him quiet. And I can prove it. Anyone with questions or wanting to write, feel free to do so. I will answer all letters. Flipside rules,

Scottie "Sk8board" Shepherd
#9826589, 19-C-2 County Jail, Riverside, CA 92501

NOT EVEN CLOSE

Flipside: According to you guys, you received a letter from some guy in jail accusing me of killing Kurt Cobain and my long time friend El Duce - lead vocalist of legendary punk group the Mentors. I just want to say a few things:

- 1) I have never met with or ever had any personal or business relationship with Courtney Love.
 - 2) I haven't done heroin for a few years now.
 - 3) The day Kurt Cobain was killed, I was in Florida with some friends of mine... Gen and Dave Vincent of the Genitorturers.
 - 4) I was the one that dropped El Duce of at the liquor store, near the railroad tracks of Van Buren Blvd. and Jurup Rd. in Riverside, just moments before he was killed.
 - 5) Duce had stated to me that he was "deeply worried" about the whole "Cobain" thing. Especially the BBC documentary he had just starred in only 4 days before. In my opinion, that's why he killed himself.
 - 6) There was a girl that witnessed El Duce step onto the train track, "zig hial" and then get hit by the train. No one saw me near the accident.
 - 7) Where my money comes from is my business.
- Listening to people like this Scottie Shepherd, is totally stupid. He's lucky he's in jail, where I can't go and personally talk to him.

Allen Wrench
www.killallenwrench.com

EMO CORE OR EMO BORE?

A Lesson in Futility or Never Trust Guys Slinging Their Guitars Way Up High.

Like the UN ambassador to Pol Pot's Cambodia, I just saw an "underground band" from Washington D.C. play in an aging Sammy Hagar fan's basement. Their music was sporadic, churning, melodic, pompous, jazz-inspired non-sense, disguised as complex, important, meaningful, underground sound. I'm telling you now there are far too many bands peddling this type of tripe around this nation's highways and in our beloved clubs and halls. This absurd mess has turned something that was once exciting, dangerous, decadent, dirty, loud, sexy, angry, and, most important, fun, into a turgid, boring, self-important, self-indulgent, studied load of pseudo-intellectual tripe. The band I saw tonight would be fine, (and indeed, belong), playing at any given coffee house, college campus, poetry reading, lecture hall, (or The Knitting Factory in New York City). There was no one watching this band I saw tonight, (there was in fact, no one there), and they themselves and bands like them are precisely to blame. They have made the underground scene futile, tedious and unexciting. They are the reason real bands play to empty rooms night after night all over the U.S.A. No one expects anything exciting or cool to happen, because so many of the bands that play and tour are identical to the horrific nonsense from Washington D.C. I saw tonight. So no one goes out... How long will this go on? My message is simple: Go get a Dolls record, or a Negative Approach record. Go see the Cramps and then listen to "Exile on Main Street" or "Dance with Me" while having sex with someone you just met. If you still can't understand what I'm talking about, go back to art school and leave me alone. The real underground has had enough.

Sioux City Pete Phillips,
3449 Morgan St., Sioux City, IA 51104

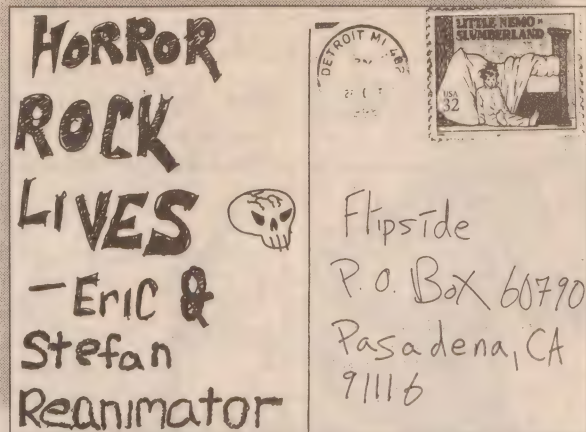
NICE AND QUISPY

Hey there Al & the Flipside family, This is Quisp here from the scenic Jersey Shore. I would like to open this letter and basically thank Todd for inspiring me to write this letter to you (and all punks in general). I've been meaning to address this issue for awhile and Todd's column in #114 did it. The issue is - What is it that makes us different? I've been turning this over in my head for almost 15 years. Let me start by saying this. I'm 33 years old, have been listening to punk rock music since 1977 (yes, I was 12/13 years old). I was lucky enough to have a parent who let me make my own musical decisions. Now, she may not have liked it back then but seeing as I have never killed myself, anyone else, or landed in jail, I guess the years have quelled her fears. Now we'll dig in. Yes, back then it was dangerous. I can't even count the times I was chased, thrown out of parties, sent home from school, dumped by girls and hassled by cops because of the way I looked. But why cry over the past or the time period? I'm still here (unlike 99% of my friends from that time). Yes, it pisses me off that the kids today go through life without the hassles we had, but guess what? They'll never have the *magic* we had. When I say magic I mean the pure joy and experience of watching the following unfold - the first wave of British punk and then the NY, LA and Frisco scenes. Never experience

the second wave of British punk, the post punk/art rock/punk movement and the rebirth in the '80s. They'll never have the beauty of the early Berkeley/Gilman scene, the Orange County/Huntington Beach scene, the original NYHC scene (holy shit, I lived through that!), the Midwest punk explosion and getting those first couple issues of Maximum Rock&Roll. Man, you know I could go on but alas I've strayed too far off my course already. What is it that makes us different? See, I've often wondered what I would be doing

and what I would be like if I never discovered this punk rock thing. If I was never a part of any of this. What if I didn't have a clue what punk rock was? You see, I've done my share of exploring the options and I know they're not for me. I can't turn back now and I've opened my eyes too much. I don't want the same things "they" want. I guess that's what it's come down to in my life. A simple us and them. I see them everyday, I work amongst them. And that's how I beat the game (I think). I've long since stopped dyeing my hair stupid colors and cut my dreads off about 4 years ago. Now guess what? I actually have a job that pays my bills and gives me enough space to live the life I chose. Yes, believe it or not I'm a department manager in a super-market making about 35 grand a year. Not bad for a punk, huh? But still to the point. What is it that makes us different? Why didn't I ever *completely* conform and grow up, get married with children and become that statistic we're all destined to be? I honestly don't know. Maybe it's a chemical imbalance, alcohol/drug damage or just a very firm grasp on how life is really meant to be lived - *free*. I've tried to raise myself, form my own moral values and not fuck people over too much in my life while retaining sane sanity in a world that doesn't see things the way I do. If anyone out there can do it as long as I have (or anyone around my age), more power to you my brother because it hasn't always been this easy. In my day punks didn't meet at the mall or have stores like Hot Topics. So maybe I'm old or you're just lucky. To the younger generation, my hopes go out to you. I hope some of you get inspired the way I have and try to make the best of your lives with your own set of rules, not somebody else's. And lastly, Hanxi to Al Flipside. You and your zine have been a beacon of light in the darkness and endless inspiration to me for 20 sane years. Tim Yo, you were the man, Rest in Peace brother. Any old/new friends wanna get in touch my address is thus:

Quisp / Ralph Rivera,
1001 East Panama Ct., Forked River, NJ, 08731



Box 391785, Cambridge, MA 02139-0018.
Cheers,
Chaz Halo

OPEN INVITE

Todd,

Thanks for the kind review of my dissertation "Kids of the Black Hole: Youth Culture in Postsuburbia" in issue 113. I am now in the process of doing more research and writing to turn it into a book. I invite people to email me at gdmacleod@aol.com with memories or opinions on early LA/OC punk, as I did not have enough time and money to interview everyone I wanted to for the dissertation. Thanks also to Al, Pooch, Blaze and Aart for their help when I was last out there doing research. I could not have written the piece without the Flipside "archives."

Yours,

Dewar MacLeod gdmacleod@aol.com

NOT ALL STUPID

FS, Hi, Chaz from the Dimestore Haloes here. I just wanted to write in to address a statement I made in my band's interview in #113. In a response to a question about '70s glam and people's misinterpretations of it as an influence on my band, I made the statement, "Young kids do not know shit." I've gotten quite a few letters about that statement. My dad once told me, "Never apologize," so I won't. But I will say that I didn't mean that the way it came out. A lot of our fans are 15-18 and I guess qualify as "kids." The ones that I've corresponded with and have spoken to surely didn't deserve that remark because they're all intelligent and well spoken people who know their punk history and certainly know the difference between the NY Dolls and Poison. I meant to state that a lot of younger "mall rat" punks and Offspring fans are going to see us as some sort of wimpy '80s glam farce when actually all punk is descended from the good '70s glam: The Dolls, The Stooges ("Raw Power" era), etc., because without those bands, the Sex Pistols would never have existed. No Pistols, no Germs, no Black Flag, no Punk. See?

Anyway, I know my band gets a lot of flack for being honest in a so-called "punk" scene that's based (or sometimes seems to be) on ass-kissing and careerism. We don't go out of our way to be anyone's enemy, but we will always make our opinions known and if you're offended, talk to us about it. Don't threaten, don't spread rumors, just ask us why we said it. Two thing all punks should have no shortage of: guts and brains. You'd hear similar statements from a lot of your fave bands of today if so many of them weren't so worried about "ruining their careers." This sickens us. A wise, old ex-MRR columnist once told me, "The punk scene makes stars out of people who are able to most realistically pretend that they don't want to be stars." In other words, most of your bar-room heroes mouthing off about unity really just want your cash and attention. The Haloes speak their minds even though it makes us pariahs to a point, not to denigrate and badmouth other bands, but just to honestly speak our minds because we owe it to ourselves and to anyone who really cares about punk rock. It's called integrity - look it up! Honesty! Being real!

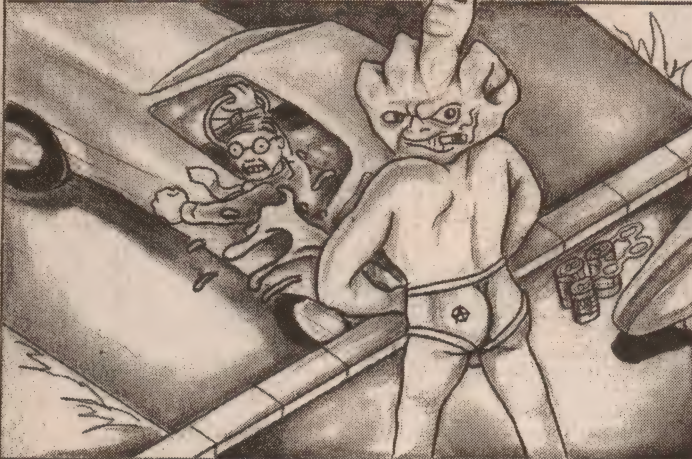
So for anyone who was offended, we just wanted to clarify that of course not all young kids are idiots just like not all other punks are apathetic and cynical. However, if you still feel the need to send us hate mail, it's: Haloes, PO

ANTI-HERO

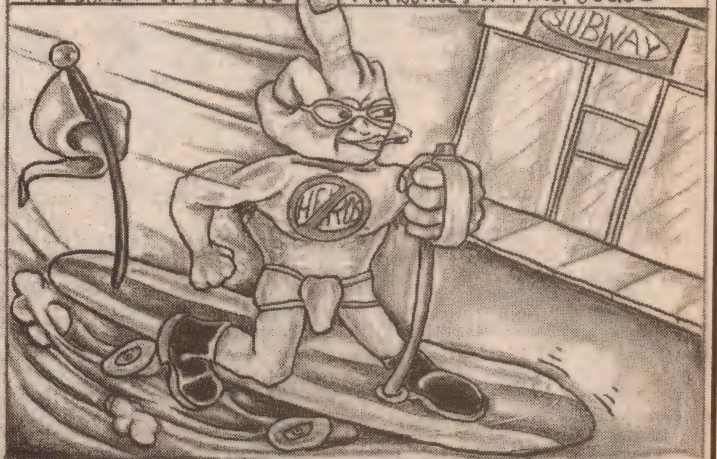
Comics™

Featuring Pud Whacker:
A Modern DAY Doodle!

We Catch up with Pud As He Aimlessly Pisses
Off A bike path onto Passing CARS.



After Fulfilling his goal of drenching two convertibles
Pud Scoots his ass over to the local adult theater. Out of
the corner of his eye Pud notices a Grand Seals.



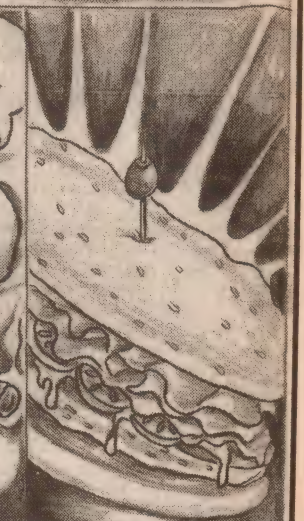
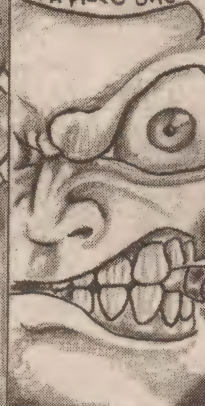
The Subway Sandwich shop Is being Robbed! Quickly, Pud
Paeks his Big Bike and Rushes In.



You got business
Here buddy or do
you want some
trouble with me?



No troubles.
I was hoping
you'd treat me
to a free sub.



SLUBWAY HOLDS NO ACCOUNTABILITY
FOR THE FOLLOWING



O.K., Along
with the cash. I want
two subs. one for me
and one for my friend.

Thanks,
Thank you!

Not
A
Problem.



Hey, You're Alright
Someday Maybe I
will pay you back.

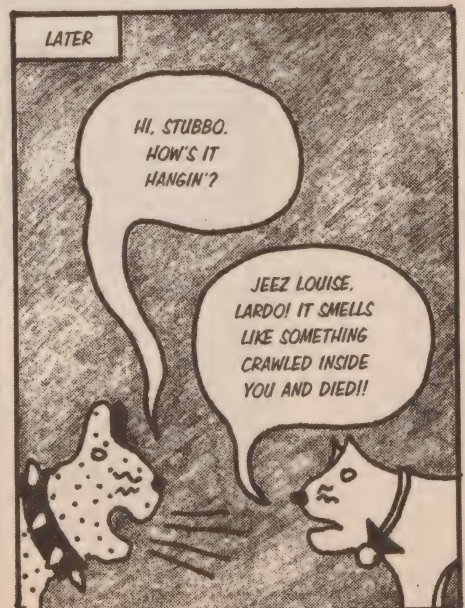
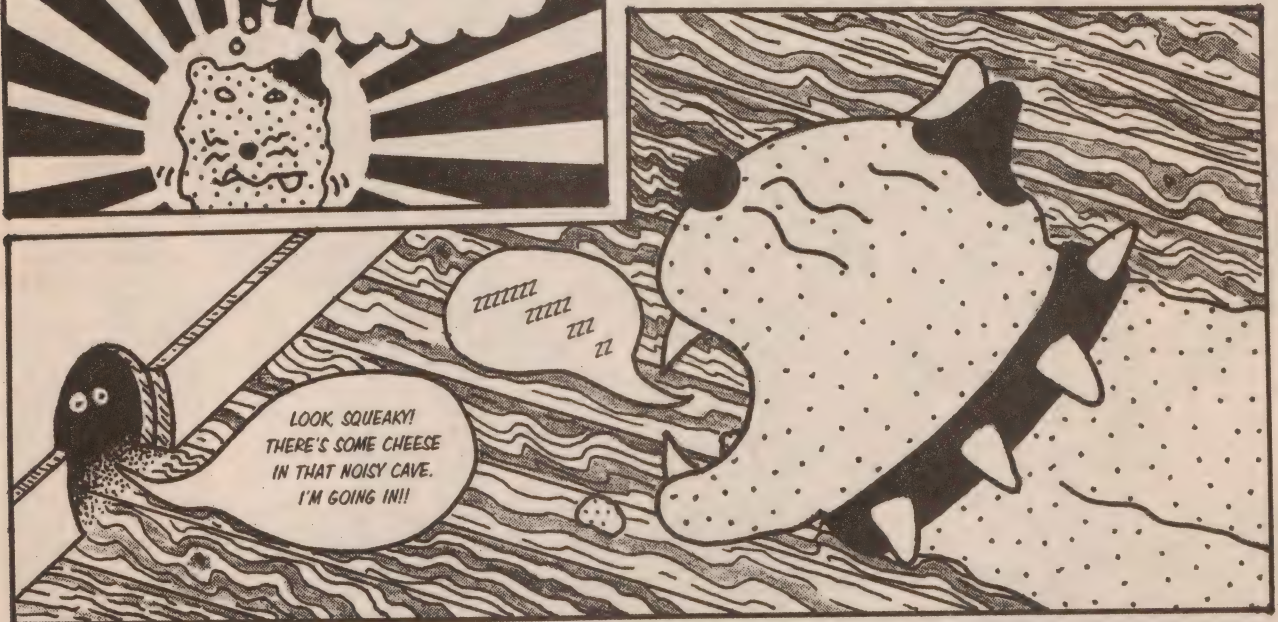
My Pleasure Pud.
I hate to eat
and run but...

SIRENS SCREAM IN THE
BACKGROUND.

Riot child & Sick boy Productions © 1998



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THE END

TOP TENS

FLIPSTAFFERS

IN NO ORDER UNLESS NOTED

SHANE

- Candysnatchers
- Nashville Pussy
- Electric Frankenstein
- Humpers
- Zeke
- REO Speedealer
- New Bomb Turks
- Hellacopters
- Powder Monkeys
- Mudhoney

BOB CANTU

1. Mudhoney "Tomorrow Hit Today" and Mudhoney live at The Roxy
2. The Eyeliners "Rock'n'Roll Baby" 7" and live at SXSW in Austin
3. Buck's self-titled CD
4. Chicken Hawks "Siouxicide City" CD and live in Sioux City, Iowa.
5. Inger Lorré, self-titled CD
6. Evaporators at Spaceland & Al's Bar
7. Patti Smith at Hollywood Athletic Club
8. Third Grade Teacher "Greatest Hits Vol I"
9. Cheap Trick's "In Color" show at House Of Blues.
10. X-Files action figures. (They come with cell phones and badges.)

THRASHEAD

1. Any early 80's hardcore reissue CDS (anything on Grand Theft Audio, Neos, Fartz, Funeral Oration, Outpatients, 76% Uncertain, Lewd, etc.)
2. Lots of lounge music (Frenchy and Combustible Edison live and studio stuff, and of course Esquivel.)
3. Any Charles Bronson
4. Los Crudos (Any studio stuff, and live at the PCH)
5. Disassociate (Any studio & live)
6. Seein' Red (Any studio & live)
7. MK Ultra (Any studio & live)
8. Romantic Gorilla (Any studio stuff and live at Gilman)
9. Melt Banana (Any studio & live)
10. Impaled Nazarene ("Latex Cult," "Motorpenis," and "Rapture" CDS)
11. Bauhaus live and Gary Numan live

ShitEd

- Throbbing thirteen '98 (alphabetic order):
- ADZ "Transmissions From Planet Speedball"
 - ALL "Mass Nerder"
 - At The Drive-In "In/casino/out"
 - Billyclub "Out to Lunch"
 - Dead Lazo's Place "Lonely Street"
 - Humpers "Euphoria, Confusion, Anger and Remorse"
 - Ill Repute "And Now..."
 - Leatherface
 - "Discography Part One - Live"
 - Parasites "Rat Ass Pie"
 - Romantic Gorilla "Romantic Gorilla"
 - Shattered Faith "1982"
 - Swingin' Utters "Five Lessons Learned"
 - Tongue "Faulty Parts"

MARTIN McMARTIN

1. Best live band: Toilet Boys
2. Throwrag live (as usual)
3. Chicken Hawks CD release party in Sioux City
4. Cheap Trick live (4x!)
5. ADZ & Damnation get Flipside covers
6. Congrats to Nashville Pussy!
7. Any 7's by The Prostitutes
8. Any 7's by Stiletto Boys
9. New American Mob live
10. Beastie Boys "Hello Nasty"

TIM FROM POMONA

10. Bomboras "Head Shrinkin' Fun" CD
9. Cramps, Foxations at the Glass House New Year's Eve
8. ? & The Mysterians, Bomboras at the Dragonfly
7. Pile-Up in Pomona demolition derby ...not to be confused with...
6. Dionysus Demolition Derby III
5. Tiger Mask comp.
4. Guitar Wolf, 5.6.7.8's, Andre Williams, Countdowns at Tiger Mask
3. Jesse "The Body" Ventura becomes governor elect of Minnesota
2. Nashville Pussy CD and live
1. Andre Williams "Silky" CD and live

HOLLY

- Snuff
- Dillinger Four
- Good Riddance
- All
- Avail
- Swingin' Utters
- Dropkick Murphys
- Apocalypse Hoboken
- Pegboy
- Hagfish

P. EDWIN LETCHER

- (alphabetic order)
- Bassholes "When My Blue Moon Turns Red Again" LP
 - Chaiño "Africana and Beyond" CD
 - Drags "I Killed R&R" / "Blacklight" 7"
 - Guitar Wolf "Kaminari One" / "Captain Guitar" 7"
 - Mach Kung Fu "Exotic Exhaust" CD
 - The Neanderthals "The Latest Menace to the Human Race" CD
 - Neptunas "Let Them Eat Tuna" CD
 - Stereophonic Space Sound
 - Unlimited "Fluid Soundbox" CD
 - Thundercrack "Own Shit Home" CD
 - "Exitos A Go Go," Various Artists CD

AI

- Chixdiggit
- Tongue
- Babyland
- McMartin's Clipper "Drunkfest"
- Black Sabbath "Reunion" CD
- ADZ, Zeke, etc. at the Whiskey
- Swingin' Utters at Whiskey
- Zen Guerrilla at Spaceland
- Boris the Sprinkler "Frozen Tundra..." CD
- Bill and Monica
- Wills vs. Slater

DESIGNATED DALE

- (alphabetic order)
- All Systems Go! (Featuring ex-Big Drill Car freaks Frank Daly and Mark Arnold)
 - The Candy Snatchers "Pissed Off, Ripped Off, Screwed" CD and live
 - The Crowd live
 - The Customers live and studio
 - The Humpers "Euphoria, Confusion, Anger and Remorse" CD and live shows
 - Nashville Pussy "Let Them Eat Pussy" CD and live
 - Psychedelic Furs "Should God Forget: A Retrospective" CD set
 - Ramones "We're Outta Here!" CD and video box set and anything fucking else
 - Throwrag live or studio - they will make you a believer
 - X "Beyond and Back, The X Anthology" CD set and live (with the original lineup!)

MORTICIA

1. Meeting Nick Cave
2. Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds live at The Wiltern
3. Last year's "Boatman's Call"
4. broken promises
5. Klaus the dog
6. Chinese bats
7. The Pacific Ocean
8. Freeride motox events
9. Lucinda Williams live at The Wiltern
10. April March & Air live at John Anson Ford Theater

AARTVARK

- Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds
- The Damned
- Babyland's "Outlive Your Enemies"
- September 18, 1998
- Flat Duo Jets
- The 'ol graveyard visits
- Getting snubbed by Shane MacGowen
- Thanksgiving at home
- Nikon FM2 (it makes a difference)
- Writers Guild Of America finally fesses up

POOCH

1. Lazy Cowgirls, Fuzztones, Nicky Sudden at Moguls 3/28
2. Andy Priebow at Largo 5/30
3. Jesus Lizard, Stanford Prison Experiment at the Roxy 1/23
4. China Drum at the Viper Room 3/25
5. Clipper Drunkfest (Humpers, U.S. Bombs, etc.) 2/21
6. Radiohead, Spiritualized at Universal Amp. 4/1
7. Flipside Poetry Night at Beyond Baroque 6/20
8. ADZ, Texas Terri, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs at the Whisky 8/10
9. Andre Williams, Countdowns, Throwrag at Bar Deluxe 10/17
10. Fleshtones at Club Mesa 8/11

JIM HAYES

1. Dylan/Hawks "Guitars Kissing and the Contemporary Fix" (Manchester, '66)
2. Royal Trux "Accelerator"
3. Bran Van 3000 "Glee"
4. PW Long's Reelfoot "Push Me Again"
5. Sub Sonics "Follow Me Down"
6. Lou Reed "Phantom Animal" (Sweden, '73)
7. Zeppelin "Come Back to Boston" (Boston, '70)
8. Anxious Poop "Straight Outta Colon"
9. Stool Sample "Side of Split" 7"
10. Cash Registers "Hey Big Spender"

MATT AVERAGE

1. Crudos, live
2. Seein' Red, live
3. Lifes Halt, live
4. MK-Ultra/Seein' Red split LP
5. Uncurbed "Peace Love Punk Life" CD
6. The Forgotten "Vedi Vidi Vici" CD
7. Excruciating Terror "Divided We Fall" CD
8. DS-13 - anything
9. Workin' Stiffs "Liquid Courage" CD
10. Murder Suicide Pact LP

RETODD

(by length of name)

- Snuff
- Avail
- Pegboy
- Fixtures
- Dillinger Four
- Connie Dungs
- At the Drive-In
- Swingin' Utters
- Scared of Chaka
- Hot Water Music
- Screeching Weasel
- Apocalypse Hoboken

ROG

- Top ten titillators
- X-It "Wife Sentence" 7"
 - Touring the hallowed halls of Sun Studio (Memphis) where rock'n'roll was raucously regurgitated way back when (July 24th)
 - The loving grip of self-gratification compliments of my left hand (an almost every day occurrence)
 - "Something Else: The Fine Lookin' Hits of Eddie Cochran" CD
 - Celebrating 10 years of touching togetherness and blushful bliss with my bodacious lil' beauty (Oct. 21)
 - Writing rhetorical reviews and raucous rants for Flipside (almost one year now!)
 - Imbibing ice cold brew for warped weekend wildness
 - "Hotter Than Hell! An Injection of Psychobilly Madness" various artists CD
 - Pussycats "Playin' Dirty"
 - Best of Flipside, Video #7, UK Subs
 - Livin'

MONEY

1. "Fuck you, I'll never submit to anything!" (Best Line in a Porno Movie: Christina Angel in "Depraved Fantasies 6.")
2. Dropkick Murphys "Do Or Die" (Best Punk Album)
3. Nashville Pussy at the Opium Den (Best Live Performance)
4. Circle One "Are You Afraid" (Best Punk Re-Issue / Retrospective)
5. Sweet Diesel "Wrongville" (Best Release No One Ever Listens To or Talks About)
6. No People (Best Punk Rock Demo Tape)
7. The Shining Path "The Shining Path" (Best Concept Album)
8. P.A. "Straight No Chase" (Best Hip-Hop Album)
9. "May you die in Ireland," Allison (Best Toast)
10. Peace in Northern Ireland (Best Wishes for 1999)

BART

- Toy Dolls Tour and rekid (props to Rotten Records for being the first American label to domesticate the Dolls)
- Jesus and Mary Chain "Munki" album as the tour sucked
- Damned U.S. tour (bout fucking time)
- Love and Rockets "Lift"
- Legendary Pink Dots "Nemesis Online" and tour (all the way from Amsterdam - god bless 'em)
- Morris Kode ("G.T.I.") invited on opening slot for the European Christian Death tour/movie "The Answer to the Meaning of Life"
- Dianah Cancer's comeback to recording (finally!) with Penis Flytrap
- Fm Einheit solo records
- No Lollapoloza! thank god!
- Subhumans tour (even though I got there as they said; "Thank you - goodnight!" ... I swear I thought it'd be later Gary...)

RICH MACKIN

- Unfortunately I have been mostly listening to old stuff (lots of new to me but old in general.)
- Apocalyptica - plays Metallica by four cellos
 - Slayer "Diabolus en Musica"
 - Killdozer and Alice Donut "Michael"
 - Gerard's Party Machine"
 - Compeditorr - demo
 - Various Artists "Banned in Boston" (Mung, Razorwire, Bastard Squad, Kozik)
 - Dan Bern "50 Eggs"
 - Chris Chandler "Convenience Store Troubadours"
 - Slughog "Ungodly Amounts of Meat"
 - Misfits - whatever the new album's called (a blank tape in my case)
 - A/political "Planting the Seeds of Revolution" tape

REFLEX

1. After years of sucking, the Red Aunts split up
2. ADZ on the cover of Flipside
3. The Gaza Strippers
4. Austin, Texas
5. Tufty of Toxic Reasons
6. DOA "Festival of Atheists" and seeing Joey again
7. "Planet of the Apes" box set
8. Andy & Handful of Flowers move back to SF from Berlin
9. "Hookers for Jesus" on Hard Copy
10. The Mulan Parade

KEN

1. REO Speedealer, self-titled LP and live at House of Blues w/ Rev. Horton Heat
2. Humpers "Euphoria, Confusion, Anger, and Remorse"
3. Secret Hate get back together and it doesn't reek of nostalgia.
4. The Fuckemos
5. The Tedio Boys
6. Flogging Molly
7. "There's Something About Mary," best movie of the year!!
8. At The Drive-In "in/casino/out"
9. The New Batman/Superman Adventures
10. The Hellbenders 7" and live

KIRIN

1. Burzum "Daudi Baldrs"
2. Bobby Beausoleil "Lucifer Rising" (soundtrack)
3. Arcturus "La Masquerade Infernale"
4. Victoria Williams "Musings of a Creek Dipper"
5. Rammstein "Sehnsucht"
6. Morrissey "My Early Burglary Years"
7. Blood Axis "Blot; Sacrifice in Sweden"
8. Gian Carlo Menotti "The Medium" (Marie Powers reissue.)
9. Amber Asylum "The Natural Philosophy of Love"
10. Hecate Enthroned "Slaughter of Innocence, A Requiem for the Mighty"

DONOTTHEDEAD

- Slayer "Diabolus in Musica"
- Snuff "Tweet Tweet My Lovely"
- Good Riddance "Ballads from the Revolution"
- Loreena McKinnitt "The Book of Secrets"
- Tilt "Collect 'Em All"
- Wizo "Kraut & Ruben"
- Ozomatli "Ya Llego!"
- Turtlehead "I Preferred Their Earlier Stuff"
- Bollocks "Total Fuck'n Bollocks"
- Dead Lazlo's Place "Lonely Street"

GARY HORNBERGER

1. The Hootenanny (X, Rev. Horton Heat)
2. All the Paladin shows (Thanks to Dave Gonzales)
3. Fear at Key Club show
4. Blasters (Z-Club Show - club sucked, band was great)
5. V.D. and DOA at Showcase ("Go Tim Go")
6. The Crowd at Linda's Doll Hut
7. Ossum Possum during my strange vacation in Montana
8. New Cynical recordings (may they find a home).
9. The Dickies, Gabe Bloom Benefit Show at the Roxy
10. The Joint Chiefs "Dixie Bell"

JUAN BASTOS

1. Blanks 77. Saw them three times this year, once with Quincy Punx, once with John Cougar Concentration Camp, & once with Against All Auth-ority. They scored a hat trick on stealing the show, and those are some fucking-a good bands stealing a show from.
2. Dropkick Murphys
3. U.S. Bombs
4. Bands around before punk was cool still putting out great albums: Screeching Weasel, "Television City Dream," Sloppy Seconds "More Trouble Than They're Worth," Humpers "Euphoria, Confusion, Anger, Remorse," Avail, "Over the James."
5. The World Cup. The only sporting event that really matters.
6. The Donnas live. Call me cheesy, but eighteen-year-old girls playing the Ramones makes me swoon.
7. d.i.y. records. The only place worth visiting in Orlando.
8. What I remember of through the haze of a drunken week in Atlanta with Shiftworker Todd.
9. The fucked up stories Larry and Pierre from Pegboy told me before the interview. Connie Chung would've printed it all, but that's why she doesn't write for Flipside.
10. "Drinks for the Little Guy." A shameless plug for the novel I wrote, should be available from Gorsky Press by the time this makes print.

RICHARD RAMOS

1. MK Ultra/Seein' Red LP
2. Fuck on the Beach "Fastcore on the Beach" 7" EP
3. Gasp "Drome Triler of Puzzle Zoo People" LP/CD
4. Addiction "Blind Soldier Kids" 7" EP
5. Harsh/Short Hate Temper/Quill, 3-way split 10"
6. Dahmer (Canada) - everything!
7. Melt Banana "Kill Out Trash" 7" and Melt Banana live
8. Grot "Sawn Off Cook Gun" demos
9. "Tomorrow Will Be Worse," Various Artists 4X7" box set
10. Gonkulator "Satan's Burial Ground" CD

KATZ

1. "Blleeeeeeaaauurrgghh! A Music War" 7" comp.
2. "No Fate #4" Various artists 2CD comp
3. Chelsea CD reissues
4. Captain Three Leg "Hardcore Failure" cassette
5. Mourning Noise CD
6. Gerogerigegege/Origami Erotika split 7"
7. "Tomorrow Will Be Worse," Various Artists 4X7" box set
8. Sound of Disaster 7"
9. Puke demo, double 7"
10. Post Regiment LP

J-CYCO

1. Suicidal Tendencies "6 The Hard Way" EP
2. Vandals "Hitler Bad, Vandals Good"
3. V.O.D. "Imprint"
4. Bad Brains "Omega Sessions"
5. Fear Factory "Obsolete"
6. Invisibl Skratch Piklz "Shiggar Frag"
7. 16 "Blaze of Incompetence"
8. Earth Crisis "The Oath That Keeps Me Free"
9. Napalm Death "Bootlegged in Japan"
10. Sepultura "Against"

MARTIN BANNER

1. Trip to Area 51 w/ Pooch
2. Mach Five, self-titled CD
3. Plimsouls "Kool Trash" CD
4. Paul Williams at Spaceland
5. The Yardbirds "Live at the BBC" CD
6. "Buffy, The Vampire Slayer" TV Series
7. The Condors at Spaceland
8. Lotion at The Dragonfly
9. Komeda "What Makes it Go?" CD
10. The Ken Starr Report to Congress

JIMMY ALVARADO

"that boy's got too much time on his hands"

- Ten Most Important Questions that Popped in my Head During the Last Eight Minutes
10. Do flies have zippers?
 9. Do you get to drink all the beer you want without fear of projectile vomiting or cirrhosis in heaven?
 8. If the Flash can run so fast, how come the inertia doesn't split his body in two when he stops?
 7. If Superman is the strongest man alive, can his shit cut diamonds?
 6. Do porpoises think, "Boy, humans sure are fuckin' retarded" when we teach them all those lame tricks?
 5. If a cow laughs really hard, will milk come out of her nose?
 4. Don't the zombies in "Night of the Living Dead" ever get full after eating people day in and day out?
 3. If I dove into a pool of Visine, what color would my eyes be?
 2. If Gumby was a "little green slab of clay," how come he didn't harden up like the Play Doh I had as a kid?
 1. Why hasn't my girlfriend strangled my pathetic, neurotic ass yet? (I'm sure she often wonders the same thing)

DRUNK TED

1. The Dragons "Cheers To Me"
2. Dillinger Four "Midwestern Songs of the Americas"
3. Scream "Live at the Black Cat"
4. New Bomb Turks "At Rope's End"
5. Less Than Jake "Greased"
6. Hagfish, self-titled
7. The Queers "Punk Rock Confidential"
8. Chixdiggit "Born on the First of July"
9. Rocket From The Crypt "RFTC"
10. Lunachicks "Drop Dead Live"

CAREY

1. My wife and child
2. Down-to-earth people (tell the truth, return phone calls, keep their word, able to tolerate extreme differences in opinion and ideology)
3. Censors' attacks on art that failed miserably
4. Creative expression
5. The ability to reason
6. Loud, fast, guitar-driven music
7. A good buzz
8. Being a lazy, spoiled American instead of an inmate in a 3rd world dictatorship
9. A good dog
10. Karma

GUESTS

FALLING JAMES

1. Spector Pump "Styrofoam Artifacts" CD
2. Tijuana No! "Contra Revolucion Avenue" CD
3. The Humpers "Euphoria, Confusion, Anger, and Remorse" LP
4. The Bell Rays "Let It Blast" CD
5. Figure skater Surya Bonaly's dangerous, illegal backflip/protest during the Olympics.
6. The Neckbones "Souls on Fire" LP
7. The Beautys "Liquor Pig" CD
8. 3 Hole Punch "Greatest Hits" CD
9. Temporal Sluts "Help the Police Beat Yourself Up" 7"
10. Great live shows from Urinals, John Fogerty, Stitches, Bell, Dickies, W.A.C.O., Backbiter, Buck & Bauhaus.

RALPH CARRERA

- Tiger Mask/Minotaur Booking
1. Andre Williams "Silky"
 2. Dirtbombs "Horndog Fest"
 3. Gasoline "Gasoline"
 4. Subsonics "Follow Me Down"
 5. 68 Comeback "A Bridge Too Fuckin' Far"
 6. Neanderthals "Latest Menace to the Human Race"
 7. Supersnazz "Diode City"
 8. Wildebeests "Go Wilde in the Country"
 9. Bobbyteens "Fast Livin' and Rock'n'Roll"
 10. Crusaders "Fat, Drunk, and Stupid"

TJ BLANK

- Blanks 77
- I know some of these didn't come out this year, but they are what I've been listening to.
1. The Business "The Truth the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth"
 2. The Dwarves "The Dwarves are Young and Good Looking"
 3. U.S. Bombs "War Birth"
 4. Dropkick Murphys "Do or Die"
 5. U.S. Chaos "We've Got the Weapons"
 6. The Ducky Boys "Dark Days"
 7. Youth Brigade "Sink with Kalifornija"
 8. Lower Class Brats "Rather Be Hated Than Ignored"
 9. The Cuffs "Bottoms Up"
 10. The Misfits "Collection II"

JASON BLACK

- Bass, Hot Water Music
1. Kid Dynamite, self-titled
 2. Jimmy Eat World "Clarity"
 3. Ned's Atomic Dustbin "Grey Cell Green" CD Single
 4. INXS "Kick"
 5. Avail "Over the James"
 6. Jawbox "My Scrapbook of Fatal Accidents"
 7. Refused, live and new LP
 8. Quicksand, live and everything they ever even thought of doing
 9. NYC
 10. All the bands on Some

TONY FATE

Bellrays: "Top ten things I hate when I go see bands"

1. Bands that take forever to set up on stage.
2. Bands that take forever to get their shit off the stage.
3. Bands that talk too much between songs.
4. Bands that play too long.
5. Bands who act like rockstars.
6. Bands who can't play, write, or sing but draw a big crowd because they're considered "cool."
7. Bands who try to justify their lousy musicianship by claiming "it's only punk rock."
8. Bands who make a career out of playing third-rate variations of '70s punk or '60s surf music.
9. Bands that worship other bands.
10. Bands who don't get into their performance because there's not enough people in the audience.

DEREK

- Soap and Spikes zine/records
1. The Wernt "Wreckin' Temples" CD
 2. "Old Scars and Upstarts," Various Artists CD
 3. Shattered Faith "1982" CD
 4. Doom "The Peel Sessions" CD
 5. Peter and The Test Tube Babies "Alien Pubduction" CD
 6. One Way System "Not Your Enemy" 7"
 7. Agnostic Front "Something's Gotta Give" CD
 8. Doom End Cruisers "Deep Six Holiday" CD
 9. Everything on Hostage Records
 10. F-Minus, self-titled 7"
- DAVE SMALLEY**
Singer, guitarist Down By Law
- Fugazi "End Hits"
 - Face to Face "Live"
 - The Decibels "Create Action!"
 - Two Man Advantage "Drafted"
 - Bad Religion "No Substance"
 - All "Mass Nerder"
 - The Gadgets, self-titled
 - Don Walser "Down at the Sky-vue Drive-in"
 - "100% British Mod," various artists 2 CD set
 - "This is Mod (the Best of)," various artists CD

CAITLIN R. KIERNAN

- Author ("Silk," "Candles for Elizabeth," "The Dreaming," "The Girl Who Would Be Death," etc.):
1. The Smashing Pumpkins "Adore"
 2. Hole "Celebrity Skin"
 3. Curve "Come Clean"
 4. Faith and Disease "Insularia"
 5. Lisa Gerrard and Pieter Bourke "Duality"
 6. P.J. Harvey "Is This Desire?"
 7. The Changelings "Amphibian"
 8. Tori Amos "From the Choirgirl Hotel"

CHAD PRICE

Singer of All, Armchair Martian
 • Cheap Trick
 • Kiss
 • Beatles
 • CCR
 • Hank Williams
 • Zeke
 • Tom Waits
 • Uncle Tupelo
 • Steve Earle
 • Jellyfish

KARL ALVAREZ

Bassist of Descendents, All
 • Electric Summer
 • Bill the Welder
 • Wretch like Me
 • H.O.L.S. Glassy Cockpit
 • Longstocking
 • Reina Aveja
 • Civ
 • Ozomatli
 • Trash Brats
 • Hellcopters

CLAIRE ALVAREZ

All/Descendents road manager
 • Motorhead
 • John Doe
 • Black Sabbath
 • No Means No

BILL STEVENSON

Drummer, All/Descendents
 • Shades Apart
 • Wretch like Me
 • Lemons
 • Hagfish
 • Tanger
 • Kemuri
 • New Rob Robbies
 • Someday I...
 • Zeke
 • Mustard Plug

JON WURSTER

Superchunk
 1. "Mr. Show" on HBO
 2. Elliott Smith "XO"
 3. Bandway "Balls Out"
 4. "Upright Citizens Brigade" on Comedy Central
 5. Tommy Keene "Isolation Party"
 6. Spoon "A Series of Sneaks"
 7. "Kiss and Sell - The Making of a Supergroup," C.K. Lendt
 8. Pernice Brothers "Overcome by Happiness"
 9. Ron Goedert "Breaking All the Rules" (released in 1980, The band members sport skintight satin and spandex on the front cover yet they sound like an ungodly cross between Skafish, The Humans and

RYAN AND MEGAN

HairBall 8 Records
 1. Any time spent drinking with Furious IV
 2. Any time spent drinking with the Odd Numbers
 3. Snuff "Tweet Tweet My Lovely"
 4. Elliot Smith "XO"
 5. Billy Bragg at House of Blues 12/4/98
 6. The Living End "Hellbound" EP
 7. Psychobilly festival on 11/7 and 8 at the Transmission in SF
 8. Any time spent partying with Moose Dick from the Mentors
 9. The Tiltwheel
 10. Strung Out "Twisted by Design"

NICKY GARRETT

UK Subs, New Red Archives
 1. "Painted by Memory" Burt Bacharach with Elvis Costello (Would have been much better with Dionne Warwick singing.)
 2. "Made Available" This Heat (Can't put into words how great this CD is - 1977 Peel Sessions just released.)
 3. "Simples" Magma (At last, 7th Records have released those rare 7" tracks on CD.)
 4. "Newly Published Organ Chorales" JS Bach (How often can one say they just heard previously

BOB

Tiltwheel
 1. Avail "Over the James" full length
 2. Dillinger Four "Midwestern Songs Of The Americas" full length
 3. Strung Out "Crossroads and Illusions" EP and "Twisted by Design" full length
 4. Snuff "Tweet Tweet My Lovely" full length
 5. Leatherface "Mush" full length (recently rediscovered from the bowels of '92)
 6. Zeke, live!
 7. Rocket From The Crypt "RFTC" full length
 8. Broccoli "Home" full length
 9. The Eyeliners "Confidential" full length
 10. Jimmy Eat World, live!

CYNTHIA CONNOLLY

Dischord Records
 • Any Low record
 • Fugazi "End Hits"
 • Blonde Redhead "In the Expression of Inexpression"
 • New Bjork record that's not too new
 • Smart Went Crazy "Con Art"
 • Any Olde Elliot Smith
 • The All Scars
 • The Most Secret Method

**TIM VISUAL
DISCRIMINATION**

1. Battery "Whatever It Takes" LP
 2. Portrait of Poverty, self-titled LP
 3. Final Conflict "Tour" 7"
 4. Mother Fuckin' Tittie Sucker/Flash 46 Short, split 7"
 5. Enwetak "Onward to Valhalla" LP
 6. Converge "Whenever Forever Comes Crashing"
 7. Anything on Prank Records
 8. Collision, live LP
 9. Life's Halt, live LP
 10. Gehenna, live "Mike Cheese and the mic chord strangle hold dance"

BIGWIG

• Pennywise
 • Jawbreaker
 • Less Than Jake
 • Ballgagger
 • Suicide Machines
 • H2O
 • Pantera
 • Gorilla Biscuits
 • Slayer

ORANGE

NRA
 1. Television "Adventure"
 2. Marvin Gaye "Here My Dear"

TOP TENS

• Shades Apart
 • Leonard Cohen
 • Otis Redding
 • Bill the Welder
 • Wretch like me

JASON MOLINA

aka Songs:ohia
 1. Girlfriend's uncanny skills with Mortal Kombat.
 2. Arab Strap
 3. Chemical Underground
 4. Trans Am. Live, anytime, anywhere!
 5. Songs: ohia "Stranded for 21 Hours in a Blizzard Tour"
 6. Iron Maiden "Killers" at 4AM
 7. Malcolm from Arab Strap playing Judas Priest for me on his portable record player!
 8. The movie "Pi"
 9. Dutch Harbor LP
 10. "Ab Fab," still the fucking best show ever!
 11. All people who are just decent and kind who know how to give an honest deal and who don't jack you.

SARA VERCH

All/Descendents roadie, merch, fan-club operator
 • Ann Beretta
 • Shades Apart
 • Bad Religion
 • Swinging Utters
 • Wretch like Me
 • AC/DC
 • The Lemons
 • Welt
 • Zeke
 • Social Distortion

April Wine. One of the truly great awful albums of the modern era)
 10. "Modern rock" radio stations destroying originality one 10 song playlist at a time.

TOM

Dead Beat Records
 List of records that you must own from '98
 • The Bodies "Suicide" 7" and demo tape
 • Detestation, self-titled LP/CD
 • Dillinger Four "Midwestern Songs of the Americas" LP/CD
 • The Havenots, self-titled LP/CD
 • Smog Town "Smog on 45" 7"
 • The Spasms (from Cleveland)
 • "American Zero" 7" and practice tape
 • Texas Terri + the Stiff Ones "Eat Shit" CD
 • Turbonegro "Apocalypse Dudes" CD
 • Turpintines "American Music for American People" LP/CD
 • T.V. Killers "Fuckin' Frenchies" LP/CD and "You Kill Me" 7"

DIRK

Doghouse Records
 1. Chamberlain "The Moon My Saddle" CD
 2. Favez "The Long Sad Ride" CD
 3. Hot Water Music "4 New Songs"
 4. As Friends Rust CD
 5. Sunny Day Real Estate "How It Feels to Be" CD
 6. Elliot "US Songs" CD
 7. Get Up Kids, live
 8. "Have Gun Will Travel: The Rise and Fall of Death Row" book by Ronin Ro
 9. Karate "The Bed Is the Ocean" CD
 10. Joshua "New Demos"

unpublished works by Bach?
 Thrilling.)

5. "What the World Needs Now" Big Deal recording artists play Burt Bacharach (Patchy but a couple of nice surprises.)
 6. "What the World Needs Now" McCoy Tyner plays Burt Bacharach (As a Coltrane fan and a Bacharach fan, this was a must.)
 7. "Message from Home" Pharoah Sanders (Actually over a year old, but hey, I'm still playing it!)
 8. "Great Jewish Music" Burt Bacharach (Very diverse Jewish musicians play Bacharach.)
 9. "A Monastic Trio" Alice Coltrane (1968 impulse recording featuring - not her best album, but beautiful repackaging job and of course features Pharoah Sanders on tenor sax, flute and bass clarinet.)

DAVE

Tiltwheel
 Order in particular any not
 • Panthro U.K. United 13 "Sound of a Gun"
 • Leatherface discography series on Rejected
 • Broccoli "Home"
 • Murder City Devils LP and live
 • Dragons "Here's to Me"
 • Jessie LP
 • Dillinger Four "Midwestern Songs of the Americas"
 • Disgustees "Water Closet Live"
 • B Movie Rats LP and live
 • Steaky/Stomach, split CD
 • Honorable Mention: Dillinger Escape Plan, Bad Luckville, The Kassos

BEAU

Avail
 1. Blood for Blood "Revenge on Society"
 2. Suicide Machines "Destruction by Definition"
 3. Hot Water Music "Forever and Counting"
 4. Good Riddance "Ballads from the Revolution"
 5. Kid Dynamite
 6. US Bombs "Garibaldi Guard"
 7. Ensign "Direction of Things to Come"
 8. Alabama Thunder Pussy "Rise Again"
 9. Adolescents "Return to the Black Hole"
 10. Out, three song demo

JUERGEN

Bitzcore
 • Verbal Abuse "Just an American Band"
 • Turbonegro "Ass Cobra"
 • Zero Boys "Vicious Circle"
 • Byrds "Tambourine Man"
 • Cock Sparrer "Shock Troops"
 • Bad Brains "Roi Tape"
 • DRI "DRI"
 • Clash "Clash"
 • Can "Tago Mago"
 • Radio Birdman "Living Eyes"

JOE YOUNG

Owned and Operated Records
 • Motorhead
 • X
 • Black Sabbath
 • AC/DC
 • Melvins
 • Otis Redding
 • Zeke
 • Jesus Lizard
 • Stooges
 • Black Flag

3. Black Flag "Damaged"
 4. Stevie Wonder "Hotter Than July"
 5. MC 5 "High Time"
 6. ZZ Top "Tres Hombres"
 7. Parliament "Clones of Dr. Funkenstein"
 8. Stooges "Fun House"
 9. Ramones "Ramones"
 10. The Tapes "Party"

SVENGUS

NRA
 1. Dead Kennedys "Plastic Surgery Disasters"
 2. UK Subs "Another Kind of Blues"
 3. Poison Idea "Feel the Darkness"
 4. Rocket From The Crypt "Scream, Dracula, Scream"
 5. AC/DC. Everything!
 6. Black Flag "My War"
 7. Turbo Negro "Apocalypse Dudes"
 8. Bob Marley. Everything!
 9. Fugazi. Everything
 10. Dischord Records... rest besides Fugazi!

AZIZ

NRA
 I love a lot of recent stuff too but the old shit still sticks out most of the time.
 1. Bad Brains, "Roi Sessions"
 2. Black Flag "Damaged"
 3. Dead Kennedys "Plastic Surgery Disasters"
 4. Black Market Baby - Discography
 5. Fear - Discography
 6. Social Distortion "White Light White Heat White Trash"
 7. X "Beyond and Back"
 8. Adolescents, self-titled
 9. Ruts "Peel Sessions"
 10. Superchunk "On the Mouth"

Howdy hi there, neighbor. Hop on the back of ol' Paint and I'll git'er up and clippity clop you around the park. What's that?...Yeah, I know her back is swayed, she's half blind, a little lame and only has two teeth left; why do think I bought her. I rather like those attributes. While we mosey along I'll play you a tape of three gorillas making random noises on brass instruments accompanied by a drunk hyena who just watched the latest episode of South Park. What's that?... Not your cup of tea?... go figure. I'll gibber on later about all the groovy goodies I recommend, but first I want to sing

musings, it should come as no shock that I'm going to begin with a few "artists" that are associated with... ya ta da da!! ...the '60s.

Mrs. Miller is probably the most famous personality I'll be discussing. She put out at least three albums, appeared on "Laugh In" and other variety shows of the day and nearly scored a hit with her version of "Downtown." I'm not positive but I've heard that she thought of herself as a trained professional opera diva who agreed to sing some hits of the day because she didn't seem to be getting anywhere on the more serious circuit. When disc

record warehouse, back in the early eighties, that I seem to remember as Greenworld, I can't recall his name but I certainly can't forget the fact that he convinced me to buy a copy of all three albums by a semi-legendary '60s band who he assured me were the cat's flip-pin' pajamas. I had visions of getting them home and finding out they rivaled The Thirteenth Floor Elevators or Chocolate Watchband for in your face, tough, psychedelic, dated cool. I have an idea The Godz did as much L.S.D. as your average mind-warped purveyor of classic freakout music, but that's

NO CAR GARAGE

the praises of the dregs of the "music" world.

This issue's exciting installment of No Car Garage is dedicated to music that illicit the response, "Egad... that is so bad; I love it." I suppose this genre could be considered a subset of a broader body of music, known as guilty pleasures, which would include disco, bubble gum, new age and anything else that the majority of people would agree should not exist but is embraced by a fanatical few who thrive on it and prefer the silliest, lamest, schlockiest examples they can get their wretched little hands on. I have fallen prey to the charms of many passing musical fads and could probably gross out a good 95 per cent of the world's population by playing one song or another and then telling them I like it. On the other hand, I get rather nauseous listening to modern top 40 and '80s "nostalgia" radio, knowing that millions of people actually listen to it on purpose. One of the criteria for the dross I'll be espousing is whether or not the average adult is likely to make comments such as, "You paid money for this?," "It would be better if they knew how to play their instruments," or "Could you turn it down?" rather than tapping their toes, nodding their heads and humming along with the obvious ebb and flow, which is generally the case with most pop styles. To narrow things down a tad, I have no interest in, and will not be discussing such parental banes as industrial, noise, hard core, art, goth, power funk, grunge, death, grind, spooge, ooga-booga, bananaboop or any of a host of other "alternative" genres that fit the profile I've established. To put things in a tidy little package, I guess you could call the subject of this erudite thesis: garage rock, although some would not consider a few of my entries even remotely related. Also, there are tons of examples of what most people would consider garage rock that are either too tight, trite or sprightly for inclusion in this particular treatise. To further cloud things, a few choice examples of a given musical style fit my exacting standards to a tee, while the vast majority of other proponents of the same style don't even come close. I guess I could go on for hours trying to define what I want to talk about without ever getting down to brass tacks and actually talking about it. You can get that from watching "Seinfeld" without straining your eyes with all this unpleasant reading activity... or so I've been told. So, pour yourself a cup of tea, flop down on the recliner, put your feet up, dust off your glasses and I'll just jump right in and start blabbing. Oh, don't forget your barf bag. For those of you who have seen any of my earlier

jockeys and television producers were presented with this grand, motherly gal who crooned with such an exaggerated warble, sounded a bit like Tiny Tim on a bad day, and who couldn't seem to keep up with the music, the natural response should have been, "Get this crap away from me!" Of course, she made for such a great unwitting butt of the joke (whether or not she truly was) and performed with such charm and enthusiasm that the pow-

where the comparison comes to a screeching halt. They were turned loose in the studio with an assortment of instruments and "interesting" notions but no rudimentary training or inherent talent to speak of. I have listened to "Contact High with Da Godz," "Godz 2" and "Third Testament" a few times all the way through. There are bits and pieces that amuse me and I love the fact that they let it all hang out in their Dylan on bad drugs fashion. Like most of the material I'm covering here, I can only handle limited doses of The Godz. Mostly, I use their version of "You Won't See Me" as an example of how bad The Beatles could be butchered when ever the need arises.

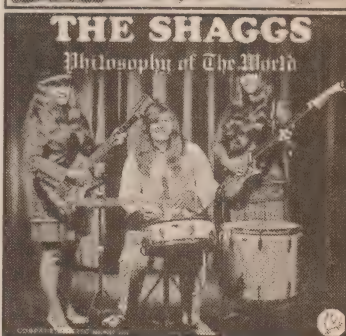
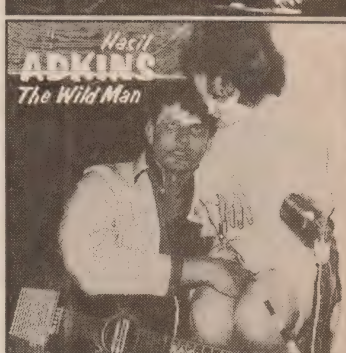
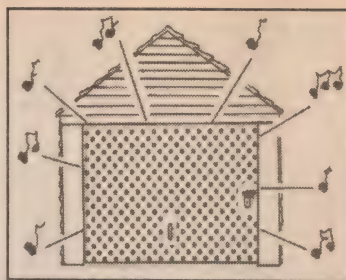
Hasil Adkins is more a product of the '50s but I would imagine the anything goes atmosphere of the '60s had a profound effect on his "career." The earliest recordings I've heard are from a Norton Records collection of odds and ends he recorded from 1956 to 1963 at home. He has been cranking out wild celebrations of zaniness and otherworldly dance crazes through the '70s, '80s and '90s. The story on him goes something like this (or so legend has it): when he got into music, his favorite performer was Hank Williams. When he checked out the records, Hank's was the only name he ever saw. Being a simple, backwoods kind of gentleman, Hasil determined that Mr. Williams must sing and perform the guitar and drum parts simultaneously. This intuitive leap and an obviously positive sense of self convinced The Haze that he could do the same so he rigged up a drum and guitar apparatus and started down the road to "stardom" as a one man band. His appeal is limited to those of us who can get past his general lack of proficiency on either instrument (let alone both together), his untrained hillbilly vocal style and the patently silly nature of his material. "Boo Boo the Cat" and "She Said" are two of his most requested numbers but the idea of him ever having a bona fide hit is ludicrous in the extreme. And yet he's absolutely awesome... in his way.

Back in the early '80s, I went through a phase in which I derived a modicum of entertainment value from reading the letters section of *Creem Magazine*. (Life's simple pleasures and all that). For several months, there was a flurry of fan correspondence, which might have been generated by the staff, that piqued my interest in a new band. The letters were supposedly from metal hating punks and punk hating metal heads and went something like this: "Dear Creem, Hi, I hate punk with a pas-



ers that he decided she just had to be shared with the world. Hell, she may have been a Rhodes scholar with more finely honed pipes than Barbara Streisand, who dreamed up the whole act as a joke on the world. I just remember checking her out as a kid and clowning around with my brothers about how much we loved her and watching my mom cringe at the thought. I borrowed a copy of a CD that includes material from three of her albums recently (thanks Doug), and was surprised at how funny some of the songs were on their own merits. I was pleased to find out she was every bit as obnoxiously lovable as I remembered. The aforementioned Tiny Tim comes close to inclusion here but, as I recall, he didn't pass the mom test. My mother found him rather tuneful and hum-along-able if a tad on the bizarre side. Mrs. Miller is the only act I have any first hand, parental disapproval data on. The rest are discoveries I made after leaving home. I have to rely on my instincts and the highly unscientific and rather illogical conclusion that the rest of my entries are just not of the exacting quality necessary to garner mom and/or dad acceptance.

Next up is a band I was "turned on to" by a "friend" who was working at an independent



Top down: The Godz, "Contact High Wit Da Godz"; Hasil Adkins, "The Wild Man"; Demolition Doll Rods, "Tasty"; The Shaggs, "Philosophy of the World."
← Mrs. Miller, "The Turned on World of Mrs. Miller."

sion. The Sex Pistols and all their lackeys suck big time. However, their **Shaggs** are a great band... or this: "Dear Cream, Hi, I hate metal with all my heart and soul. Van Halen are the biggest waste of vinyl I know of. But I have to hand it to them; even though The Shaggs are heavy metal, they rock my world." Hell, maybe the letters were the work of an imaginative ad. exec. at Rounder Records who found a way to get the band's name out to the masses without paying for the space. The play would be aimed at glibble fools who just had to decide for themselves what sort of group was being dis-associated from each camp. I fell for it and now own two of the cruelest records ever

pressed. (Yeah, I picked up their second one, too) According to the old wives' tales I've heard, the three young sisters, Dorothy, Betty and Helen, were given a couple guitars and a drum kit and turned loose. The results are out of this world... which is where they rightfully belong. Dorothy had a knack for getting the concerns of a 13-year-old, small town girl into absurdly simple songs and molding her sisters around them. "Mary had a Little Lamb" seems unattainable complex, in comparison, and the best term I can think of to describe what they did is naive. One listen to "My Pal Foot Foot" is plenty. But don't take my word for it; get your hands on their "masterpieces" and see what all the fuss is all about.

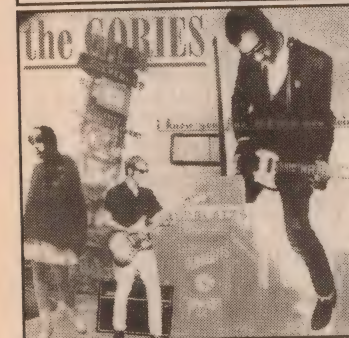
When **Red Cross** came out with "Born Innocent," a lot of people in the punk community dismissed it as not being hard core enough. I eventually lost interest with the group as they got tighter, more accomplished and ever more firmly committed to a teen pop idol vision, but that one album is still a classic of substance over style, do it your own way, genius as far as I'm concerned. Thank god nobody was around to pump them full of money in exchange for "smartening up" the sound, "reigning in" the lax vocal approach and taking a week or two for each song to get the production values "just right." There is a certain magic that was achieved by getting themselves to a certain place mentally and then letting the tape roll. I believe the relative inexperience of the musicians (Jeff and Steve were 16 and 14 at the time) and a new-found fascination with everything from drugs to Charlie Manson helped shape this record which is flawed by most commercial standards but is true perfection to these ears.

I talk about **The Mummies** every issue. Why should this one be any different? I won't ramble on and on but I believe their tough, "We don't give a flying fuck" stance, coupled with the cheapness of their image and sound, have made them one of the most influential garage bands of the last ten years. If they got air play on a top 40 station, I can see them going down to the radio station to kick the DJ's ass for insulting them. I've heard they deliberately sounded as cheesy as possible and rerecorded some tracks that came out too polished the first go round.

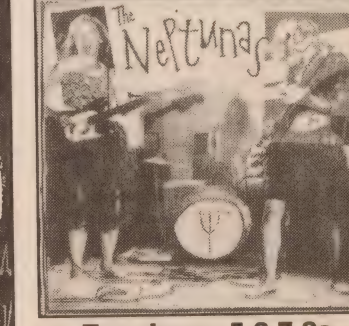
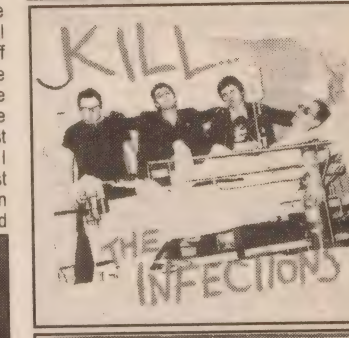
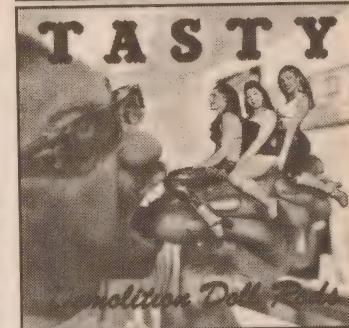
Speaking of cheesy, how about **The Gories**? By the time I was aware of them, they were getting close to the end of their run. I'm sorry I never got to witness them live; I've heard they were even more frantic, manic and down right nuts on stage. They left behind three excellent albums of Bo Diddley, etc.

inspired trash that sounds better every time I listen to it and a whole slew of singles and comp. tracks. I have no idea where they would fall, chronologically speaking, among the modern wave of groups that went to a two guitar/no bass format but, for my money, they were the undisputed masters. Mick's spasms of lunacy on the git fiddle were as warped as any I've ever encountered. His husky voice was the perfect counterpoint to Dan's more cartoonish one and when Mick, Dan and Peg struck up the band, the combination of three undisciplined musicians gelled in a fashion that no major AM programmer could get a handle on but brought a smile to many an aficionado of fine sludge. Danny's new project, **Demolition Doll Rods** and Mick's latest group, **The Dirtbombs**, are both holding the trash torch high. The Doll Rods, with their double guitar approach, beyond bare bones drum plod and general disregard for conventional pop sensibilities are perhaps closer to the glory of The Gories, but The Dirtbombs' gruff attack and skewed rock vision make for a dandy counter bid for the honor.

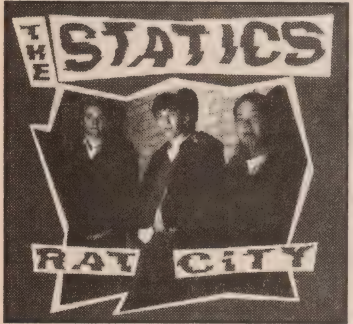
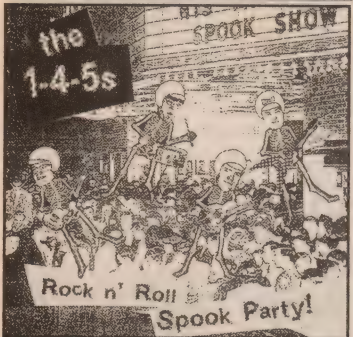
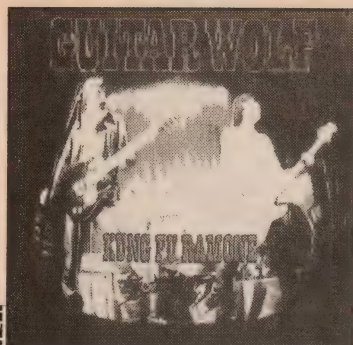
Surf music is a game for super slick masters of melody and rhythm, right? Well, some very interesting things can happen when the intent to make waves is greater than the intensity of on-the-board training, so to speak. Especially when the musicians have a good sense of humor, fun and entertainment value. Three of my favorites are **The Trashwomen**, **The Shatners** and **The Neptunas**. All three have been known to bust out with the occasional vocal number, all are made up (or were) of fairly competent players and all three have brightened my world at one time or another with their own brand of seat-of-the-pants, unpolished cowabunga boogie. The Trashwomen were the brain children of one of The Phantom Surfers, if memory serves me, and were the sloppier (and sexier, if you'll pardon my political incorrectness), female version of the '60s kings of "Surfin' Bird" slop, The Trashmen. Minimal, inept and brazen are just a few of the adjectives that help define their amazing appeal. I don't know much about The Shatners, which is probably the way they like it. The one album I've heard is quintessential listening even though I haven't gotten up off my butt to secure it as of yet. There are snatches of Star Trek drivel between the songs, which all have something to do with the obsessively adored TV show, even if it's just naming their version of "Miseriloo" "Mr. Sulu." I can only imagine how bumbling they must have been live. The Neptunas are LA's own super surf vixens. They have two albums and



Top down: Red Cross, "Born Innocent"; The Mummies, "You Must Fight to Live on the Planet of the Apes"; The Gories, "I Know You Fine, But How You Doin'"; Supercharger, self-titled.



Top down: 5,6,7,8s, "Continental Hop"; Demolition Doll Rods, "Tasty"; The Infections, "Kill...!"; The Neptunas, "Surfatorium." <The Trashwomen "Vs. Deep Space."



several singles under their belts (of their grass skirts), and it's all good stuff. They have created their own underwater world and personas and write many of their own Dick Dale damaged ditties. Their early shows, especially, featured some of the most basic and crude blasts of hodgepodge I've had the pleasure of experiencing first hand. Their synchronized knee bend hops are a must see.

Then there is **The South Bay Surfers**. They have done one or two surf songs and have probably seen the beach before, but that's about as far as it goes. Of all the bands mentioned, this one has done the most hits. That's because they do nothing but covers of '60s chestnuts and turkeys along the lines of "Woolly Bully," "Short Shorts" and "Help Me Rhonda." They listen a lot more to their inner voices than they do to the original records, however, and are probably the sloppiest ensemble I've ever rocked out to. The truly phenomenal thing about these pop gods is how they have managed to play the same songs over and over, show after show, year after year, without tightening up even just a little bit. Of course, if they started sounding like the records (let's say, maybe, in the year



↑ **Mummies at the North Shore Surf Club, Olympia, Washington** **Q-A-I**
Top to Bottom: Guitar Wolf, "Kung Fu Ramone"; The South Bay Surfers, "Teenager in Love"; The 1-4-5s, "Rock n' Roll Spook Party!"; The Statics, "Rat City."

2050), why not just buy the records? The reason **The South Bay Surfers** are so fabulous, in my humble estimation, is that they stay true to themselves and, as far as I can figure, they are giving this rock and roll thing the good old college try. As one pig said to another after Farmer Bob dumped a can of garbage and mud on their heads, "It just doesn't get any better than this."

Supercharger was another of those bands that I missed out on, live, because I don't live in their city and picked up on the records when the band was getting ready to call it a day. Thankfully, Estrus has released both of their excellent full length spews on CD so everyone can enjoy their very individual take on music. Another fine example of simple, three piece party action by a band that learned how to play while they went and recorded everything before they got a chance to become overly proficient. Greg Lowery was, and still is, a gifted penner of some of the most absurd yet poignant lyrics I know of and the band consistently found new wrinkles in the basic format of 1-4-5 rock and fuckin' roll. Classic tales of losers living on the edge, and sometimes falling off, done with such slacker drive and clever yet tough vocal vitriol that it was often hard to figure out just how serious the group was. Greg went on to do **The Rip Offs** and **The Infections** and is currently working on a new project. Let's keep our fingers crossed that Greg and co. are staying in touch with no good floozies and other no accounts so they'll have plenty of fresh material. By the way, Rip Off Records has also been responsible for a number of fine releases from **The Statics**, who are another stellar combo that is putting out some fine, fine raw as they wanna be rockness. Yahoo.

The next two bands do it by the numbers but I wouldn't trust them with paint brushes and stenciled black velvet. The **1-4-5s** were started as a joke and their name stems from the fact that each and every song they do follows the standard pattern that the old blues belters established and that people like Chuck Berry mined time and again for their bread and butter. If the 1-4-5s ever crystallized their musicianship and vocal performances, they would be ready to start a more "serious" retro

thang but it just wouldn't be the same. I haven't been witness to their sense-rattling crud, in the flesh... yet. I understand that they are still slogging away, though, and when and if they make it to the City of Angels, they can count on me to add some hoots, hollers, whistles and hand claps to the mix. Both of their Estrus full length releases are great, free form blasts of structured chaos... huh?

The **5,6,7,8s** can at least count. I haven't the foggiest notion where their name comes from and I have an idea it may not translate perfectly from their native Japanese. I've been fortunate enough to see these lovely lasses on more than one occasion and I was so smitten with their style that I've made an effort to keep up with their recorded output as well. They seem to idolize the '50s music scene of America and Europe and do quite a few covers. The live shows I saw were radically different because of a number of factors which include whether or not they had a second guitarist, how long the current line up had been together, how good the loaner equipment was and how jet lagged they were. Their mega-thick accents, coupled with a fairly lax rockabilly groove, make for some choice, bottom-of-the-barrel listening. Eddy of **The Mad 3** put in a tour of duty on guitar at one point and his new band is superlative too in their own, tighter yet noisier way.

The Japanese connection eases us into discussion of one final entry, **Guitar Wolf**. The fellers are more focused and have been putting out more and more controlled spurts of rock and roll anarchy, but their first album is one of the noisiest slabs of paint-peeling boogie going. Actually, all of their records are blistering flashes of Link Wray/Ramones/MC5 inspired madness with more mileage attained from moshie than technical training, but that first record, "Wolf Rock," sounds like it was used as a frisbee for several large dogs the very first time you play it. I remember reading a few reviews in which the hapless journalist claimed to have gotten up several times to see if there was a giant ball of dust on the phonograph needle. I interviewed Mr. Guitar Wolf, himself, once and he assured me that the noise level was actively sought and the band was quite pleased with the results. I tend

to agree with their assessment and swear by everything I've heard them do.

Well, that's it for now. I know there are plenty more super purveyors of mom-maddening muck that are just as wonderfully awful and maybe I'll come back to this theme in a future issue. In fact, I just scratched the surface of the yellow iceberg. If anyone wants to relate tales of depraved divinity that I should be aware of, I'd be more than happy to hear from them. I know that a lot of the best amateur raunch never gets to the recording stage and that when it does, it is usually as a cut or two on an incredibly rare comp or one off single but it seems a tad pointless to laud stuff that is gone and virtually unattainable. For those who are into it, there are enough charmingly hideous recordings by movie and/or TV personalities to stay miserably happy on a permanent basis. Also, if you can stomach the vast majority, that is just plain no good, many bands can be experienced in their formative stages at local venues. Some won't get on stage until they are tighter than contact lenses but many jump on the phone and start shmoozing gigs as soon as they have 20 minutes worth of material that they are pretty sure they will be able to handle with a few more practices and a steady intake of stimulants. One last thing; if anyone puts out a **South Bay Surfers** double live CD, I can guarantee you at least one sale.

Trash is all well and good but man does not live by crud alone so I'm turning my attention now to some of the product I've amassed since issue #115. If you need some help trying to decide what to get for that special someone in your life (and, of course, I'm referring to you, not your insignificant other), and your travels take you into the local record consortium, you might want to consider some of the following, which I've given a spin and can describe for you so you don't have to waste any of your precious time making your own decisions about. Estrus flowed three new CDS my way. **Satan's Pilgrims** provided me with some of my choicest, and scariest intro infusions with, "Creature Features." **Thundercrack** are totally new to me and "Own Shit Home" rocks rather whole heartedly in a minimal, Oblivians fashion. The label

EDWIN LEITCH
 EDWIN LEITCH

also made a rare **Electric Frankenstein** collection available on CD, "I Was a Teenage Shutdown." Get Hip was also busy with some rereleases as well as some fine brand spankers, all on CD. I loved **The Kaisers'** "Squarehead Stomp" and **Fortune and Maltese & the Phabulous Pallbearers'** self-titled album when they came out and it's a treat to have the CD versions as well. Both have a handle on retro rock. Speaking of which, the new releases, "Voodoo's Eros" by **Mr. Zero and the Neanderthals'** "The Latest Menace to the Human Race," are both '60s sound alike gems that are peppy and tuneful. The folks at A.I.P./Bomp/Total Energy have been working overtime to bring you 30 years worth of punk rock. The **MC5** haven't sounded this good since the first album and if you want to hear some things that never made it onto the official releases, check out, "Starship - Live at Sturgis Armory 6/27/68," on CD. "All This and More" is a double CD of live material from the heyday of **The Dead Boys** and it rocks as hard as you can imagine it would. There were also a number of singles on the label conglomerate including offerings from **The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs** (with **Cherie Currie**) and **Dripping Lips**. Teen Sound is a decidedly international outfit and sent along a care package of singles that all bear the stamp of the '60s and bring their own energy into play. Thrill to quick takes from: **Les Incapables**, **Dradipos 4**, **Gli Scriterati**, **The Fuzztones** (with **Sean Bonniwell**), and **The Frantic 5**. Dionysus, always scouring the underground for lost treasures, has turned up a winner in, "Wailin' in West Covina," which chronicles the activities of several bands including **The Hydraulic Raisins**. My dose of Billy Childish came in the form of an LP on Vinyl Japan called, "Brother is Dead... But Fly is Gone," by **Thee Headcoats** on which the lads play tribute to and cover an array of their punk heroes from way back when. **The Blowtaps** debut full length release is a CD on

Flying Bomb. "Deep Thrust" is a loud and ghoulish set of barely controlled mayhem. Default put out an instrumental CD by **Planet Seven**. "Pleasurecraft Recovery Theme" is basic surf augmented, at times, by Theremin and crunchy power chords. **The Flat Duo Jets** are back with a new CD on Outpost. "Lucky Eye" is yet another lush collection of a variety of styles by one of my favorite contemporary two piece units. Dex and Crow are joined by a host of guest musicians for one of their fullest sounding records yet. **The Shapes** have a CD out on Overground titled, "Songs for Sensible People," that is some mighty fine British punk/pop from the golden late '70s era... or sounds like it any way (the jury is still out). Lookout has released the latest surf super star collaboration in **The Phantom Surfers and Davie Allen** - "Skaterhater," which is served up as a surf rock opera in three parts about a war over skate boarding. Some more honest to god '60s music was retrieved from the Del-Fi vaults. "Del-Fi Pool Party" is a real blast of hot, and often humorous, also raw material from a wild era. **The Thugs** and **Satones** paired up for an instrumental split 7" on Blue Man from Uranus. Musick, in association with Rhubarb, has released a brilliant rockabilly CD by **The Crank-Tones** named, "Vibrate with..." **Helldorado** is a punk combo with a woman's touch who have put out their debut album on Empty named, "I Can Quit Any Time." Shake It has unleashed the first long player by a band they've been working with on a 7" basis for some time now. "Prepare to Burn" is a smoker by **The Long Gones**, no pun intended. If you don't see anything you like, do your own shopping and leave me out of it.

It's time to bid adieu from all of me to all of you. If the spirit moves you, I can be reached by regular U.S. mail. Address any and all to
-P. Edwin Letcher
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Edwin's Top Five. It's the shit, man!



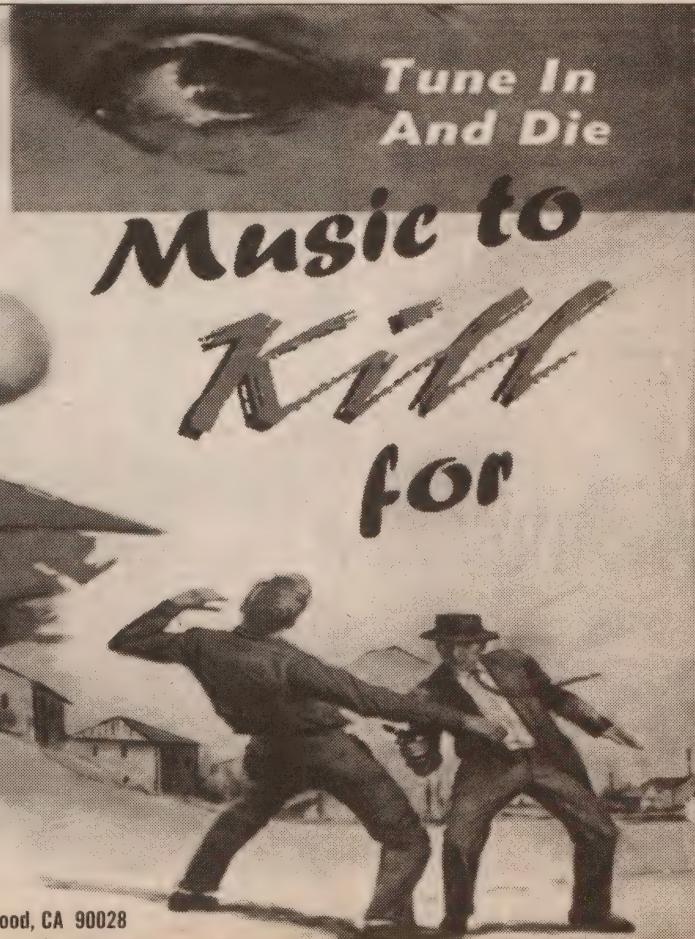
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A belated Happy New Year to all you rabble-rousing, rabid fiends of ROCK I hope for her/his sake (The she-he formerly known as Princess) that you partied like it was 1999, cause lookit your calendar, meathead - it now IS 1999... so where the fuck is my flying car or motorbike that all these scientists predicted would be here on "the dawn of the new century"? I want my flying mobile, dammit, so here's my message to all the scientific types out there - quit 'bating on the internet and get to work on my rocket car/bike. "Kinda grouchy for the start

be crystal clear. Being that a bunch of people in attendance there that night were flavor-of-the-month fuckers that were there to see "that new band on Mercury," Willy Johns (Snatchers bassist) and myself came to the conclusion that The Candy Snatchers and Nash. Pussy were A.) Too fucking scary/realistic for them or B.) Blew some newcomers' minds wide open that night. "New band on Mercury", my ass - where the fuck was everyone two years ago when I actually played a bill with these rock'n'roll hellions? Ahhh, well, bet-

ter late than never, I suppose... It's just like what I was going on about last issue that the major labels are starting to sign cool-as-shit bands like Nashville Pussy - but don't stop there, fuckers! There's mucho more to sign, as what I've seen at these shows can prove very, very well. I'd also like to say (yeah, AGAIN) that I'm not all that keen with the major labels, but stop and think - if it weren't for musically inclined chance-takers like Seymour Stein (Sire/Warner), ya might have never got to listen to the Ramones, Dead Boys, Replacements, or

the Talking Heads. Double edged sword, hell yes, BUT not totally impossible with the bands I just rattled off. Oh, christ, I think I just went off on one of my famous tangents again - sorry. Inhale. Dale. Now, exhale. Dale. Much better. Anyhoo, Nash.

Pussy took the stage after The Candy Snatchers and proceeded to rumble the walls of the Troub. with their high-caliber rocking that has been their calling card since day one. And I'm STILL convinced that Ruyter is the genetic result of splicing Ace Frehley and Angus Young together by mad scientist Fast Eddie Clark. Anyone who has seen her play that fucking guitar can vouch for me on this. HELL YES - The Candy Snatchers and Nash. Pussy dented my brain and beat my eardrums to oblivion that night... shit, it's great to be alive. Seems that the Troubador starts their shows on a pretty tight schedule, my missing The Hookers that night being the proof, so if ya happen to be goin' there for yer next gig or whatever, at least call so you won't kick yourself later. (or go ahead and kick yourself now - I really won't mind.)

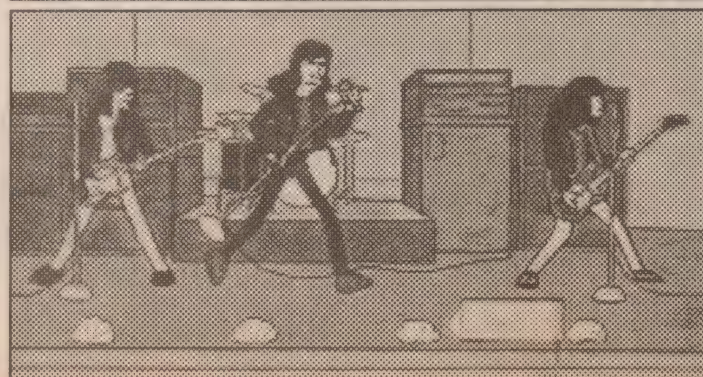
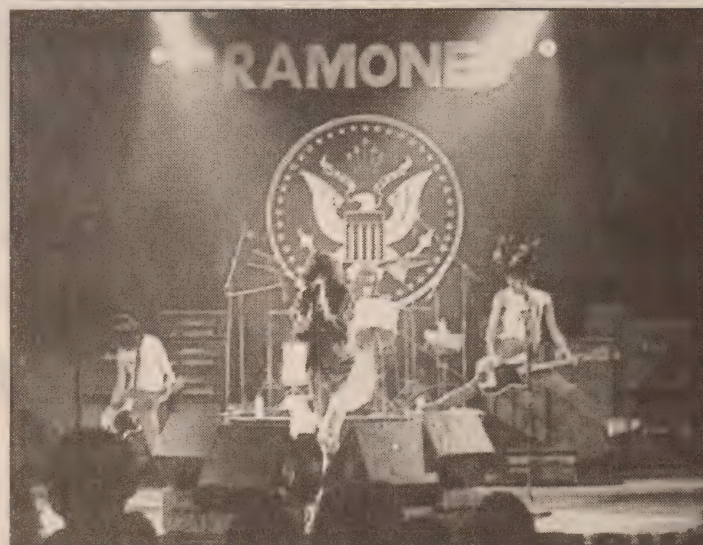
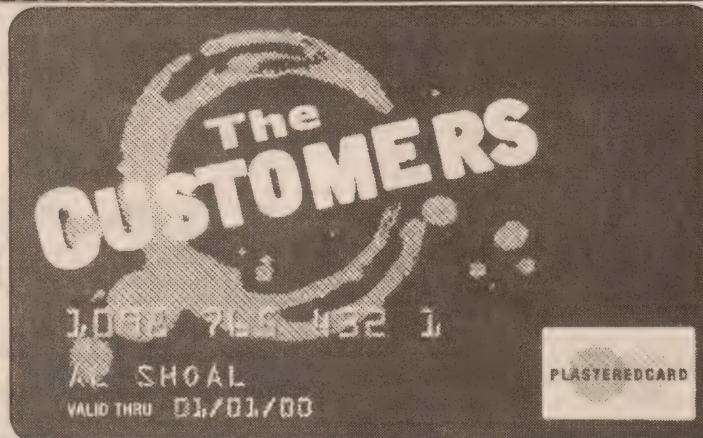
The next day after this show (Saturday), I was gearing up to go spend the night down in San Diego for their annual Street Festival down in the Gaslamp District. Being a weekend night, the various music stages they have set up down there amongst the other things started up in the late afternoon and the last bands closed out the fest at midnight, so there was more than enough time to get down there to catch some top notch sets from some top notch bands like **The Blasters**, **Los Lobos**, **X**, and **Cheap Trick**(!). Arriving down at the festival in the early evening, I made the same discovery (yet afucking-gain!) that we'd just missed a coupla prime sets, The Paladins and Los Straitjackets to name a few. Shit. I DID, however, make damn sure that I got in there in time to see my three reasons for being there that night - **X**, Cheap Trick, and The Blasters. Playing to a packed audience, The Blasters had some of the fun-seeking peeps dancing like puppet-people since the whole area for the audience was open festival/stand wherever-the-hell-you-can type. It was really cool, 'cause even though you were practically assholes-to-elbows with the crowd, everyone up front by the stage was being human-like and looking out for each other. Besides the great set The Blasters dished up for the fans, the bonus points here was that they played well over an hour! "Shit, yeah!" I thought, "Good band, good folks, and a nice long set! What more do ya want?"

Soon after The Blasters said good night, X started gettin' all their music-makin' machinery up and the audience really started to grow even bigger. "All right! lots of X fans here tonight!" I'm thinking as I turn around and survey the bulging crowd amassing behind me, "This should go off even better than The Blasters set!" Wrong. Dead wrong. Now, don't get me wrong. X was absolutely fan-fucking-tastic. Four star +. They were ruling, my good people. It's just the fact that a roving gang of cocksmokers/jocko-macho types decided it would be fun to knock people down on their trailblaze up to the front where me, my girlfriend, and my sister were planted before X hit the stage. Well, as soon as X blasted open their set with "Los Angeles," here came the goons bumbling up, literally knockin' whoever to the ground with their intelligent one-liners like, "Let's see some violence, people!" "Let's get the death pit goin'!" (and just what the fuck IS a "death pit," anyway?), and the insightful "let's get rowdy!" This ain't the wrestling stage, asshole - go peddle yer lame-ass WWF jive elsewhere. It got pretty nuts up front, so all three of us took to higher grounds near the back where we could enjoy the rest of X's wonderful set. And wonderful it was - they played as long as The Blasters, so being that AND being that it was all the original members of X, I was more than satisfied, with exception of our upcoming NFLstars displacing (and disgracing) the audience. Maybe if I had blown a referee whistle or kicked a football in

DESIGNATED DALE

of a new year, ain'tcha, Dale?" I wouldn't have it any other way, so once again, dear friends - **HAPPY FUCKING NEW YEAR!** In all seriousness, I'm knockin' on wood that everyone survived another year safely, especially motor-vatin' to and fro during these sometimes inebriated holiday seasons. Being so damn busy with my own musical avenues lately, I've actually been missing out on some key shows, but back in September, I was able to pound out a weekend of rockin' **Nashville Pussy**, whom I'm quite sure almost everyone and their live-in grandparents have heard of by now, were out here in Los Angeles to promote their full-length, "Let Them Eat Pussy," re-released on Mercury Records, no less! Set up at the Virgin Megastore out in Hollywood, Nash. Pussy played a short in-store set and were also giving out pairs of tickets with the purchase of a CD to their show at the Troubador that following weekend (right on, Marty) that was sure to be an ass-kicker 'cause **The Candy Snatchers** as well as **The Hookers** were playin' with 'em that night as well! Being the thickhead I usually am, I arrived at the Troub. that weekend only to find out that I missed The Hookers' set and was filled in by other patrons that I met up with there that I missed out. And I DO know that I missed out, 'cause lately I've been spinning a full-length CD split with The Hookers and Electric Frankenstein - it's actually not that fucking shabby, folks (see rekkid reviews). Ran into Creepy Scott, Nash. Pussy's roadman #1, and started jokin' with him about when Mercury is gonna cough up the dough for a tour bus - a BIG bus, and we both started laughing. Hey, man, honestly, what the fuck? Like Mercury can't afford it? They sure as hell can afford to throw Kiss on their roster, so if any of you Mercury guys are readin' this, (yeah, right) kick fucking down!

Anyhow, we got inside just in time to sample a bit of the Garden of Eden's forbidden fruit, The Candy Snatchers, and I felt like a little tyke on the verge of pissing his p.j.'s on Christmas morning waiting for these madmen to start. Soon as Snatchers hit the stage and knuckle-dusted into their set, I felt the rapture that is THE spirit of rock'n'roll - the same feeling I used to get when I used to go see the Ramones, the same wriggling itch I'd get whenever I stood in front of a Humpers stage, and that fiery sensation I get every damn time I witness a Throwrag set - the TRUE spirit of rock'n'roll. If I didn't know any better, I would think that Larry May (Snatchers frontman) is literally possessed when he's onstage belting out the trademark Candy Snatchers sound EVERY time I've seen them. All you "hardass" and/or "toughguy" singers, take a note - this is how it's done. THIS is what it's all about. Not that "awww, c'mon, man, that's all I can do" type of whiny vocals - **ONE HUNDRED FUCKING PERCENT, BABY!** For those who haven't seen The Candy Snatchers, go see and then it will all





the opposite direction, they would have ran off - ah, well, fuck 'em. X didn't let anyone down that night just like they didn't let anyone down at The Hootenanny last summer - keep it goin', guys!

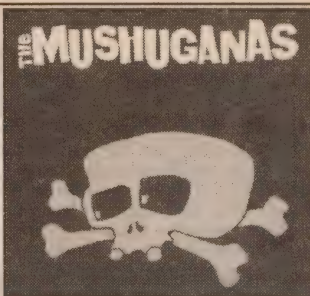
After X rolled out their last tune, the huddled masses that was the audience started shifting over to the VH1 stage where '70's kings of melody Cheap Trick were getting the crowds all bouncy with anticipation before they came out onstage and ROCKED San Diego. I swear, if it wasn't for the fact that you could look at the members of Cheap Trick and see that they are gettin' on in years (like a lot of bands these days), you'd honestly would have to say that they haven't skipped a beat over the years, musically and live performance speaking, because from the set they dropped on the crowd that night, I think they blew the fans' minds with numbers like "Clock Strikes Ten," "I Want You to Want Me," and the ever-burning anthem, "Surrender." Guitarist/cartoon character Rick Nielsen showcased his guitar collection throughout the set and was flickin' his guitar picks out in to the audience like a schoolboy tossin' spitballs at his classmates. I mean, hell, he HAD to be flippin' out at least 10 a song! Nonetheless, Rick remains one of THE kick-ass guitarists/songwriters as he shared that night, along with his fellow members, what tasteful rockin' (min- us the wanking) is all about. Even Robin Zander was keepin' it cool on vocal duties as was bassist Tom Petersson on back-ups. Say whatever the fuck you will about Mr. Bun E Carlos on the skins; that cool-as-ice motherfucker is STILL one of my top-admired drummers that cuts through the bullshit/show-boatin' types 'o drummers and lets his skills do the talking (live OR the studio). Bun E rules. Live with it. Like the other two bands that hit the spot that night, Cheap Trick was definitely running shop this evening with an ass-kicker of a set, being that they played hard AND long, and the fact that the general feel of the audience was like a big celebration, so everyone was pretty happy, jamming along to one of America's premier bands, havin' a blast, but wait - what's this? Shoving through the audience in the shape of a conga line - it's a prick! it's a dick! it's a coupla buttholes (and unclean ones at that) that musta been related to those creeps being a downer on the X audience earlier. And the fact that HIS elbow caught MY ribs makes me the bad guy... "Whadda fuck?" I'm thinkin' as this poor excuse for a louse starts starin' me down, "Am I on asshole magnet duty tonight?" Then his "as seen on Cops" womanfriend starts yellin' at us. Now I'm starting to get that all-too-familiar "you're pissing on my party" feeling. I wanted to

relish the ending of Cheap Trick's great set and now YOU are fucking it up for all of us. Cool enough, the surrounding people around us got sick of Mr. & Mrs. Loser's bullshit as well so it basically ended up us tellin' 'em to beat it - don't fuck up our fun. Kudos to these people. If there were more like 'em, maybe all the assholes would think twice. But, then again, they DON'T think, so forget it. Dickheads aside, Cheap Trick excited and amazed all at the festival... Attend whatever gigs you can by thee almighty Cheap Tricksters - these guys deserve at least that much of yer measly attention. I had heard that they did three shows that following week in LA and on each night, they played an entire LP's song list, a different LP each night. Now THAT'S givin' your fans what they really wanna hear...

It has recently been brought to my attention that Ca. rockers, **The Customers**, have high- tailed it out to Minneapolis to concentrate on their song-writing/recording work and to start honing their live gig specialties out there around the midwest area. If you happen to be one of the lucky ones who inhabit the Minneapolis area, keep yer eyeballs peeled for these guys, as I've said in the past, you won't be disappointed. Hopefully, by the time this issue hits the fans, The Customers release should be out on the shelves for all to take in and enjoy.

The last I heard, they were signed to Vapor/Warner, so if that helps ya out any, then right on **All Systems Go!**, which I've been yakk'n on and on and on about the last 'coupla issues, have been busy up in Canada getting some not-to-be-missed demos down and getting their live performances in order. Last I had heard, they were even supposed to get a possible video shoot happenin', so keep yer fingers crossed ('cause if ya don't, you MUST have one or both thumbs up yer ass) for that to hit the screens. To fill any of ya in (again) on All Systems Go!, you got Mark and Frank from the ashes of Big Drill Car, and John from the Doughboys, so put two and two together, and ya got a four-star band here, my good people. As I write this, I have yet to catch a live gig from these seasoned vets of melodic punk heaven, but from listening to their early demo mixes, I can't help to think what kind of roar to expect from these fuckers live. If anyone has been fortunate enough to catch either one of their past bands, (especially Big Drill Car) you know exactly what the hell I'm sputtering about. Plain and simple - see and/or give 'em a listen when possible. Period.

All right, now... let's see... there was a couple of bands that have been roaming my CD player lately and are sticking around like a nasty cold virus. **The**



c/o Choke PO Box 4694,
Chicago, IL 6068

Mushuganas, whom I rapped a bit about before last issue, have a CD out that deserves your stereo's attention, as well as YOURS. Fans of the rock'n'roll genre will dig these punk-as-shit funsters with cuts like "Aimed Wrong," "Everyone," and "Shut Your Fucken Mouth." Fans of The Dead Boys, '81-'82 era Mats fans and the like won't be disappointed. Do yourself a favor, Cocko McRocko, and check out their contact/distro address below.

Another band, and I haven't seen anything else on 'em yet, **Saltine**, have been echoing in my ears since I have been turned on to them by one song on the Happy Meals Vol.2 comp. That song, "I Owe You," has the vocal harmonies that made the Ramones loved by tons of folks and the gritty rawness that I used to go absolutely apeshit over when cranked out by The Muffs in their early days w/ Melanie Vammen (now in The Leaving Trains) and Chris Crass. Anyways, I would be way interested in hearing a full-length from Saltine or even a EP, for fuck's sake. I mean, shit, if a band can glue itself to my brain with one little song, I wanna hear some more, jocko! (Then again, some bands attain the immortal one-hit-wonder status, so I'm thinking positive for Saltine - don't let us down, dammit!)

Another pair of CDs that have been lurking in my stereo lately is the X twin-CD set ("Beyond & Back- The X Anthology") that is filled to the brim with live cuts, rehearsal outtakes, demos, and other songs that have become west coast mainstays by L.A.'s own X. If anyone wasn't fortunate enough to snatch up X's original vinyl releases, this lil' old collection will calm yer outta-control cravings with gems ya just can't find on the LPs. What makes me grunt and moan while I'm pulling my hair out is that I see this set sitting in the used bins almost everytime I'm at the local record shops, so be on the lookout if you don't already own a copy (not that it's not worth EVERY fucking penny brand new!). Being out over a year now, I am kinda surprised that people don't even know about it. Do your cerebellum some good and pick it up, ya dunc. Your mind and soul will thank you later.

Once again, I'd like to take this time to remind all you instrument-playing types out there in bands to keep your latest recordings comin' in, 'cause I'm constantly looking for those few and far between bands that blow my mind and trash my senses with their material. And lately, it's been a lot fewer and even farther between when I do find 'em, so keep it rollin', ya rat bastards! (Make it your New Years resolution - don't be such a lazy fucker.) We DO get lots and lots of shit (yes, SHIT) as it is, so you up your chances of your stuff gettin' checked out if you write "c/o" whoever yer tryin' to get a hold of here. Doesn't guarantee it. Just makes the odds a bit better. Time for The Simpsons. Get out...

I'm Against It
-Designated Dale

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Words and pictures by Mary <insert tired cliché here> Ellenberger

Needed a change of scene after a pretty lackluster summer, so I hit the road with Suzie Maxie, the Ubergoddess. Seattle was very friendly... and it didn't even rain! Although we didn't get to see them perform, the Kent 3 and their many associates proved to be cheerfully ever-ready hosts. If you didn't know, Seattle is very beer friendly, and even though I tend to stick to the hard stuff, I found myself quaffing many a fine brew. Also, the liquor laws are very prohibitive about the sale of

drunkards on their hands, they can't afford to take in any of ours, apparently. Their loss. And just for the record, though it may come as a surprise, I have never been arrested for D.U.I. - knock on wood!

Rebecca of Lollipop tends bar at the Monkey Pub and is booking shows at the Sit and Spin, where you can catch a show, do your laundry and gulp down some suds, as well. The capacity is about 400, and I believe it's all-ages. She recommends the RC5 as the current band in Seattle that's worth checking out, and her opinion is

Chain, and Possum Dixon was wondering if their support was going to be necessary for the tour that now was in disarray. I heard that the tour went on without William, the guitarist brother, and the club gave ticket holders refunds. The second guitarist was really a great player, so they probably were all right after all.

It was really a rare treat to see REO Speedealer open for Reverend Horton Heat on the House of Blues stage. These Dallas boys are truly dedicated performers and they stunned and impressed the unsuspecting devotees of the

mu-mu and a bag over her head and she'd still be hot! Lux shed buckets of sweat - I didn't think a person could have that much water in them - and then shredded his rubber garments. He collapsed in sheer (mock) exhaustion and Doran dragged his limp body off the stage. A typical, dependable Cramps experience.

If you haven't been to "the sexy beer bust" which is Vaginal Creme Davis' Club Sucker, at the Garage on Sunday night, you're probably a member of some monastic order. Honey, you're missing out! It's the only place to be on Sunday night (unless you go to a free show at Al's Bar, of course), and the autumnal equinox show with Lutfisk, Frankie Machine, and Distortion Felix was a feedback and distortion festival that would have made Jimi Hendrix proud. Omnipresent drummer, Quazar, appeared in both Distortion Felix and Lutfisk. Frankie Machine features Cathy Cooper and Rico who were formerly in Touch Candy, and I have to admit that I didn't realize what a great guitarist Cathy truly is until she stepped up to front this new trio. The name says it all... well, almost... for Distortion Felix. They rock hard and aim to hurt your ears, in the good way. Lutfisk had been on a hiatus that seemed like an eternity while producing their next album. They gave the crowd an ecstatic performance that was well worth the wait.

Speaking of Lutfisk, former member Natalie Wood has formed a supergroup of sorts which played Sucker a couple weeks later. It is called Miss

RIDING WITH MARY



spirits - if you're down with Utah, you'd fit right in. Guess that's why the big H is so popular there. Enough speculation...

Got over to the Breakroom on Friday night, and met up with lots of familiar faces at the Groovie Ghoules, Primate 5 show. The Breakroom was a really comfortable room: a good floor plan with plenty of pool tables and air hockey, lots of yummy micro-brews on tap, Old Milwaukee by the can for a buck and a half for the budget-minded, pleasant restroom facilities and a good stage with a decent sound system. The Ghoules put on an outstanding show, even though they were pretty road weary after having gone through a hella van trouble on their tour. People who had never seen them before were impressed with the exuberantly fun quality that we long-time fans have learned to expect from the G.G.'s. Kepi introduced a new song, "She Gets All the Girls," which is a tribute to ultra-foxy guitar goddess Roach, and added that Chixdiggit would be covering and releasing it before they could put it out themselves. Uber-producer, Fastbacks ax-slinger Kurt Bloch was in the crowd celebrating his birthday tossing back the Old Milwaukee.

After traipsing around 'til past dawn on Saturday, we went by Gibson's, a seedy old hotel bar in the heart of downtown, that night to see the "Man's Ruin recording artists," Hai Karate. Turns out that this is Dave McConnell from the Bottomfeeders' band since he's relocated to Seattle, and they carry on in the same raging high octane punk rock tradition. I was expecting some collegiate wuss-rock sort of thing, which seems to be the current Northwest trend. Hai Karate was a pleasant surprise!

Over all, the scene in Seattle seemed pretty depressed. Not a lot was going on, except for plenty of beer-guzzling opportunities. The strictly for drinking clubs, like the Monkey Pub and Linda's, seemed to be the action due to the paucity of decent shows. LA is way more happening any night of the week. We found out the hard way that even a misdemeanor D.U.I. is considered a felony when one is attempting to cross the border to Canada. They've got so many

sound. Since she feels she might have some enemies, sincere interested parties can contact her through me, I suppose.

Ran across the Groovie Ghoules and the Eyeliners in San Francisco at the Bottom of the Hill the following weekend. The Eyeliners have a new single out on Sympathy FTRI produced by Earle Mankey, called "Rock and Roll Baby." The slick cover art by Vince Ray has them posing like tough '60s greaser chicks, which is what they sound like on this rockin' slice of vinyl. The sound at the club was lousy, and their set was plagued with technical difficulties beyond their control, but nobody seemed to mind. I was glad to get to see them because they weren't going to be in LA this time out of Albuquerque. The G.G.'s Seattle show was much better than this - and I thought they had a huge fan base in San Francisco. Once again, I was assured that the scene in LA, however dismal I feel it becomes on occasion, is without question, superior.

The House of Blues continues to earn my respect as the finest venue on the Strip. The range of musical genres that are booked here far exceeds the attention span of the typical Flipside reader, but it's a comfortable club even at capacity, with a great stage and sound system, and excellent sight lines. I have sampled the food, and it is superb! The ticket prices tend to be high, but you're paying for quality. Don't, whatever you do, use the on-site valet parking! It's expensive and you'll get cobwebs while waiting for your car. The bar staff is friendly and courteous, and know how to pour 'em and the security is fair, although I wish that their photography policy was less stringent. I dawdled and missed Possum Dixon when they opened for the Jesus and Mary Chain. Then, the terminally feuding Reid brothers battled through about four songs before the curtains were drawn amidst disappointedly angry fans throwing cups and what-have-you at them. It was rumored that this was quits for the J&M

Reverend. I heard that they are getting some legal heat about their name - not the "Speedealer" part - now that they are becoming renown. Their show used to be kind of cartoonish as they shredded the frets, but now it's serious cranking all the way. Of course, the Rev. and his cohorts put in a predictably suave and incendiary set, inciting swing dancing in the pit. You can always count on the "Heat."

Of course The Cramps made their traditional Halloween appearance at the House of Blues to wrap up the month of Rocktober. The Bomboras were the openers on the night I went to see them. They were all wearing glow-in-the-dark (my favorite color!) skeleton suits on a black-light stage for a gruesome effect befitting the season. The Cramps have an awesome and supafine new bass player who is Doran Shelley. He used to play guitar with Death Ride 69 and Hawkwind. I don't know what the story is on Slim. Ivy caused quite a stir in the crowd with her very revealing fishnet jumpsuit, not to mention her way out twangin'. She could be wearing a baggy





Previous page: Vaginal Creme Davis, Bebe Buell, Ginger Coyote and Nipper at Sucker. In cut-out, The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black. This page: ◀Roach of the Groovie Ghoulies at the Breakroom. ↑Ian of the Make-Up crowd-hopping at Moguls. ↓REO Speeddealer basks in the glory of the House of Blues stage.

Spiritual Tramp of 1948 and besides Natalie singin', playin' guitar and writin' songs, features Roxy, formerly of Old Hickory on lead guitar and falsetto-tinged harmony back-up vox, Armando, formerly of 1000 Mona Lisas on bass, and Quazar, sporting a '60s psychedelic dress and fishnets, on the drums. Perhaps he is the "spiritual" mascot? They specialize in hard, hooky pop songs that stick to your ears. I think they're bound to go far and fast.

Something totally unique to this scene, Los Super Elegantes shared the bill with Miss S.T. of 1948. They are a crazy, campy, *cancion* singing, cabaret-type ensemble with a man and woman singing extremely dramatic sounding songs in Spanish, French and English, backed by Foster of Extra Fancy fame on guitar and Bill Tutton, of

the Geraldine Fibbers and Glue, on bass. I wish I knew who the drummer is - he's really an exceptional player. Imagine a Latino soap opera that is so over the top with intensely bad acting that it's hilarious, make it a musical, and you get the idea. The very attractive singing couple have fabulously expressive voices and double up on the accordion and the trumpet on certain numbers. Definitely worth seeing at least once for the comedy and the obvious talent!

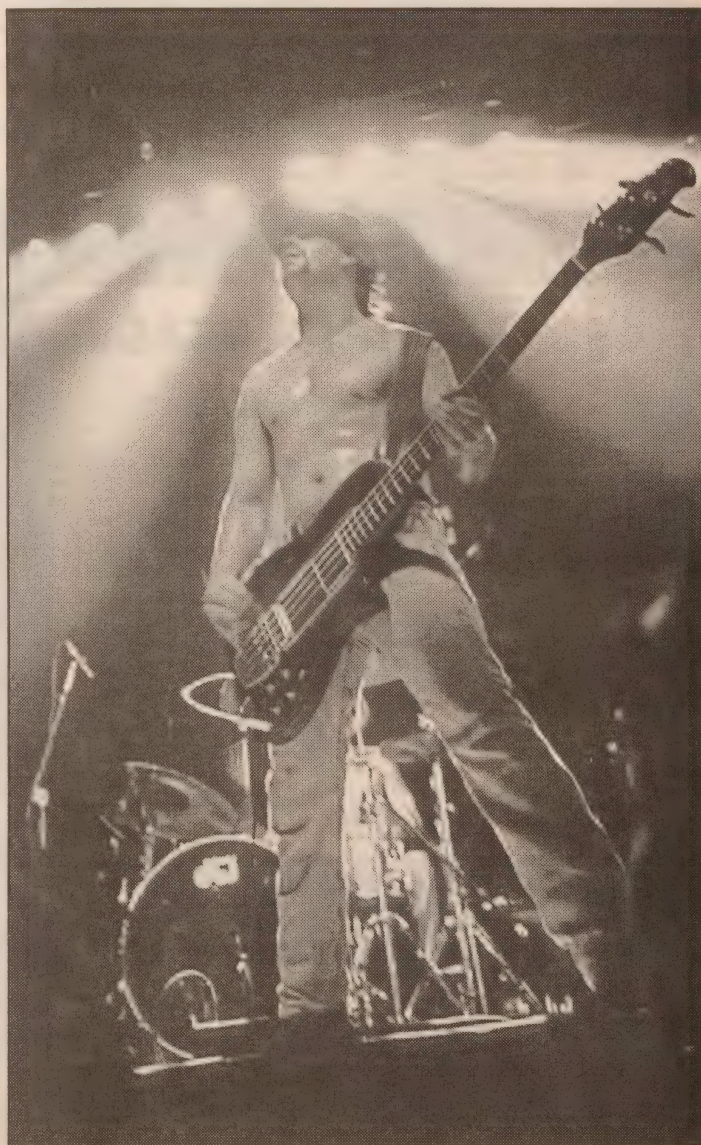
From Seattle, the Murder City Devils hit the Sucker stage. They are one of the most animated bands I've seen in ages, rocking out much like the Humpers, and getting the enthusiastic crowd worked up, but six members seems exorbitant.

It was an Oktoberfest of sorts for the sexy beer bust and sausage festival that is Sucker when Ginger Coyote celebrated her birthday with her new edition of the White Trash Debutantes. Nipper C. Turtle, the artist formerly known as

Gwynne Kahn, scribe of Flipside, former bass player for the Negro Problem, Coeds of the New Left, and Bean to name a few, and the other players Ginger rounded up are just shit hot! The Debs' Sucker show besides being a birthday bash for Ginger, included supergroupie / model Bebe Buell on vocals for a couple of rousing Thunders and Jayne County standards. What a voice! She looks marvelous in spite of living the rock and roll life and had all the boys (even the ones who like boys) drooling. Bebe recommended a beer and powdered milk facial to stay youthfully beautiful. (I wondered if she's ever tried cream of some young guy.) I recommend that you check out the White Trash Debs at your earliest convenience.

I will just mention briefly one of the best shows that happened this year, because I'm sure you'll be hearing about it from other Flipside scribes. Mudhoney, the Urinals, and the Kent 3 at the Roxy was absolutely ruling! I've never heard the Kent 3 sound better, and they usually sound damn good, so, my compliments to the Roxy sound man! The Urinals were without guitarist Kjehl, who I assume doesn't want to tour, but his replacement was more than adequate. They gave a vigorous and masterful performance of their timeless material. By the time Mudhoney came on, I was too blissed out to be critical, so, of course, they rocked!

The most amazing Make-up, baby, yeah, blasted through town for one show at Moguls on a mid-week night in October. It's a good thing that Moguls got its capacity limit increased - this was a huge show. The band wisely waited until the fall to visit us this time. Their shows last year during the first week of July to close Jabberjaw were just miserably hot, and their polyester gabardine suits, I'm sure, are unforgivably sweltering. Ian Svenonius takes the cake as a front



Don't Believe the Hype!

Here's a game you can all play! Match the number of the actual comment that was overheard in the audience at the show with the letter of the band it was said about! (Answers at the end of the column.)

- 1) You've heard of Lux Interior ...that singer should be called "Lux Inferior"!
- 2) Who did they sleep with to get this show?!
- 3) One, two, three, sneer, one, two, three, kiss, one, two, three, fire...
- 4) This is probably THE WORST band I have EVER seen!
- 5) I must not have the special gene you need to have to appreciate this.

- A) Izzy the Pusher
- B) Nashville Pussy
- C) Third Grade Teacher
- D) Throw Rag
- E) WACO



↑ Los Super Elegantes

man while the band keeps a groove going and reacts spontaneously to his subtle commands. He was literally walking on the crowd, and at one point, nearly sat on my face (I happen to prefer things the other way around, thank you!). It was a great show with a lot of new and different songs than they played the last time they were here. The Make-up are one of the best live experiences happening now and I hope they can come back soon.

At the Whisky A Go Go, I finally got to see those wild west-side boys **lambic Pentameter** once again. They play hard, crazy rhythms and yell a lot - I guess you could say they're emo. But they wear mod suits and trade instruments and vocal leads for nearly every song. It is simply amazing to see that someone actually knows how to play the super-trendy theramin, and the keyboard player of **lambic Pentameter** puts it to good use in several of their numbers. The name, if you are wondering, is a term used in the analysis of poetry, or verse, and there are five mem-

→ Murder City Devils

bers in the band.

400 Blows was also on the bill, and although I only saw them do a couple of their songs, they really impressed me. They are an idiosyncratic trio of singer (Scott), guitarist (Christian), and drummer (Ferdie), who play a kind of jazzy / hardcore punk music. Scott has tons of presence, roaming around the stage doing that Iggy thing. The stage at the Whiskey is too big for a spare combo like this. They would really shine at a smaller venue.

I know this is getting awfully long-winded, but I have to mention the **Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black**, who played with **Taime Down** from **Faster Pussycat's** new band, **the Newlydeads**, supporting them at the Troubadour the week before Halloween. I don't understand why **VHOKB** don't appeal to everyone. The audience was made up primarily of goth and glam-metal types and alterna-queers. **VHOKB** is like a crazy rock and roll Las Vegas floor show with New York punk style music. The songs are instantly



catchy - you find yourself singing along after the first chorus. The band is super-tight and the costumes and props are brilliant. There is one song ("Oh, Diane!") where water-soluble paint might get splattered on you if you're at the heart of the action, but **Woodpecker** and **Imperial Butt Wizard** shows are far more treacherous. The Troubadour stage gave them plenty of room for all of their props and choreography, and it's high enough from the floor so that everyone could enjoy the intricacies of their act. Go see them when you can and buy their new album, or CD, **"Black Date"** (Cleopatra), because it rocks and it will remind you of how much fun you had at their show. Check out the website:

www.karenblack.com for information and pictures!

If I've left anything out, it's cause I can only type for so long. This time I've included activities up to 10-29-98. If I whiz past you at a show without stopping to chat and you think I'm being rude, I'm probably on a mission to secure my first beverage of the evening, which will enhance my attitude immeasurably - so cut me some slack! Even better... buy me one! Thank you for reading!

-Mary XXXXX

PO Box 3393, Chatsworth, CA, 91313-3393
e-mail: MAREEFLIP@aol.com
Answers: 1-D; 2-A; 3-B; 4-C; 5-E.

SCREECHING WEASEL



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In late 1992, Screeching Weasel was asked to cover the first Ramones album in its entirety. We were drunk at the time of the request which was probably the only reason we agreed to do it. The result took 13 hours to record and mix and was pressed onto 2,000 LP's which have long been out of print. Now available again (and for the first time on CD) for nine measly bucks from Panic Button. Includes four bonus tracks from the Formula 27 EP.

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RECORD BIZ...

How to get your band on big time FM radio and network TV? Just do what the Toilet Boys did - hijack a national syndicated radio show! Sean, the Toilet Boys guitarist, decided to disguise himself as "Johnny Rockandroll" and pretend to be the manager of his friend's band, Candy Ass. Seems "Johnny" promised the Stern staff that Candyass would get naked and go-go dance in exchange for Howard playing the Toilet Boys CD on the air for his 60 million listeners. Sean/"Johnny" even grabbed a hoola hoop, dropped trousers, and got in on the go-

go action, too while "Another Day in the Life" blared over the airwaves. Howard seemed tongue-tied at the spectacle of it all, and kept telling the gang "to focus!" Always ready with a snappy comeback, Sean replied, "Who needs focus!? We got Rock And Roll!" The Toilet Boys got another good break when the video segment of the same show ran on Howard's new Saturday night CBS TV show, too. LA's Texas Terri recently developed her own special bond with the Stern show, too. Seems she was recently being featured in an "underground film" with Stern show whack-packer Hank, aka

"The Angry Drunken Dwarf." If anybody out there has this video featuring Terri and Hank, or has the original radio tape of the Candy Ass/Toilet Boys segment from the radio show I'd love a copy. I'll get ya back with a free Toilet Boys CD.

THIS COLUMN R.I.P.?

Yeah, it's been pretty fun doing a column over the last couple of years. Part of the reason I decided to finally do one after about six years of putting live and record reviews "in the back" was to have a forum to exchange contacts regarding DIY record labels. At first the

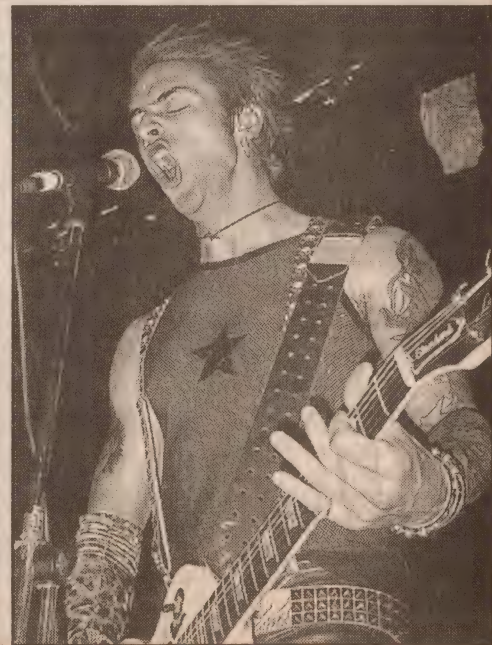
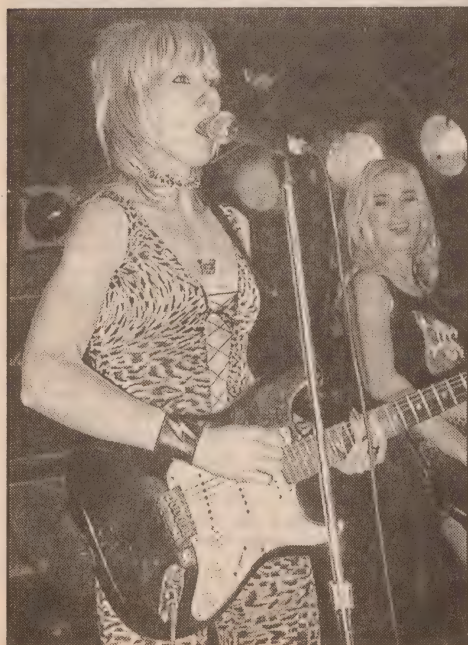
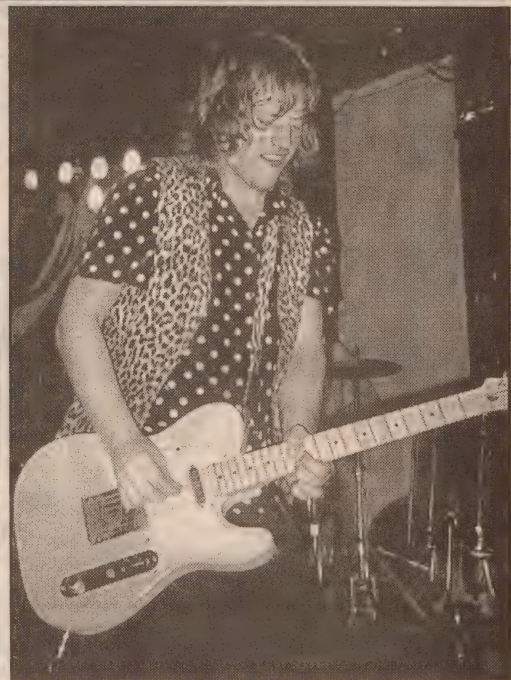
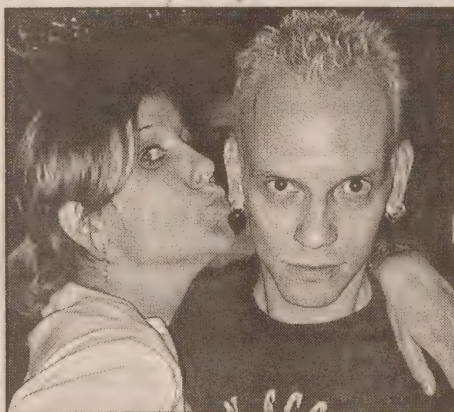
response was good, numerous contacts and ideas being exchanged, and I was able to pass on tips to readers re: distribution, web site creation, etc. I haven't been getting much mail related to this so it's time to take a break. Editor Al Flipside and Shitworker Todd tell me they'd prefer to have these columns feature our staff's "top editorial opinions" - not record and live reviews. I'm looking forward to seeing the top-notch writing that results from this new policy. Look for my show and record reviews in the back next time.

-Martin Mc Martin



BIG MARTY SPOUTS OFF

← Betsy and Pete Chicken Hawk → at Squeezebox, bottom row (l-r) Candy Ass at Coney, Kembra of the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black stares down the masses at Coney, A Stiff One with a rock face at Squeezebox, (↑) Kitty Kowalski and Rik Man Scout.



I am exhausted beyond belief, and I sometimes wonder how long I can keep up this seemingly insignificant column. Like all that I have deigned to undertake respective to that about which I write, it is above the tiny minds towards whom it is inadvertently directed yet deliberately put beneath the radar of those whom make it clear that they could not care less (unless they could make a load of cash from enjoining themselves to it). Annually, I participate in creating (and helping to create) no less than 30 publications (this year it was approximately 35, perhaps more). As a result,

sound bites. Instead, I wasted my time extrapolating my expressions in such a manner as to contain a verbosity that, according to too many naysayers, seems far too overly verbose - even when my quaintly lingering linguistic colloquy is itself an onion-esque observation of innovative humour that should make folk realise that all aspects of accepted artistry once had its own debut rife with frowns and discontent disclosed by those that felt themselves purveyors of what is "art" and what is not. In turn, the new became the mould, and then was itself the reference

pages of both Flipside and MRR: what is punk, who is a poseur, how someone sells out, and so on. The only commendable comic is the one where a seemingly simple soap-headed spikey tries to talk a belligerent blue-collar worker into giving him a beer. The middle-class cretin gets indignant to hear of such a request, and as he stops to insult the wee punker, has his head crushed by a deliberately dropped television, the purpose being to knock the guy out. The problem was, however, that the bottles were broken no less successfully than the moron's head. A funny little

front. The latter bit is lengthy and was written by someone who actually believes that steps towards solving the problem of schoolyard violence include convincing children that they should "respect authority" and that they "need to believe that hard work and integrity will lead to success!" [emphasis added]. And even though the attempted satire fails flat (such as the lousy piece entitled "The life of a pro-abortionist") there are some decent pieces that employ practicality, one of them being "Your World: The News Revisited," and another one being a woman's letter to a sin-



I have no patience for regurgitated rock'n'roll unless it sprouts from a sincerity that threatens to make me happily violent, and so it is that my mere words about that which is beyond those dotards - perhaps meaning even you - whose best moments are spent squawking about who is in what band, which band is playing where, the latest schtick, etc., tend to be of no interest to folk that deem small talk about rock as a worldly and daily activity. I am finding it nearly unbearable to take the time from my hectic hours to address an audience that is only concerned with the excessive endeavours of a single genre of music to which they may as well have been prescribed by the social doctors that deemed baby boomers be receptive only of Rolling Stones, Beatles, Dylan and related, aged artists.

My madness stems from participating in a myriad of magazines, an endeavour so heavy that I had to lessen my load by jettisoning obligations labeled **POPSmear** and **Lollipop**, to start. I wish that I had the time to continue the obligation I commenced, but the fact that I have a publication that has grown out of control yet is still helmed by one person (except for the occasional stow-a-ways that are occasionally asked to lend a hand), has pushed me to the point of perceiving such activities as a chore, primarily because it is all that I seem to do when not taking a nap every few days.

I suppose that if I wished to be heard and/or seen, I should have been schooled in

against which future innovations were measured and predictably scorned. And while I am far from the beauty of Mozart's music, I nevertheless must demand of those whom regard me as one that "rambles": which words would you prefer I attenuate that I may observe the brevity you imply I should observe? Perhaps I should keep to accepted forms of literary device rather than innovating the bridged alliteration, alpha-consecutive phrasings and who knows what else, that sentences may be stripped of their curls like so many measures of music that know no notes save the bare essentials, as if dynamics, octaves and harmonies are detrimental rather than beneficial to that which they serve.

And yet, I remain. I watch the bands, zines and every/anything else come and go. I chronicle them/you/etc. You should be grateful that I pay attention to what you do, and that I often do it in a fashion unlike most anyone else. I do not get money, sex or perks for my passion to pen-putter about on paper. (On the lighter side, if there is any doubt as to what I can do regarding the simple compensation of money or the realm of sex, then you shall have to keep wondering.)

Stop waiting.

Start reading.

Ten Foot Rule #3 is a decently drawn comic that desperately needs writers; the predictable and transparent stories are often guessed within the first frame of each strip. The topics deal with what is often found in the

strip, that.

A.D.D. (Attention Deficit Disorder) #5 is a right slick rag. Bordering on the bullshit spewed by MRR and the potential inherent of observation, the columnists that head up A.D.D. are easily defined by their own magazine cover: cognizant of the issues ignored despite their relevancy, yet still copping out under the guise of being too cool to care (a post-modern virus inherent of the eMpTV generation, especially those that think themselves aloof of such sloth). Nevertheless, A.D.D. has some decent material, cartoon strips and too many lousy reviews.

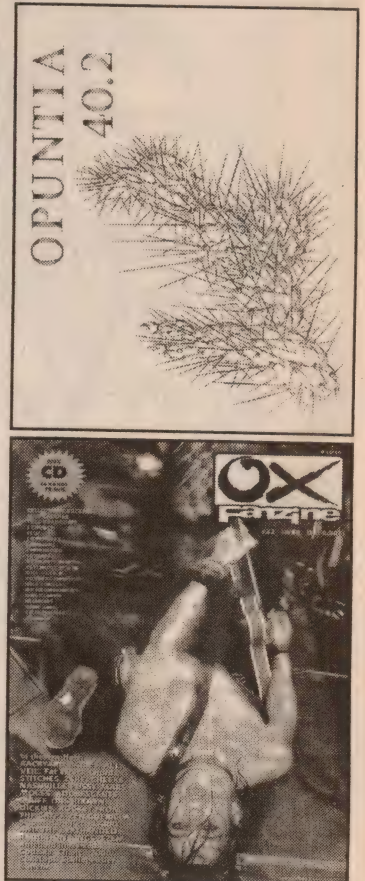
A crudely drawn comic by a guy who believes his debut effort should be "exempt from criticism" simply because it is his first issue, **Generation Rx** nevertheless offers up a whole host of dysfunctional tales regarding Rob's fucked-up childhood. There are some funny strips, some pathetic ones, and some sad ones, but all of them seem sincere. Rob even encloses a photo, letter and other items sent out with each issue. If you want this, however, it may behoove you to make haste, as Rob does not seem a person to live long (due to his desire to be someone else as well as leanings toward suicide).

Impact Press #16 has a definite potential to make a bit of a difference, primarily for it being based in the dregs of Florida (Orlando). Some of the articles are self-righteous and downright ignorant; fortunately, these speed-bumps - the "Mindpower" col and the feature article, "Schoolyard Armageddon" - are at the

gle mom (as the latter woman examines her choices regarding her fetus). There is more good stuff to be found in "Why Johnny Can't Remember," a fresh, indignant and not at all rabid overview of how school has blatantly become naught more than a factory to churn out fast food consumer/producers.

The final issue of **Next...** (Vol. 5, #8) was put out in early October, 1998. Although I am nearly no fan of poetry, I do lament the demise of this poetry/spoken word events' monthly listing, as it allowed all manner of folk to speak out (including those with no love for poetry, those with no ability to interview people and those whom either loved or hated the SoCal poetry scene). The fact that it helped create something that is now quickly fading - save for the Slam films that will partially benefit from the four-year effort of those who made **Next...** a reality - makes its passing something about which to worry, especially as that which is replacing it is a triumvirate of Starbucks, amazon.com and a handful of huge bookstore chains. The entire literary establishment - the one that prefers integrity before money (although the latter is a nice token when one observes the former) - stands to suffer from the takeover of the aforementioned corporate monsters. **Next...** is nearly one of them consumed that will soon include many of us.

A Ballad Against Work is not so much a zine but a publication of great importance, much research and damn good logic. It is a reprint, it is from India, and it is imperative to



obtain as a resource. Compiling documents spewed out by the very institutions that seek to eradicate as much of any unproductive movements or thoughts, this guide to the inner-workings of management and the bosses of industry deconstructs the methods of seduction, incentives and brain-persuasion that compels wage-slaves to produce more for less. It is an overwhelming endeavour in regards to the review space (and time) I have available this time, but I highly, urgently recommend this rag.

POPSmear #17.0, which is somewhat suspect in its cheap gimmick of having two different covers for the same issue, has nevertheless bounced back from the below par performance (about which I recently complained in the previous Flipside). Granted, James still has an ego that is a bit overbearing (as if I am one to fling such accusations!), but the pot-shots that he directs at pop-culture are much needed assaults. Too, the stories themselves that are not aimed at attacking the crap that pushes the worst of americana on the sheep that scream for it, are pretty damn good. A few of the better pieces are "16mm Madness!" (which describes some films found while dumpster diving), "Word War Won" (about the semantics of insanity that drives the nations of the world to the brink - and beyond - of martial law) and "Red In The Place: The Tube Bar Tapes" (which details the inspiration for Bart Simpson's prank calls to Moe's Tavern). This ish of POPSmear makes up for last issue, and I hope it continues to head away from the fluff.

Now let me warn you about the flakes that seem to be a burgeoning majority among the bloated milieu of self-publishing. I wish that I could balance this section with a list of folk that are trustworthy, but as I waste so much time writing letters and sending packages in vain to zines and distributors that solicit trades and publications, personally and publicly, I am presently unable to do so. Perhaps the following caveats will prevent some of you from wasting time and postage dealing with these louts:

Moon Mystique continues to warrant indignation, and their property will eventually bear the damage tenfold for the money they have owed me for years despite many phone calls, emails and letters. Also unworthy of anything more than a kick in the ass - which will be meted out should any of the jackasses in question ever dare to announce themselves before me - are Just For The Hell of It (Butler, NJ), Fringeware (Austin, TX) and Speed Impex (in San Francisco, CA, a commercial periodical distributor that has owed me well over \$200.00 since January, 1998). If these people cannot be bothered to respond with catalogues, you can bet your ass that they will probably rip you off should you be so foolish as to send them money for an item.

On the zine-pubbing front, let me first make clear that I understand if someone does not want to trade zines. However, if they openly solicit trades or, worse, promise personally to trade, then they will incur my wrath upon failing to do so. Then again, most of them, I have discovered, tend to be half-assed in the writing departments, not to mention obviously desiring fame and money rather than frantically attempting to write for the sake of writing, so fuck 'em. A few examples are: **Cake** (Minneapolis, MN; why have so many fucking lousy zines come out of this area over the last decade?), **You Could Do Worse** (Cedar Rapids, IA; Iowa seems rife with lousy shiteels; were it not for my friends in **The Chickenhawks**, I would nuke the whole goddamn state, **Implosion** (Orlando, FL), **Broken Pencil** (Canada), **Watt's Up** (Santa Maria, CA) and **Vice** (Canada). I hate having to include Vice, but since they are too stoned to even answer any of the emails inquiring if they received several copies of the AT, then fuck them, too. If I want to waste postage sending zines and time emailing (the latter medium of communication of which is so goddamn convenient that even a moron can keep up with it; even I can!), then I will write to lousy advert-based crap-culture rags such as **People**, **Newsweek**, **Time**, etc.

I am curious as to whatever happened to the following rags: **Diane of Phantom Limb** (San Francisco, CA), **Jet of Bleached Blonde** (who wrote to me but never replied; it has been well over a year now) and **John Chilson of Schlock** (San Diego, CA). If any of you three are out there, please contact me; if anyone knows of their current contact address(es), I would also appreciate a reply from you. That stated, here is my ever-present plug, and then the address:

Angry Thoreauan #23 ("Death") is now on the news-stands. It features cover artwork by the kindly Frank Kozik, and so you had best get it quickly; once it is gone, it is gone.

Angry Thoreauan #24 ("Institutionalised") will be out in April, 1999, and will have a cover done by Jim Blanchard. It will feature exposes on D.A.R.E., mainstream charities, the L.A.P.D., the Federal Witness "Protection" Program, and too many other institutions that institutionalise.

Each issue is \$4 postpaid (\$6 overseas, via airmail), available from:

Angry Thoreauan Magazine
PO Box 3478, Hollywood CA 90078-3478
revtinear@angrythoreauan.com
www.angrythoreauan.com

(Lastly, please note that if you send me anything to be reviewed in Flipside (or Angry Thoreauan, for that matter), please put the address, page count, ordering information, etc., in a place where it is readily visible, if not on a separate albeit attached card. I am tired of having to re-read entire zines merely to find your fucking address; if you cannot oblige such a courtesy, you will be fortunate to receive a review (and it will certainly be bereft of any contact information you neglect to include as mentioned above). Likewise conversely; should you wish me to not pick up or receive your Flipside-forwarded zine, please note it on the package or at least in a letter.)

-Rev. Randall Tin-ear

ZINE ADDRESSES:

Ten Foot Pole (half-standard, photocopied, 16 pages, reduced type) \$1 + 32¢ stamp ppd.: Shawn Granton, 170 Beaver St., Ansonia, CT 06401.

ADD (Standard, newsprint, 72 pages, typeset, full colour cover) 7309 N. Huntley Ave., Tampa, FL 33604. addzine@gte.net

Generation Rx (standard, photocopied, 16 pages, reduced type) \$2 or \$1 + 3x32¢ stamps, postpaid: Rob, 685 Ave. De Los Arboles, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

Impact Press (standard, newsprint, 48 pages, typeset) \$2 postpaid or 4x32¢ stamps: Impact Press, 10151 University Blvd., Suite 151, Orlando, FL 32817. <http://alt.theslant.com/impact>

Next... (standard, newsprint, 40 pages, typeset): Orange Ocean Press, Box 13019, Long Beach, CA 90803. NEXtmag@aol.com

A Ballad Against Work (A4, offset, 68 pages, typeset) Majdoor Library, Autopin Jhuggi, N.I.T., Faridabad 121001, India.

<http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/2379>
revelryion@aaa.hotmail.com

POPSmear (standard, offset, 84 pages, typeset, full colour cover and innards) \$5 postpaid per issue: 50 West 23rd Street, 6th Floor, NY, NY 10010, www.popsmear.com

(BI)MONTHLY MENTIONABLES:

2600 (half-standard, offset, 60 pages, typeset) More on the plight of Kevin Mitnick, how he has been held a political prisoner in the United States for more than three years WITHOUT A TRIAL and how Hollywood is making a film that places him and all hackers in an extremely bad light. \$21 US, \$30 elsewhere, postpaid: 2600 Subscription Dept., PO Box 752, Middle Island, NY 11953-0752, subs@2600.com

The Zone (standard, photocopied, two pages, typeset), \$10 postpaid for twelve months of newsletters, US: PO Box 291718, LA, CA 90029, cacophonyla@earthlink.net

Ox Faces The Facts! (German punk rock rag that is new but nevertheless a balance to the long-running Trust.): Joachim Miller, PO Box 14 34 45, D-45264 Essen, Germany, <http://www.punkrawk.com>

Amusing Yourself to Death (A great spoke in the ever-conflicting world of review zines, AYTD, like ZW, offers great insight while not attempting to be a hub around which our milieu huddles.), \$2 US; \$3 Can/Mex; \$4 elsewhere, postpaid: Ruel Gaviola, PO Box 91934, Santa Barbara, CA 93190-1934.

Trust (If it is the music that matters, then this is the european sister to what was once MRR, one that has no dogmatic, dictatorial editor whose only goal in life is to collect "every punk rock record ever made" and whose staff is not busy sending out posthumous press releases about how everything is running smoothly, a warped perception that seems to have been swallowed by most of the punk/zine world.): Trust Verlag, Dolf Hermannstandter, Postfach 43 11 48, 86071 Augsburg, dolf@augusta.de

Punk Planet, \$2 per issue, postpaid: PO Box 464, Chicago, IL 60690, punkplanet@punkplanet.com

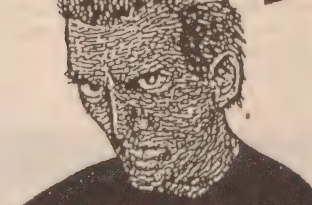
Slug and Lettuce, 55¢ postpaid: Christine Boarts, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

Zine World, (another great reviewzine staple that helps to flesh out the dissemination of the papernet) \$3.50 postpaid per issue: 924 Valencia Street #203, SF, CA 94110

Opuntina, zine trade, LOC or \$3.00 for a one time sample copy: Dale Speirs, Box 6380, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7, Canada

Farm Pulp, \$3 postpaid: Gregory Hirschak, PO Box 2151, Seattle, WA 98111-2151

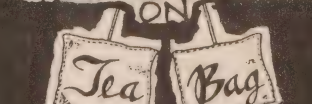
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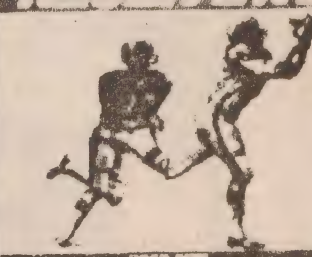
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Another year comes to a close and in the end, which side of the balance will be heavier, the gains or the punishment? In the millennia since the primordial sludge-bath evolved into what things are at present one year hasn't made all that much of a difference. It's the nature of the game...

There's gold in 'dem 'der archives!

Released by the Smithsonian Folkways Recordings in 1997 the Anthology of American Folk Music edited by Harry Smith is some of the best money you will spend on a box set containing six CD's of classics that will take

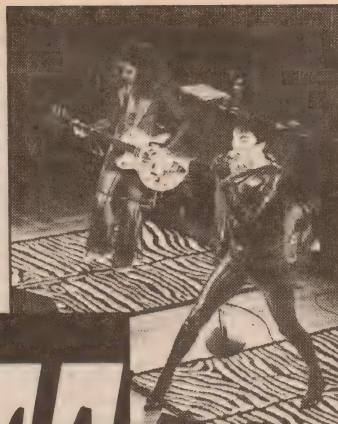
tion and Harry Smith into historical perspective with excellent prose and photos, the Smithsonian has also included, preserved in it's original format as much as possible, the original notes of Harry Smith that give synopses of each track and provides cryptic information on meaning and origin.

All in all, for the true music lover, connoisseur and collect collector, this will be the best money you've blown on a box set ever.

Dylan's A Punk

Another rare find that's been a must have for rock'n'roll historians that's now been off-

reaction, especially between songs. Some are applauding, some are jeering, and on the whole there's a whole hell of a lot of confusion. Here's someone that had been pigeonholed as far as sound and message who's now doing something that the audience hasn't heard before and when you listen, you will hear for yourselves the rough and tumble electric versions of the tunes...



showing ones desires for absorption and the ultimate carrot on a stick, stardom.

Decline part.3 seems terribly disjointed, with an almost utter absence of the entertaining footage of the first two... Though attempts at humor were made I personally laughed because of their homelessness, not because of any

humorous content. The angle that Penelope Spheris seems to be attempting in this part is to show the political punk which it does amazingly little of and ends up concentrating on a group of kids dressed in traditional spikes and chains punk gear whom also happen to be homeless and hanging out on the main part of the Hollywood Blvd. drag.

I'm not really sure what the reason is, but there is almost an utter absence of any good live footage of bands. About the best of it is footage of Naked Aggression who are also interviewed and manage to be the most philosophically meaningful part of the film. The rest is pointless footage of Litmus Green, Conflict (spouting the usual "Jesus died for his own headache" by-line), and a band comprised of "squat-punks", and I forget what else. This is far from being legendary footage of bands that are archetypal to anything. I must say that it was somewhat spooky to see Phil of Naked Aggression on film and think about the fact that he died while touring...

It seems that the core of the film arbitrarily ended up being about the homeless kids in punk clothing. There's plenty of discussion of the virtues of being and alcoholic and various degrees of abuse at home which drove them out. This might be a compelling or meaningful angle if that were the focus, but it isn't and these kids situation is nothing unique or special or intrinsically punk... nor is it something specific to Los Angeles. I'm sure that a close inspection of New York, or Warsaw or Bangladesh would yield just as many or probably more kids in more unsavory conditions under harsher weather patterns and with greater dangers to personal safety.

Towards the end of the film there's somewhat of an attempted lesson of sorts when a punk speaks of his experience in a drunk driving accident where friends lost their lives and as the camera pans out we are given to surmise, he lost the use of his legs... This is all somehow lost without a point or direction to tie it to anything more and the whole bad venture ends with a scene in a filthy apartment where everyone is crammed in and stinking drunk... Just before the credits we find out that one of the "tribe" dies from multiple stab-wounds and his girlfriend happens to be the one awaiting trial for the act. Also, and this is what I mean about things being lost since I almost forgot... Another of the poignant tales of the film seems to be that another of the tribe was passed out from alcohol consumption on the second story of a squat and burned to death in an ensuing fire.

I really don't think that this offers anything much to be savored or looked up to or thought about for that matter. Much like Oliver Twist, this is a defunct tale that takes one nowhere except through the disoriented fancy of it's creator.

Velvet Handjob

What can I say about Velvet Goldmine... Well, I'm going to be blunt right off the bat and say that I thought it was an interesting piece of shit. Taking

MORTVARKORAMA

you back in time. This "folk" music is not what one conjures up now a days, hippies with guitars sloshing in bare feet in the over spill of the nearby Andy Gump at a Grateful Dead concert. This is the true folk music that all the contemporaries of took their lessons from, Dylan, Joan Baez, et al.

According to the great booklet of liner notes, Harry Smith was a mad genius of sorts who released this anthology in 1952 on Folkways Records of New York City... Harry was an obsessive record collector and apparently a real man on the scene in Berkeley and the Bay Area before the hippies polluted it. All of the selections are from recordings that were made during the 20's and 30's with all the time

quality and resonance of sound are encapsulated and frozen waiting to be heard. Here are some of the most talented and most creative that have existed in the history of American music plating timeless tunes that you might have already heard covered and in different versions, but no one has done 'em like this or as well and probably never will again, I was pleasantly surprised to find a couple of tunes that Nick Cave covered on this massive eighty-four song compilation Henry Lee and Stackalee...

You will find fiddles and banjos and guitars et al put almost all, with very small exception, put contemporary players to shame. Don't get the idea that the lyrics are about flowers and bears dancing in the woods - This is the real grit the life is made of: Love lost, love found and then love forcefully terminated! Thieves thieving and thieves punished! Train wrecks and train wreckers abound! Laments, regrets et al.

Aside from the LP sized 68 page book that puts the collec-

CORRECTION FROM LAST ISSUE or Roddy's on the left, Malcolm's on the right. Unfortunately, and probably my fault for getting the column in just the nick of time for the print-



er... There was a mistake made. The reported death of Roddy McDowall was accompanied by the picture of Malcolm McDowell. Roddy took part in such classics as *Lassie Come Home* and *Planet of the Apes*, while Malcolm is still alive and well having taken part in *A Clockwork Orange* and most recently the revamped *Fantasy Island*. Hopefully this didn't cause as much stress for anyone else as it did for Morticia and I upon finding the error.



cially issued is Bob Dylan's Live "Royal Albert Hall" Concert. This is #4 in the Bob Dylan "bootleg" series and is actually a recording of a performance at the *Free Trade Hall* in Manchester, England that took place on May 17, 1966. Fifteen songs are performed with seven on disk one which are done in the traditional acoustic guitar and harmonica style. The next eight songs are done with the full band brandishing electric instruments including Dylan. Now this might not seem like a big deal since the Beatles were around as well as the Stones and electric guitars had been used for quite sometime before.

What the big deal about this, is that it's the first time that a double cross has been played on and to the audience where the performer does his "thing" and rams it down the audience's throat whether they like it or not. Previously Dylan had done this at the Newport Folk Festival and I believe that there's some great footage of that somewhere which shows "folkies" sticking their fingers in their ears and pleading for the torture to end... And keep in mind that electric instrument technology at the time was by today's standards REAL QUIET...

Quality wise, it is a pretty good "live" recording for the time - Everything back then was done on the fly with hit or miss accuracy on what would now seem to be stone age equipment... The band and Dylan are heard real well, but where the gem in this recording lies is in turning the stereo up and hearing the audience

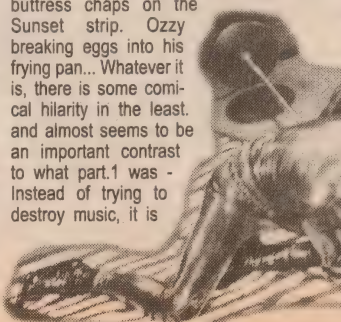
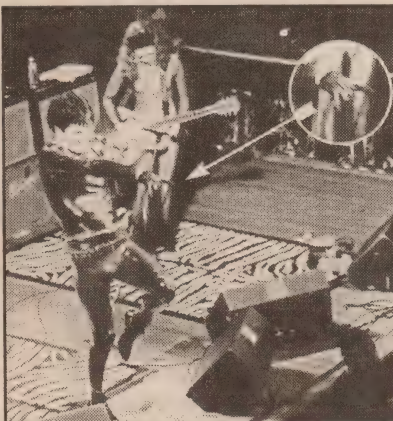
The two CD set includes in it's semi-box set format a fifty-four page booklet which chronicles Dylan's transition to electric and the things that were going on at the time within his sphere of influence. Most punks would probable sneer and jeer at Dylan, but one thing that must be kept in mind is that he gave the bird to his audience and shattered their expectations of himself and their elevation of him to demi-god status to crumbs long before anyone had the guts to walk away from a lucrative tried and tested cash cow.

Civilization's Decline

Some things get better with time and develop into something interesting. Unfortunately, the Decline of Western Civilization part 3 isn't one of those things. Morticia and I saw Decline pt3 Morticia and I caught this during it's week long run at the Nuart Theater and fortunately it didn't turn out to be too long and therefore wasn't too much of a torture.

Almost everybody's seen Decline part1 by now and wether you think it's one of the things that popularized punk to an extent that it killed itself or wether you think it's an important document of the time, there's some bit of value to it. Wether it's Darby or the funny French man from *Slash Magazine*, or maybe the shots that were filmed at the Hung Kong café there's something there of the time and pertinent to it...

Decline part.2, also known as "the Metal 'Era'" is every bit as enter entertaining as the first. All the metal-glam boys posing, and the buttress chains on the Sunset strip. Ozzy breaking eggs into his frying pan... Whatever it is, there is some comical hilarity in the least. and almost seems to be an important contrast to what part.1 was - Instead of trying to destroy music, it is



place sometime in the 80's supposedly during the true "glam rock" days. It actually seemed to me that the script was nothing more than the writer/director's masturbatory fantasy of something that he was into.

If it might have been some sort of original story and if it might have had something more interesting to say other than the admonishment of the 80's as boring and corrupt while holding the 70's to some heightened ideal of "glam-rock" that would have changed the world... But "ifs" are just that and there was something seriously lacking here.

The main characters are composite of David Bowie and Iggy Pop with the writers imagination filling in the in-between. We see the tale of the ultimate glam-star rising and his relationship with the rough American rock-'n'roller that's apt to do anything. They have a serious and meaningful love affair that's more spiritual than physical and the world is about to be transformed into a much better magical place. Alas, all things that are this good are bound to come to a tragic end, as this does...

There was one scene which made me groan out loud towards the end of the film. Imagine this: It's the 80's and there are a bunch of kids dressed in bland clothes hanging out in a place that is a poor-man's nightmare between a malt shop and a bar, but which actually seems to be a warehouse or something that the producer procured due to lack of funds. We have the reporter who's been narrating the story and who grew up during the glam phase. He spots the Iggy Pop character and they have a bit of a reminiscent moment... They talk about how great things used to be and the David Bowie character and how he disappeared and there are allusions to him now being a famous popstar that supports Republicans... So they're talking and at the lowest moment in the conversation just when you might be able to sympathize with their plight, there is a pan to the teenagers who look like they're bored out of their skulls and might as well be in an Orwellian 1984 type epic... If you think about this paragraph and if you actually get the garble that I've typed you will get the piss-poor point of the movie. If you've just

There's rockin' at the House Of Blues

The House Of Blues has been providing excellent live show opportunities as of late. I think that it's pretty much the best mid-sized venue to see bands at. In my experience the bouncers are pretty mellow, there aren't hassles getting in the door, there's plenty of room and the viewing conditions. Oh, and in spite of what other people have told me, the sound is pretty damn good too! All this makes for a great package when you want to see a show that's actually worth the premium price of the ticket.

Aside from the Damned (on February 25th & March 26th), some of this year great shows have included: Shane MacGowan & the Popes (June 29th), They Might Be Giants (September 10th), George Jones (October 10th) Momus w/ Kahime Kare & Gilles (October 28th), The Cramps (October 29th & 30th), and quite a few more. Hopefully this trend of providing a good viewing atmosphere and bringing good and varied acts to their venue will continue. Congratulations to The House Of Blues for being a large type venue that doesn't eat shit!

not understood a fucking word that I've written than the paragraph has served its purpose in conveying just how much sense the plot made. In cinematographically the movie looked like principal photography was done on a limited scale till most of the money was gone and then everything else was filled in around that...

Fortunately, Morticia and I didn't pay a dime to see this or I might have felt cheated. The movie isn't all that long, so if you get the time an can, see it for free. You will be able to use it to fill your "bad movie for the month" quota.

One other thing that I must note here is in regards to the music... The soundtrack used a lot of Brian Eno, which I thought was an utter waste and pollution of the songs, which were all lifted from Here Come The Warm Jets... In addition to the music that was lifted from perfectly good artists, there were some songs in the vein of "glam-rock" composed for the movie. These ended up being parodies of what seems to me to be well known riffs and choruses coupled with lyrics that were

absolutely ludicrous.... Maybe you'll get into this malarkey, otherwise if you feel like gagging, definitely go see this.

And with that sour note... Hope you have a good new year!

**Photos on opposite page
top: Cramps reversed**

Lux gives the "secret sign"

**bottom right:
Lux cramps**

bottom left: John & John

**Photos this page
top to bottom**

Momus

Nick Currie & Kahime

Gilles

WEBORAMA

Web reviews by AArtVark & Morticia

/the-sync/

<http://thesync.com>

Curious about what television blended with the Web might be like? Go here and have a look. If you've got a fast modem and a lot of time to kill (preferably at work), you'll love this. All sorts of interactivity, and if you don't feel like doing a ting, you can watch a feature length movie...

Antenna Internet Radio

<http://www.antennaradio.com>

A radio station on the net - Download a player and browse the real time transmissions. There are punk, electronic, jazz, etc... shows that you can hear. Browse the play lists or email the virtual DJ's. Pretty cool!

Einsturzende Neubauten

<http://members.xoom.com/neubauten/contents-neubauten.htm>

An archive of LOTS (links, lyrics, reviews, photos, and more) of stuff brought to you by Chardonne.

Einsturzende Neubauten mailing list

<http://www.acc.umu.se/~purjo/neubauten/>
Join the email list via the web!

Old Punks Web Zine

<http://home.earthlink.net/~emerson7/oldpunks.htm>

There's all the great stuff you'd expect to find in a punk zine as well as a huge archive for your browsing... Looks like it's well put together and fairly fast to load up.

The Ermine Street Guard

<http://www.ncl.ac.uk/~nmicb3/groups/esguard.htm>

email: theesg@aol.com
The Ermine Street Guard is a society dedicated to research into the Roman army and the reconstruction of Roman armour and equipment. The reconstructions are primarily from the latter half of the first century A.D. although equipment from other Roman periods is reproduced for experimental and display purposes. Since its formation in 1972 the Guard has become firmly established as the leading society making such a detailed and accurate study of this subject.

Think for Yourself:

A drug policy reading room on the Drug War

<http://emporium.turnpike.net/~jnr/think.htm>
Have a read about the War On Drugs and some of the things that might be motivating it other than the humanitarian clause of saving people from themselves. Lots of links to a great number of articles and resources.

The Smithsonian Institution

<http://www.si.edu/resource/faq/nmah/music.htm>

There's so much information here from basket weaving to aeronautics that you'll spend time and time again exploring the nooks and crannies. If you need top do some research that is of somewhat historical nature this is a good place to look, especially if it concerns American culture...

Choler

<http://www.choler.com>

A well done web-zine with interviews, art, music and more. Stop in and have a look!

bobdylan.com

<http://www.bobdylan.com>

Albums, songs, lyrics, searches. It's all here

Anthen AEnterprises

<http://www.fringeware.com/anathema/indexresearch.html>

Plenty of research and articles that are documented and footnoted for you to read on the standard and not so standard UFO, conspiracy and the paranoid arts. Lot's to read and sink your teeth into!

The Corpse in the Cupboard

<http://members.tripod.com/~linderboxx/>
Someone is spending their time putting out a zine on the web. Pretty well done, so have a browse at your own risk. Pretty much the standard zine stuff with the twist of the web.

Too Much Coffee Man

<http://www.tmcn.com/>
If you're too damn lazy to buy the comics, have a look and get acquainted with mankind's only salvation in the 21st century.

ALIENS:

The Anchorpoint Essays

<http://www.geocities.com/~theduc/index.html>

If you really get off on the aliens from the movie of the same name that spawned off the sequels, you need to look at this. More than you ever wanted to know about them in highly imaginative technical terms. Just think, someone took the time to write it all!

MHP Enterprises

<http://www.casketfurniture.com/casket Coffins.shtml>

If you're in the market for a casket or urn for intended use or for furniture, have a look here and you might find something you like. They offer pet caskets and urns also.

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The tail is wagging the dog! Many are the folk who've suggested I write more clearly and concisely. I resisted out of a sense of impairment of desired style, as well as laziness.

Well now that I'm (at least temporarily) without a typewriter, I must keep these rants of mine both shorter and more normatively punctuated if I have any hope of the Flip office staff getting it in the zine for me. So here goes.

Rights. Unenumerated rights. Constitutional law. Many rights now taken for granted, and many of controversial nature, and some that

Ever since then, for the last 125 years in fact, virtually all protection of the unenumerated rights has been argued and awarded based on the Due Process clause of the same amendment. Without getting too technical, this has been extremely difficult linguistically, and in our current time of slipping belief in inalienable rights, has afforded plenty of excuses for the judiciary not to enumerate any further rights. Most recently the Supreme Court ruled that doctor-assisted suicide was not a constitutionally protected right. Consensual private

have them to read Charles Black's *A New Birth of Freedom: Human Rights, Named and Unnamed*. If you have any interest in political activism or a career in law, the arguments he presents are a modern tool of value.

Unenumerated Rights. The rights with no name until we give them one!

Of course anyone reading about the world's crumbling economy will perhaps wonder if there will be any rights left for anyone, anywhere if things keep going the way it is: Crony Capitalism creating ever-increasing inequali-

BETTER UNDERSTAND WHAT EACH PERSON HAS AND WANTS. THEN, BY USING COMPLICATED GAME THEORY-RELATED COMPUTATIONS, IT MIGHT TURN OUT THAT IN GENERAL EVERYONE WOULD GET MORE (IN TERMS OF THEIR PERSONAL VALUES) FOR THE GOODS THAT THEY ARE WILLING TO "SELL."

HOWEVER, I DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL CARE THAT MUCH - AT LEAST IN THE DISTANT FUTURE, BECAUSE ONCE THE INTELLIGENT ROBOTS COME, WE COULD ALL BE WEALTHY AS KINGS."

Bottom line of my column this time so far: once again I'm advocating the legalization of drugs; and further speculating that it will come quicker once we're all rich and powerful, but in the meantime anyone similarly aggravated by current laws and societal prejudices and suppositions might want to fight legalistically to expand our constitutional rights. A new amendment isn't needed, just the right series of cases and judicial decisions. I say it is constitutionally illegal for any legislature, state or federal, to ever had made laws against recreational substance consumption. Help turn the tide away from new laws against tobacco and towards eradication of all laws against other alkaloid-containing substances.

To lighten up a bit as I prepare to enter my usual music/band/zine shit - check this out. Everyone in the US is familiar with pink flamingos and lawn jockeys as kitschy sculpture for home property, right? Well in Europe I guess the big thing is "garden gnomes." These statuettes are now being "liberated," painted blue/green, and being placed in forests. To counteract the gnome liberators there is now a society advocating their preservation as yard objects as art, and yet another agreeing they should be removed from private ownership, but not placed in forests since that is not their natural habitat. See what I mean when I say humans are only suited to play, to ludic activity!?

the Supreme Court have not recognized are, or wish to be, unenumerated rights.

Not only does the U.S. Constitution's Bill of Rights only mention certain rights specifically; but up until the 14th Amendment it was actually possible for states to ignore the enumerated federal rights. After the Civil War this little matter was straightened out and citizens of all states were guaranteed that no state would make or enforce laws which abridged their privileges or immunities.

Unfortunately, a subsequent Supreme Court decision interpreted that clause of the 14th Amendment extremely narrowly, striking the worst blow for expanding human rights ever rationalized in a Supreme Court decision.

sodomy has also not met the legal tests to their satisfaction.

I bring this up because I just read a review of an essay on a book on the topic. I believe the altering of one's consciousness to be an inalienable right promised to all Americans right in the Declaration of Independence's "pursuit of happiness" phrase. As it turns out, this cutting-edge book on human rights law also believes that the Declaration of Independence is, must, and ought to be more than just a poetic historic relic. It is the basis for all Constitutional law.

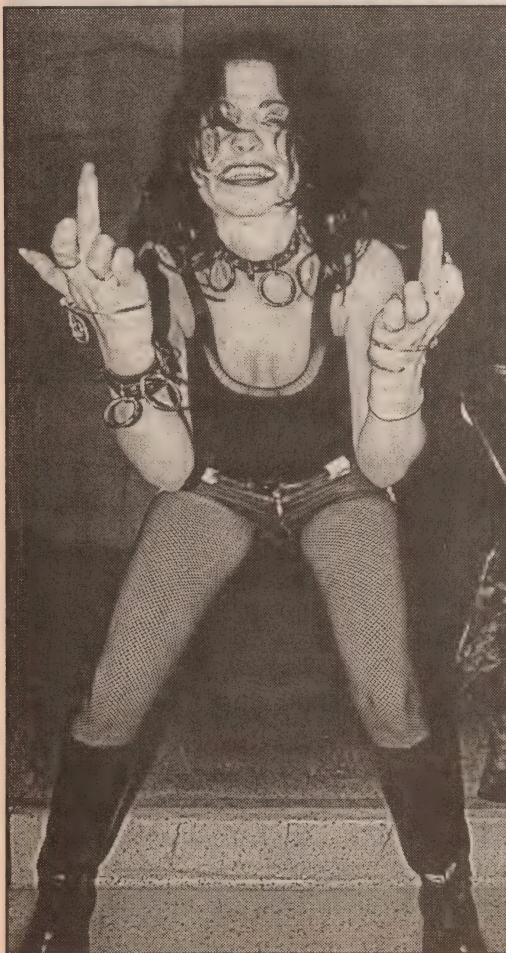
At any rate - I urge all of my readers interested in law and improving both the actual rights we have and the foundation on which we

ties of wealth. To this all too easily supported pessimistic view I can only turn once again to my optimism in regards to Artificial Intelligence solving our economic woes. Let me quote the premier thinker/experimenter in that field, Marvin Minsky of MIT, when asked about the future of money:

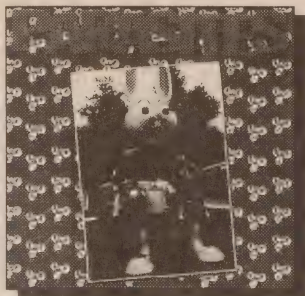
"AS YOU KNOW, MONEY WAS INVENTED TO AVOID THE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF BARTER - BY USING THE IDEA THAT ALL PERSONAL UTILITIES CAN BE BASED ON A UNIFORM, UNIVERSAL SCALE. OF COURSE THAT'S REALLY RIDICULOUS, BUT IT DID SAVE HUMANITY A HUGE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE AND ENERGY."

WITH FAST COMPUTERS AND HUGE MEMORIES WE COULD HAVE NONLINEAR DATABASE THAT WOULD

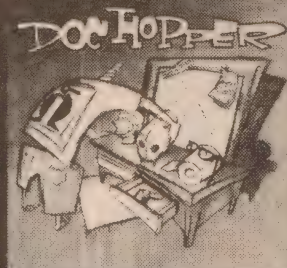
(l-r) Paige Darling (aka Ms. Hell) - dedicated to her former bandmates in The Darlings; Jessicka of Jack Killed Jill drawn by Allen Salyer inspired by photo found in Flip #113; Goops frontwoman B-Billy Whitfield.



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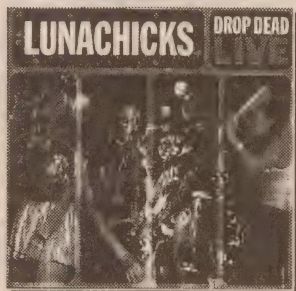


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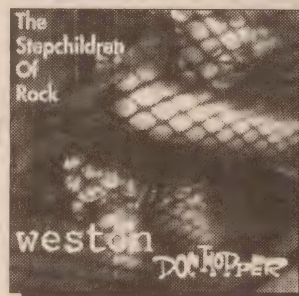
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(l-r) Drag Triplets frontwoman **Billy Whitfield**; Dalek and Fraulein Katrine; Barry and Chaz of the Dimestore Haloos **Christian**; illustration of Tammy Chickenhawk by Allen Salyer.



Briefly, I got a mite bum-kicked when I read that my beloved Los Angeles would not be well-preserved for future archaeologists. Seems it is common scientific knowledge that due to plate tectonics, our part of the world will end up elevated, and thus eroding before anyone can dig it up millions of years hence.

Supposedly, Amsterdam, Venice, Cairo, and New Orleans have a much better chance of long-range preservation. These low-lying coastal plains well might be drowned and preserved if sea levels ever rise rapidly enough, perhaps precipitated by part of Antarctica sliding into the sea suddenly.

Now to dive in and swim rapidly through a sea of zine mentions and miscellaneous music-devoted stuff!

Last column I forgot to mention the **Zine Guide** put out by the folks who do **Tail Spins** zine (and I believe are associated with the **Skin Graft** record label.) I have the feeling the second volume is out by now. My tardy mention of **Zine Guide #1** is both a shameless plug so I'll be sure to get #2 (And if I'm that anxious to, then that should tell you right there it is one hell of a resource for punk-rockin' zinesters), but also to express my dismay that **Flipside** made such a poor showing in one particular poll. That is one of the cool things about this guide - there are lists of best zines by label, other zines, by female respondents, and by male respondents. In the top ten by overall males, and top 15 for both labels and other zines, we didn't even make the top 40 of female faves. Waah! Another amazing thing about ZG was the index. I made the index not due to being a **Flip** columnist, but because I was an interview subject in a zine submitted to ZG. Though that entry in the "persons" index did mention I was a **Flipside** contributor. Since columns are a big deal in a lot of prominent zines I suggest they add a columnist index. Indispensable publication.

One of the gems in unearthed for me was **Micromag**. It isn't micro-sized in terms of content, but by **Flipside** sizing codes it is a mini. It's pocket-size, but thick and crammed. What made me write off for it was the Lawrence, Kansas site of origin. Having done over half a decade in the nearby prison of Leavenworth ('82-'87), and in that time span getting to know people/bands/radio from their scene; I wanted to check in. I wanted to see if the mag's name was related to the **Micronotz**, Lawrence's awesome punk and roll band of the mid-'80s. It wasn't, but within I did learn that Tucson's

Weird Lovemakers have a member, Jason Willis, who hailed from Lawrence and was way into the **Micronotz** back in the day. Now I also have a great affection for the Tucson scene, and know **Weird Lovemakers** had something at Gouramie Records. Now they've got a new CD on Empty. So check that out! **Micromag** would be worth getting if only for the nostalgic stories about the infamous club in the corn field, The Outhouse. (It turns out those **Micronotz** boys did more to get that club up and running than just gig there.) **MM#8** has a hilarious account of a drunken redneck in red bikini panties circling the place in his truck until he finally rammed the structure right before a Melvins show. But **MM** also has plenty on today's garage and punk and roll scenes. Brian Marshall Stack's of Shaneshits raves **Noises From The Garage** contributes. The editor grew up an arcade owner's kid - so there is also Multiball-like pin-ball and gaming info. Get this one soon. Oh yeah, the editor is in The Hefners. Cool band name, Bob!

Also have to give major credit and shout outs to Billy Whitfield at **Toxic Flyer** zine. Now that it is offset not xerox it is much improved - cuz one of **TF**'s strengths are Billy's photos and his flyer collection - now that stuff reproduces much better. Since he also goes to all shows that hit Baltimore in all decent genres there is breadth in his coverage. But Billy is so damned nice he doesn't get in anyone's face in the ints or reviews. Oh well, still worthwhile - and I can only hope he keeps flowing me much needed and appreciated photos.

New **Probe** is out. The slack in lack of Aaron girl reviews is taken up by Kris Rockass' boy reviews. Still plenty of girl nudity (and boy) - but it is the chronicling of Aaron's and now Kris' love and labor life that makes it a real fave. Nonetheless there are some of you who just plain won't want to miss it cuz Ben Weasel and Joey Vindictive's girlfriends are in it as "center-folds."

New **Under the Volcano** has a great explanation of metalcore that answers our **ShitEd**'s quibbles in #114 about "hardcore" being co-opted by metal sounding bands. I'd quote Myk's column at length but can't cuz of the above mentioned pen and ink limitations. Also Rick of **25 Ta Life/Comin' Correct** (yet another slap in the face to Sick Boy who didn't think a punk rocker would/should use that term!) does a great interview from the point of view of someone who grew up in the heart of NYHC and carries on the tradition to the best of his

ability. Again, much quotable verbiage - so if you don't already subscribe to UTV do so now and tell 'em to start you with this issue (#45).

That other stalwart of NYC zinedom, **Sound Views**, is most notable in their latest issues in the coverage of the guy from **Girls Vs. Boys** publishing concern: Akashic Books and Records. I guess I say most notable cuz of the way **GVSB** got dissected in **Flip #113**. The time/money being put into doing indie publishing ought to help their "credibility" - unfortunately not with me though. Cuz co-owner, ex-**Kingface** guy, Sullivan, put his boot in his gullet when he dissed Thomas Pynchon as an example of what he didn't want to publish?! I'm reading Pynchon's **Mason and Dixon** and it is a masterpiece.

Last **Genetic Disorder** is actually a diary of Larry GD's RV trip around the country on the '96 Kill Zines "tour" with Darby **BID**. He never gets to bone her, but he has to listen to her loud sex noises with someone else. Sheesh! Great detailed story and writing - maybe the best **GD** yet, though I look forward to the regular format next time cuz I dig Larry's zine and tune reviews.

New Censor

This has complimentary ints with All and Dead Lazlo's Place to contrast and compare and mentally merge with those in **Flip #114**. Great satirical zine as always.

New Angry Thoreauan

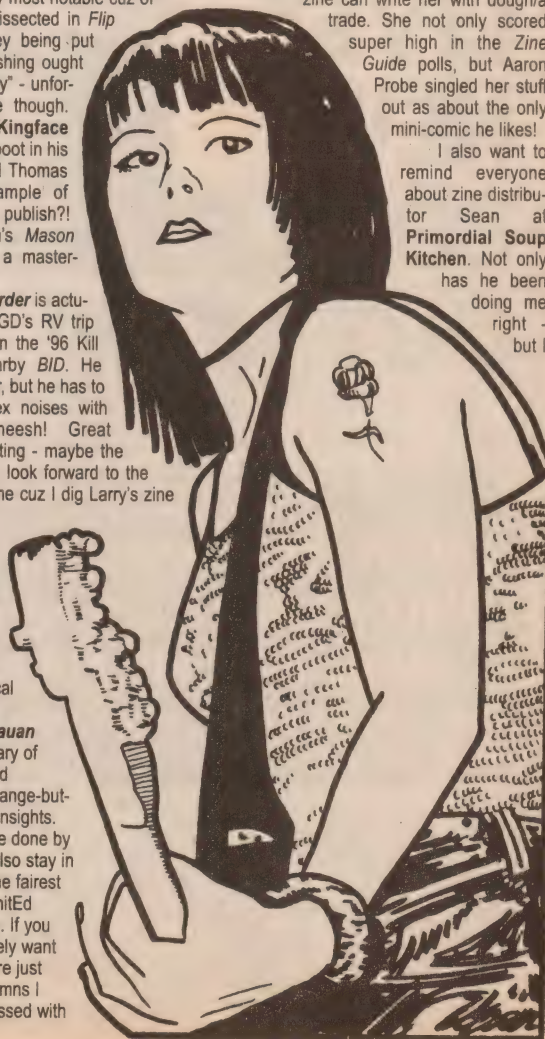
continues Randall's diary of downtown LA living and Mistress Monique's strange-but-oh-so-true phone sex insights.

Both **CT** and **AT** are done by **Flip** columnists that I also stay in touch with - so I feel the fairest thing to say is: read **ShitEd** and Randall's columns. If you like those you'll definitely want their mags; and if you're just ho-hum about the columns I bet you'll still be impressed with their pride and joys.

Cartoonist Carrie has relocated to Baltimore. Those who've followed the percomix slant of her **The Assassin** and **The Whiner** will be pleased she is romantically attached and living with her lover in Maryland. Those who want to read tales and comix of unrequited love she collected for her **Crush**

zine can write her with dough/a trade. She not only scored super high in the **Zine Guide** polls, but Aaron Probe singled her stuff out as about the only mini-comic he likes!

I also want to remind everyone about zine distributor Sean at **Primordial Soup Kitchen**. Not only has he been doing me right - but I



sent him some historical info on prisoners' zine receiving and I believe it will appear as a part of a feature in his next full-fledged catalog which is also a zine of its own. Of stuff I've got from him I'll just quickly note *Pistil Prose* is put out by a Seattle book store proprietor. He got robbed and published that story, so I'm inquiring about contributing my story of a book store heist. Also got an *Eye Deal* which chronicles the split up of the Goads (of *Answer Me!* fame) from Debbie's viewpoint. Killjoy interviewed them in '94 and I began raving about their zine in '92 - but I've yet to see anyone else mention they split up in *Flipside*.

All I can say about Michele's Matters being kaput is that it solves my dilemma, since I used to refer to her as Miss Hell or Ms Hell, but now my buddy Paige has taken that name for her next band. See the accompanying pic of Paige flipping off her old band, *The Darlings*. They gave her the boot for wanting to write some of the material, and for being pregnant. Then told she left cuz of the pregnancy!

White rapper Everlast, who was in House of Pain and got heavily dissed by Cypress Hill, is back with a band called *Toxic Fumes*. I mention this cuz in the lead track representin' his new crew he name checks GG Allin! I forget if he claims to be as "sick" as or not as sick as GG!

Does anyone but me see the irony in this Canadian altrock band calling themselves *Fuck*? That is about the only thing non-ordinary altrock about 'em. I think it is about time the FCC reexamined their policy prohibiting that word (and the others) no matter how hard DJs at a college rock station try to bleep uses



(l→r) NYC goddess Kitty Kowalski with photog buddy Nikki Kane ☼-Michael Wildwood; Ian and Brian of *Furious IV* ☼-courtesy of *Hairball 8*

of "fuck" etc., or not play these tracks period that contain prohibited words - yet they're constantly slipping through in all genres of tuneage. Not to mention the merch stations have 'em often too. So it is time to normalize all common words despite their association with sex or excretory functions. They are just not disturbing to anyone but religiously brainwashed jerks.

All other news I got by letter and

intended to share I'm saving. I'm gonna let the pics speak for themselves, but I will specifically note the donations by Allen Salyer who does *Alarm Clock* zine. The two drawings he submitted are both inspired by similar photos in *Flip#113* if you thought they looked familiar!

My current mailing address at CMC is:

-Shane Williams

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HOW MUCH MORE ORGANIZED CAN CRIME GET? AN OVERVIEW OF AMERICA'S LAW ENFORCEMENTS' ASSET FORFEITURE LAWS: PART 2

EVER FEEL LIKE YOUR HANDS ARE CUFFED AND THE NEXT SHOT'S GOING TO BE AN UPPERCUT?

"Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice! Moderation in the pursuit of Justice is no virtue." Barry Goldwater, 1964

As the Clash asked rhetorically in "The Guns of Brixton," how are you going to go? "With your

going along with the cops at all times. To further creep some fear into you, if you've ever been suspected of and/or tried for illegal activity, especially in the world of drugs, keep your mouth shut and cross your fingers for half a decade after an arrest. The government currently has five years after discovery of a forfeitable offense to institute forfeit proceedings. Worse yet, if the police continue to place legal notice of your forfeiture in a newspaper in another state, they can extend their statute of limitations, indefinitely in limbo until they have the energy to prosecute, even if you were never served with notice or given the opportunity

to defend your forfeiture case. In Hawaii, a bored district attorney has begun going through cases of the last five years and has been repossessing houses, stating that the people from which he's taking residences should be grateful that they were allowed to live there for so long. It may be that cynicism is getting the better of me, but it's almost getting to the point where it's almost better if you commit a crime. At least you'll be appointed a lawyer. Remember to deny everything. In the case of the residence in Hawaii, a couple admitted that they knew that their son was growing pot in their home. Just because they

admitted knowledge of an illegal activity on their premises without immediately alerting authorities, they have become accessories. The state is unaffected by the fact that their son is mentally disturbed, threatened to kill himself or his parents if the plants were cut down, and his parents called the police to help their son, who has since been in rehabilitation for years.

LEGAL CUSTERS? THE BOTTOM OF THE CURVE FOR LEGAL MASSACRE?

Enter Lawrence Perkins Vs. The City of West Covina. The cops were looking for a reputed gang member Marcus Marsh and traced him to an address in La Puente, California. On evidence of gang activity, a vial of crack, and \$994.00 in cash at Marsh's girlfriend's house, a search warrant was issued for the last known address of Marsh in any part of a house looking for gang booty and firearms. No one was home. The cops seized photos and paperwork belonging to Marsh, an address book belonging to Perkins - the owner of the house, a 12-gauge shotgun, a starter pistol, and \$2,469 in cash. Cops considered the cash "evidence that Marcus Marsh, and perhaps other residents of the house, were involved in illegal drug and gang related activity." When Perkins came home, doors were off hinges and the house was ransacked. On his door was a note stating that Police of West Covina served a search warrant and a list of property seized. It also had two detective's phone numbers. It did not include a search warrant number.

Perkins called a detective, Ferrari, who told him that he'd have no objection to releasing the money, but Perkins would have to go to court to get the property returned. Perkins attempted to get a court order. He tried to talk to the judge who issued the warrant but he was on vacation. He attempted to get another judge to release the property but was informed that there was nothing under his name and that he needed a search warrant number (none was provided), or a case number (which was provided, but incorrectly by the detective). Perkins testified that he was unable to get the correct warrant number at the court because the warrant was sealed and no file number was assigned. There was no case number - because Marsh's property hadn't yet been filed with a crime. Perkins was showing good faith (which isn't good enough) to get his property back through legal channels - but what he wasn't aware of is that the search warrant was listed in a public document with the court clerk. No city employee, when posed with Perkins' questions, informed him of the method of obtaining a number. It may be a universal condition: dealing with an ever-shifting, never-responsible bureaucracy.

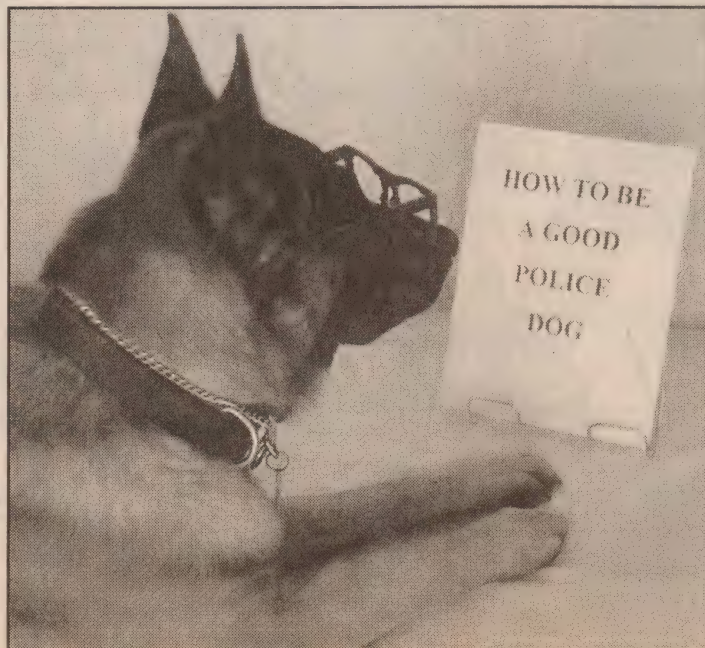
It gets worse the more the details are flushed out. The detectives in the raid were deemed qualified immunity by the court. Perkins could file a case against the West Covina police, not the individuals involved in the raid because what they thought they were doing was "lawful" and pursuant to a court-appointed search warrant. Such nuances and courtesies do not extend to regular citizens. The court dismissed Perkins' assertion of the raid being an "arbitrary intrusion" since a search warrant was issued and the officers were to assume that all property of that residence was Marsh's, although Marsh was solely a former renter in Perkins' house. Inquiries and charges against the police were never addressed in respect for the city's violation of the due process of law.

As for the why the cash was taken, in a land where credit cards are treated with little more regard than Monopoly money by millions of people, it may be hard for cops to fathom folks who actually save money, don't trust that the government is set up to protect them, and that banks, even with FDIC protection can go out of business without paying off all they owe to their customers. That a "humble" house with a large amount of cash was "less consistent with non-criminal behavior," frankly, makes me scared. Savings are criminal? Living within your means

RETOODED

hands on your head or on a trigger of a gun?" You're a tough sonofabitch, a real savvy force of nature. Why, you may ask are 80% of the people charged with civil asset forfeiture - those pansies - just rolling over? As with dealing with the government, especially when they don't want to give up some newly acquired booty, they make it difficult and they make it completely up to you to prove that the stuff they took from your house or your vehicle are yours and that the cops did indeed keep it, that it's just not "lost." Under current law, you can't file a civil suit against the government to get your property back; if you, the property owner, fail to file a claim and post a cost bond of 10% of the value of the property within 20-30 days of receiving notice of forfeiture from the cops, you lose your property without any court hearings at all. The bond is to pay for the government's cost in forfeiting your property. If you win your case - the case that you prove that your leg lamp and Sid Vicious figurines don't belong to the government, you will probably get the entire bond back - it's up to the judge. If you lose the case, you only get back the portion of the bond left over after deductions for storing your property and any other court expenses. In a bit of nastiness, sometimes the police will run notification of the seizure in another town's newspaper, since many local laws solely state that it must be announced publicly - it just doesn't stipulate which public. If you don't get a notice, you have to prove to the police that you were not aware of the notice and that the government has failed to take reasonable steps to provide notice. If that doesn't deter you, in many cases, especially those involving vehicles, it costs more in court and lawyer fees than the actual vehicle itself.

In synopsis: Cops come busting in when you're away. They ransack your house. They take cash out of hiding places, jewelry, and a starter pistol. When you get home, there's a little piece of paper on your door notifying you of the forced entry. It's now up to you to prove that the stuff - that you left that morning in your house - is yours and you're up against bureaucratic red tape/clock/spiderweb that's often spearheaded by the largest law firm in America - the Justice Department. Have you ever tried to repeal a parking ticket or gone to the Department of Motor Vehicles because your name was spelled wrong on your registration - or something benign but irritating and costs money you'd rather not spend? It's a lengthy, often fruitless, mainly enraging activity. Exponentially increase the difficulty and aggravation, slam you hand in a car door twice, and you'll get a taster spoon of what you'll be up against in an asset forfeiture case. Start with and never forget that the government doesn't believe you. You are there to take advantage of the system and your innocence is proven by



is an indicator that you are suspect in a crime? A detective testified that his experience had led him to believe the cash was illegal activity. What? Fucking Lincoln jumped out of the bill and started talking? It was on a mirror next to rails of coke the size of monster truck skid marks? No. Someone unflashy had cash. They're suspect. Is the S and L crisis where people were robbed blind and stupid of hundreds of millions of dollars a not fresh enough reminder that savings and loan institutions can go under - on a huge, national scale resulting no more than scapegoat arrests? It's now an indication of a crime to not trust a bank?

The starter pistol was confiscated. Why? It didn't fit within the parameters of the search warrant. I have not, outside the '80s movie "The Breakfast Club," even heard someone joking to use a starter pistol in a commission of a crime. Note the reasoning behind the detectives' explanation of seizure, and start making a list up in your mind what can be added to such a list. The officers didn't claim the starter pistol was a deadly weapon but they submitted an affidavit stating that gang members sometimes brandish starter pistols during crimes and claim, if caught, they were never out to hurt anybody. Here's my short list of what a gang member could use out of my or my neighbor's house to use to intimidate or frighten someone to add to the starter pistol: all toy pistols (including BB guns), sling shots, all bats, lengths of

On the only kinda up side, if you can call it that, is that the city returned the property and cash (excluding the starting pistol which was reported stolen from where the cops keep such things) more than a year after it was seized. The city admitted that the notice left at Perkins' home did not provide essential information necessary to get the jurisprudential gears grinding for his protection, admitting that it was "skeletal," yet in the same breath suggested that Perkins propagated his own confusion, failing to unveil the proper, lawful procedure to reclaim his property by himself - an exercise that the police that kicked his door in and stole his cash have yet to learn, but don't have to - legally. In wrapping this up, even when Perkins got his rightfully owned effects back, the judge residing over the case felt that the city of West Covina was justified and did not obscure due process when Perkins asked how to advise him in this matter. It shrugged and wished he would just give up the cash and forget about it. Most people do.

If and only if everyone law enforcement hooked was a criminal, asset forfeiture would be a good idea - maybe a great idea, until everything's taken from you, when you suddenly realize the difference between a criminal and being mistaken as such has dissolved completely, and along with what sounded first a competent idea - forfeiting a criminals' rights - becomes pretty scary when everyone's rights

private property will be taken for public use without just compensation"? Black that out. The Eighth Amendment which protects anyone from "cruel and unusual punishment." Black that out. Pretty soon the Bill of Rights start looking like recently released government documents detailing the Kennedy assassination. Pages and pages of black ink with only the title and page number saving it from being completely obscured. It's an old totalitarian regime trick. It sure is easy to protect citizens' rights... when they have none to violate.

PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW AND DOGS The World of Informants - It All Started with an Anonymous Tip.

This could get you involved in an asset forfeiture: "Hey, policeman, there was this guy, uhmm, Pee Wee Herman, yeah, and I think he was at this house, uhmm, and I saw him with a wad of cash and that dude is poor. He said he was going to... and said, I quote, "Something Green and Leafy This Way Comes."...Uh, no, I wasn't there but I heard someone say he said it." (Sidebar: oblique SNFU reference)

As it stands now, anybody with a finger to point can share in money seized from a person they poke as "suspicious" - even if the allegation is untrue, even though the allegation is a blatant grudge. People as diverse as former Hells Angels (Anthony Tait, who has been a cooperating witness for the FBI since 1985 and has earned nearly \$1 million for information he

an hour) and arbitrarily ramrodded Sheri and Matthew Farrell, whose 60-acre farm remains tied up in a federal forfeiture action due to his involvement in their arrest. If cops are willing to believe Mudd, they'll believe anyone. It seems many times that the government needs something - anything - any fucking bad excuse to start an investigation. Based solely on Mudd's word, 35 people in Adair County were arrested. This upstanding citizen's resume? He had gone through drug rehabilitation, had drug possession and sales on his criminal record, had a history of passing bad checks, was always near broke, and working odd jobs. My understanding is that he's perfect for cop work? That's what Adair County thought as they put him on the payroll. They needed someone, anyone. Mudd wasn't even a consistent piece of shit: when he came back to the office after a day of undercover work, he would write reports but the dates and times often didn't match what he would later say in depositions. Nevertheless, Mudd was the linchpin, the golden boy, and the ace in the hole all rolled into one of operation BAD (Bust a Dealer).

The arresting officer admitted that Matthew Farrell had no criminal record, yet on Mudd's allegation alone, the county sheriff first arrested Farrell then ordered his house and farm seized months later. "They came out and searched everything," said Mrs. Farrell. "They took away tea, birdseed, they vacuumed our ashtrays in

LOOK FOR THE CASH COW WITH A SYRINGE IN ITS BUTT, A LOOSE CHRONOLOGY: PART 2

- In 1993 the Department of Justice alone took in more than \$556 million.
- Federal forfeiture was at 2 billion dollars in 1993.
- Between 1986 and 1993, more than \$1 billion has been transferred to more than 3,000 state and local law-enforcement agencies.
- In 1994, federal forfeiture was at the \$730 million mark.
- 1994 - The DEA and IRS seize three paintings - a Picasso, a Reynolds, and a Rubens.
- In fiscal year 1995, the DEA's asset forfeiture program was responsible for the seizure of assets worth more than \$645 million.
- In 1996, the Customs Service confiscated \$56 million from outbound travelers.



Fuck yeah, when I was seven and Old Yeller got shot in the head, I cried... I don't blame TV for much, as I like it a whole lot - if you don't watch it too often and like what you watch - but maybe it's set up a dangerous, bridging principle where people are actually believing that animals are not only warm and caring, but they possess highly technical people skills far beyond dragging Timmy's sorry ass out of a lake, even talking... I don't think filmmakers have gone as far as take a stab at making a golden retriever a viable chemist or have canines... administer spectrographic tests of substances to figure its exact chemical makeup... As far as I'm aware, no dog has earned a Ph.D. in chemistry and none of them can testify in a court of law.

pipe, kitchen knives, apple corers, anything that when broke has a sharp edge, straws (the British secret service has a book on how to kill with one. A popular target is the neck), your index and pointy finger under a jacket to look like a pistol, rocks, an iron, or anything that would really smart when hit in the head with, anything really heavy that someone stronger could hit you against (like a safe or a refrigerator), any string that could be used to choke (rope, shoe laces, piano wire, a chain wallet, necklaces, floss, skimpy underwear), a nice set of beefy rings to make an impromptu set of brass knuckles... with a little imagination and determination, I'm sure cops can think of anything in your house worth any resale value aside from teddy bears and the carpet to justify them taking it. (Wait a sec, you could roll a body in a carpet for disposal and use the teddy bear as a gag device with some duct tape.) Get the point? With a small dose of imagination the police can seize anything. They don't even need to come up with a reason until, or if, a court asks them.

can be flushed and dissolved as readily as toilet paper, not the bulletproof slab that we often hope the Constitution and Bill of Rights are made of. Easily. Without remorse. Without pattern. Without explanation but complete Supreme Court-reinforced and Congress-backed justification.

WHIP OUT A HACKSAW OR MAGIC MARKER

Like a determined action hero in a movie, willing to forego little laws like stop signs, speeding, and failing to use their flashers to head the bad guys off at the pass while maiming innocent citizenry in the process, so seems the Justice Department's zeal to hack through conventional jurisprudential restraints to get to the core of the war on drugs. If existing laws don't work to your advantage, take 'em off the list. Black 'em out. A doohickey called the Fourth Amendment that persons won't be subjected to "unreasonable searches and seizures"; black that out. The Fifth Amendment, assuring that "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall

provided between '85 and '88, according to a copy of Tait's payment schedule and FBI contract.) to the pig-tailed supra-fingernailed airline checker-inner at the airport have been paid informants - receiving 10% if their tips result in a forfeiture. In 1993 the asset forfeiture fund of the U.S. Justice Department gave \$24 million to informants as their share of forfeited items. Think of the motivation for a second. Money. What percentage of paid informants, in their right minds, are going to turn in a den of inequity which may be destroying a neighborhood, which has its own system of justice against a stoolie, namely gunfire, or a nice, fat suburban spread, possibly in a neighborhood so nice that they don't even lock their front doors at night. Simple math - which one will pay off big when it comes time to get their share of the forfeiture? Which has less risk and more dividend?

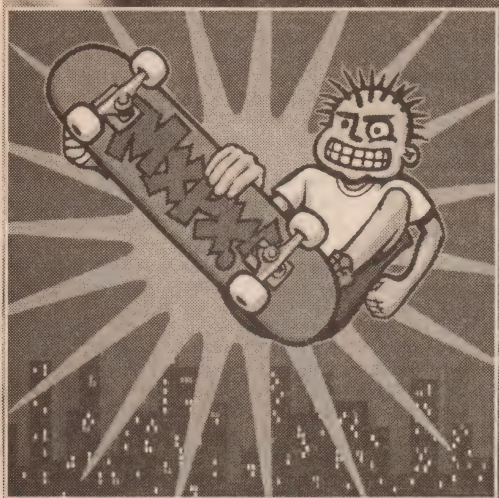
TYLENOL 3, CRUSHED, NOT PILLS

A paid piece of crap police informant, Steve R. Mudd went undercover for police of Kirksville, Missouri for minimum wage at the time (\$4.65

the truck and didn't find anything... They told us to keep paying the taxes but not to do anything else to the land."

Of the 35 cases instigated by Mudd, only the Farrells involved seized land. Adair County kept the criminal cases in local court to make the most of the seizure, and the county turned the Farrell forfeiture case over to the federal government. You see, if they had kept the case local, forfeiture proceeds are earmarked for public school support. If it's bumped to a federal level, the money made goes directly into local law enforcement coffers. During the criminal case Mudd got "strep throat." It took him two months to recover. Then he "lost his memory." The case against the Farrells went to the crapper and was dismissed when the powder that Mudd swore was sold to him by Farrell wasn't an illegal substance at all but ground up Tylenol 3. The civil case is still pending in federal courts.

In a related informant-spearheaded incident, in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, a \$250,000 house of a dead man is up for forfeiture. The case is



MXPX

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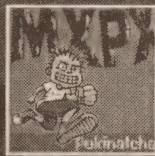
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based on an informant who "can't recall an exact date, the boat's name, or the dealer's name." And the government candidly reveals in its court brief that it "does not possess the facts necessary to be any more specific." A case was still filed in 1992. The heirs have filed a motion to have the case dismissed.

Many "free range" informants deal with either the delivery of packages, are involved with people traveling from one place to another, or the mobile service industry: United States Postal Service, Federal Express, Continental Airlines Quick Pak, United Postal Service, telephone installers, utility company meter readers, meter maids, hospital accepting nurses, cabbies, and valet parkers are some of the usual fountains of information. If you're so inclined to read the small print dealing with shipping virtually with any company, in part of their contract is their right to open any "suspicious" packages and alert police. I'm not complaining about this practice. You signed a contract. Just beware. It directly benefits a ticket counter employee when they see a person pay for a one way ticket, pay with cash, and happen to sneak a peek inside the traveler's coat pocket that they're carrying more and alert the proper authorities that a suspicious person was in their midst. As we've seen - all law enforcement needs is suspicion; even if by proxy and assumption. The informant - in almost every case - is never brought into a court of law to testify. Police who work airports deliberately delay paying informants until a case has been resolved. According to Judy Bawcum, commander of the vice division for the Nashville Police Department, it's "because we don't want these tipsters to have to testify. If we don't pay them until the case is closed they don't have to risk going to court." An anonymous tip is cleaner than actual evidence for suspicion. As with informants dealing with lesser crimes - such as a noise disturbance, for example, which has happened to me as I've skated in abandoned parking lots - the accuser never has to face the accused. The fact that the law enforcement agent is charging you with a possible crime should be all the evidence you need as a citizen to prove that a crime was being committed.

Who gets the brunt of the deal? You, if you're carrying a relatively large sum of cash and get placed in a "courier profile." Enter Willie Jones, a second generation nursery man, carrying on his family's Nashville business. He'd bundled up money from his last year's profits and headed off to buy flowers and shrubs in Houston. He makes this trip twice a year, using cash, as most growers don't appreciate trust, nor accept out-of-town checks and don't take credit cards. Tipped off by a ticket agent, he's detained by two police officers. They seize the \$9,600 he's carrying. After some questions, he's free to go, but they keep the cash and give him a receipt in its place. No evidence of Jones' wrongdoing was ever produced, no charges were filed. He is a gardening contractor who bought an airplane ticket. He never sees his money again. It is evidence that never sees trial and dissolves into anonymous police coffers.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT HARVESTS TESTICLES THE SIZE OF CANTALOUPES

Enter another in a long list of bad situations: Robert Brewer of Irwin Idaho, 61 and retired from the postal service, dying of prostate cancer, uses marijuana to ease the pain and nausea that comes from radiation treatment. A dozen deputies and Idaho tax agents walked into his living room, guns drawn with a search warrant at the ready. According to police reports, an "informant" told authorities Brewer ran a major marijuana operation. The identity nor the source of the information has never verified. It doesn't have to be. The SWAT team found eight plants in the basement under a grow light and a half pound of marijuana. (Since 1972, federal health secretaries have reported to Congress that marijuana is beneficial in the treatment of glaucoma and several other medical conditions including alleviation of nausea attributable to cancer treatments.) The Brewers were charged with two felony nar-

cotics counts and - interestingly, and I don't understand this at all - two charges for "failing to buy state tax stamps for the dope." (If anyone reading this can tell me how illegal substances can be taxed and/or the laws backing this, I'd like to know about them.) The government also seized the couple's van (a reputed drug distribution device) that would allow Robert to lie down during his twice-a-month trips for cancer treatment in Salt Lake City, 270 miles away. "That's a long, painful ride for him," Mrs. Brewer said, "His testicles would sometimes swell to the size of cantaloupe. He had to lie down because of the pain. He needed that van, and the government took it away." The



arresting officers aren't paid to care or listen. Remember, (said in a Sergeant Rock voice) "It's a war. A war on drugs. In a war, there's casualties. What Brewer was doing was illegal. Druggie. He didn't just take the pain."

RELEASE THE HOUNDS or in the voice of Ian McKaye "Good guys, bad guys, which is which?" Fuck yeah, when I was seven and Old Yeller got shot in the head, I cried. Rin Tin Tin seemed like a pal on the prairie. Lassie was a bit pansy for me. Flipper. Mr. Ed was good for a couple chuckles. I'm glad that Babe wasn't made into back bacon. My dad has dressed up as McGruff the crime dog. I don't blame TV for much, as I like it a whole lot - if you don't watch it too often and like what you watch - but maybe it's set up a dangerous, bridging principle where people are actually believing that animals are not only warm and caring, but they possess highly technical people skills far beyond dragging Timmy's sorry ass out of a lake, even talking. I haven't seen any of the Bud series, the dog that plays basketball or football, but I don't think filmmakers have gone as far as take a stab at making a golden retriever a viable chemist or have canines, hamsters, kangaroo rats - what have you - be able to administer spectrographic tests of substances to figure its exact chemical makeup. I will concede that all animals have different sensory tuning - sharks can smell blood for miles, bats use sonar, crickets have their ears on their knees, and dogs have good noses. Yet, as far as I'm aware, no dog has earned a Ph.D. in chemistry and none of them can testify in a court of law.

Scenario. I'm hungry, hankering for a king size Reese's Peanut Butter four-cupper. I jaunt down to gas station, break a twenty, get a ten, a five, some ones, change, and satisfy the hunger. I wallet up the change and sashay my peanut butter and chocolate satisfied ass out of there. I go over to visit my friend, let's call him Ball (for his ability to drink an entire Coors Party Ball in one sitting). He's ripping bingers out of a foot-long bong from a fresh quarter sack and we watch the Simpsons. I give him a peanut butter cup out of courtesy. I stay stone cold sober and crack open a cool soda.

Next day I'm going to fly to, say, Fresno. Being punk rock, I don't shower and keep the

same clothes on for a week. This also assures that no one will sit next to me if they don't have to. I go through air port security. Lassie's double - Bruce - is on his haunches at the bottleneck of travelers shuffling through the weapons check. As I pass, the dog wags his tail. Next thing I know, I'm talking to officer friendly. Bad news. Not only is there cocaine on some of the bills in my wallet, Bruce the crime fighting canine also tests me positive for marijuana - all with a wag from his cutesy-wootsey tail. The canine's not sinister, but the law pedigree they are used for sure is.

Enter Ethel Hylton, a diabetic 46-year-old, traveling from Houston, carrying her life sav-

ings, saved (there's that nasty, coercive, anti-bank word again) during 20 years of house cleaning and cash from a recent insurance settlement. She had planned to buy a house. A DEA agent told her she was under arrest because a drug dog scratched at her luggage. Lassie the Drug-Sniffing Canine wasn't with them and the officers refused to produce her. They needed an excuse to stop Ms. Hylton. Not a good or verifiable excuse, just a pretext. The agents searched her, her bags, and rubber gloved her body cavities in a full strip search. Nothing illegal was found. The police seized all but \$10 of the \$39,110 of her cash and told her to skedaddle. A thorough investigation of Ms. Hylton's financial statements backed up her claims 100% of where the money came from. The case is still hung up in federal courts.

Enter the former center for the New York Giants football team Kevin Belcher on his way to El Paso to look into purchasing, as the Dead Milkmen would put it, "bitchin' Camaros" ('68s and '69s). A "security screener" (read ticket check-in person) spotted a big, black man carrying a large amount of money in his jacket pocket and contacted the Dallas police who detained him and asked what he was doing with \$18,265 on his bad self. He told them that the money was made legitimately. He owned four quick oil stores in Michigan. Cash was what the car auctioneers demanded. A drug-sniffing Rin Tin Tin was called. It wagged its tail. The money was seized. Belcher was let go. His cash wasn't. The agent was "going to detain the moneys to determine the origin of them." (It's the friggin' Treasury, you rube.) The agent, apparently, is still investigating the case since Belcher never saw his money again.

Laundry your money with something with real good stain and smell lifters, that's about all I can say. A report published in *The Pittsburgh Press* asserts that drugs contaminate nearly all the money in America. Over a seven-year period, Dr. Jay Pouppou and his colleagues at Toxicology Consultants, Inc. have repeatedly tested currency in Austin, Dallas, LA, Memphis, Milwaukee, NY, Pittsburgh, Seattle, Syracuse, and American bills in London. "An average of 96 percent of all the bills we analyzed from the 11 cities tested positive for cocaine." Scientists at National Medical Services in Willow Grove, PA, who test-

ed money from legal sources more than a dozen times, consistently found cocaine on more than 80 percent of the bills. "Cocaine is very adhesive and transferable," says Vincent Cordova, director of criminalistics for the private lab. "A police officer, pharmacist, toxicologist or anyone else who handles cocaine, including drug traffickers can shake hands with someone, who eventually touches money, and the contamination process begins." Cordova and other scientists use gas chromatography (n: the separation of mixtures into their constituents by preferential adsorption by a solid. (read: a process that involves a solid like silica or filter paper that can separate a "foreign substance" from what you know is there - like taking an oil filter from a car and looking at the dirt and engine parts in it, only microscopically)) or spectroscopy (n: the determination of the constitution or condition of bodies and substances by the means of the spectra they produce. (read: loosely, like how you can tell what objects are in your headlights while driving at night - soft, fuzzy, brown, antler, jumping, splat = dead deer), only mathematical and much more precise)), precise alcohol washes, and a dozen other sophisticated techniques to identify the presence of narcotics down to the nanogram level - one billionth of a gram. (.000000000001 of a gram. For reference, a single Reese's Peanut Butter Cup is 22.5 grams.) That measure is far less than a pin point. It is the same level a dog can detect with a sniff. What a drug dog cannot do, no matter how many crime fight'n merit badges ole' Sniffer has, is quantify the amount of drugs on the bills. Half of the money Cordova examined had levels of cocaine at or above 9 nanograms. This level means the bills were either near a source of cocaine or were handled by someone who touched the drug. Another 30 percent of the bills he examined show levels below 9 nanograms, which indicates "the bills were probably in a cash drawer, wallet, or some place where they came in contact with money previously contaminated." The lab's research found \$20 bills are most highly contaminated, with \$10 bills and \$5 bills next. \$1, \$50, and \$100 bills usually have the lowest cocaine levels. Cordova urges restraint in linking possession of contaminated money to a criminal act. "Police and prosecutors have got to use caution in how far they go. The presence of cocaine on bills cannot be used as valid proof that the holder of the money, or the bills themselves, have ever been in direct contact with drugs," says Cordova, who spent 11 years directing the Philadelphia Police crime laboratory.

As for pot, weed, mary jane, the kind, ganja, the chronic, skunk, the kill, grass, the reefer, bud, the wacky lettuce, whatever slang you're comfortable with for marijuana - trainers have testified that their drug dogs can react to clothing, containers, or cars months after marijuana has been removed. A 1989 case in Virginia addressed the issue of how reliable dogs are in marijuana searches. Jack Adams, a special agent in charge of training drug dogs for the entire Virginia State Police, said the odor from a single suitcase filled with marijuana and placed with 100 other bags in a closed Amtrak baggage car in Miami could permeate all the other bags in the car by the time it reached Richmond. To make you feel even less secure, more and more drug dogs are being put to work and recent FBI crime statistics report that in one year there were almost 1.5 million drug arrests, of which 500,000 were arrests for marijuana possession. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, pally.

As an endnote to this section, if the police were really concerned about winning the war on drugs and getting them off of the street, the least they could do is wash the contaminated money to strip it of any reputed drug residue before it gets recirculated to the general citizenry. Out of twenty-one seizing agencies, all of them reported that the millions and millions of tainted dough was deposited in local banks in the condition in which it was seized, ready to be recirculated for my next Reese's Peanut Butter purchase - with the taint that McGruff had detected in the first place. How nice.

-Retodd

A few years ago, **Sluts For Hire** opened for **The Mad Daddys** at Spaceland and Lux and Ivy of **The Cramps** showed up, which isn't too surprising since Lux and Ivy produced the first Mad Daddys record way back when. Anyway, Miss Koko wanted me to take a group photo of Sluts with Lux and Ivy and they were good enough to cooperate and everyone was really excited. Unfortunately, (and also not too surprising) I was a little drunk and to make a long story short, what we ended up with was a very nice picture of four brightly appareled blurs and two fuzzy

to sign autographs. And who do you suppose was making the scene after the set but good ol' Lux and Ivy. So Miss Koko grabs me and drags me over to where they are and being the nice folks that they are, they agree to pose again with Miss Koko and the result should be printed somewhere on this page. So it was a happy ending for everyone, Miss Koko got her photo with Lux and Ivy and The Cramps got a new bass player named Doran Shelly who is a descendant (or so he claims) of Frankenstein author Mary Shelly. The Cramps, as always, played LA in late October

band name on the marquee and immediately started saying "Dude!" to all the scalpers hanging out in front of the theater. As a matter of fact, I almost didn't make it to the Bottom Of The Hill in time to catch The Eyeliners 'cause I wasted so much time wandering around outside the Warfield saying "Dude!" to all the scalpers. (Not that I like Foreigner, mind you, I just like saying "Dude!") So, The Eyeliners played all their great songs like "Rock 'n Roll Baby," "Do The Zombie" and "Broke My Heart" and they went over quite well with the SF crowd. Bassist

Europeans aren't going to get the full Groovie Ghoulies effect but I suppose it's better than nothing. But if all goes well The Eyeliners will heading over to Europe in the spring and the folks over seas will be getting the full Eyeliners effect. (Especially if Lisa wears a dress.)

I read this review in the *LA Times* of **Garbage's** show at the Hollywood Palladium on September 25th that starts out with an incident where the band's singer Shirley Manson bitches out the crowd 'cause somebody lobbed something at the stage. I guess the point about that is that Shirley Manson is this empowered female performer and nobody better get in her way or give her any shit. And all that may be true 'cause for all I know maybe she does kick ass, but I would like to point out that I was in the photo pit right in front of the stage when this happened and I saw the objects in question that so enraged Shirley. They were little tiny striped peppermint candies that come shrink wrapped in clear plastic. And they weren't thrown at anybody, they were just sort of tossed onto the

BOBISMS



Clockwise starting top right: (l-r) ?, Nam, Falling James, Sparkle; The 440s; Lisa and Laura of the Eyeliners; Ivy, Miss Koko of Sluts for Hire and Lux Interior. All by Bob

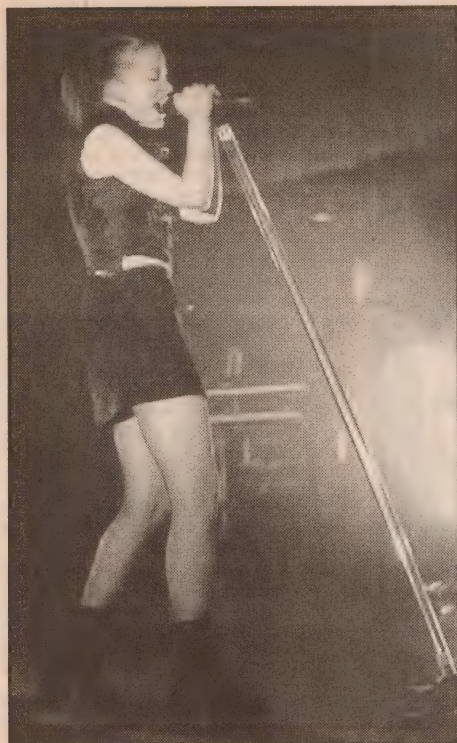
ghouls. Needless to say, I didn't hear the end of that one from Miss Koko for a long time. Well, I finally got the chance to redeem myself when ? & The Mysterians played last summer at the aforementioned Spaceland. For those of you too young to know, ? & The Mysterians were/are a Chicano band originally from Texas (and later Michigan) who recorded the timeless sixties garage classic "96 Tears." ? & The Mysterians did that song and every other song they knew that night and when they were done they stuck around

and San Francisco on Halloween.

And speaking of San Francisco, that's where I went to beat the heat over Memorial Day Weekend this past September. (I'm typing these words in late October and the weather is just now cooling down to a bearable temperature.) The happening show that weekend in SF was at the Bottom Of The Hill where The Eyeliners and The Groovie Ghoulies played. The other happening show that night was at the Warfield Theater where (Dude!) Foreigner were playing. I noticed the

Lisa even departed from traditional Eyeliner stage attire by wearing a dress! (And if that isn't worth traveling six hundred miles to see then I don't know what is.) Also, it was nice to see the club packed for The Groovie Ghoulies set and I think after all this time together they deserve to be hugely popular. Something else they deserve is a steady line up 'cause I understand that they've gone to Europe drummerless and Kepi is pounding a kick drum pedal and playing bass at the same time for this tour. I think it's too bad that the

stage by adoring fans. Hardly worth raising your voice about, I think. Yeah, I know that if you get hit in the eye or something it could hurt pretty bad but we're talking about little candies being lightly tossed. I mean, The Beatles used to get jelly beans thrown at them so you would think that it's all part of being a rock star, right? I get the feeling that Manson knows that if she throws a tantrum on stage she'll get that kind of press and that kind of thing just puts me off. Also, I think that the Scots accent has got to be one of the



I was in the photo pit right in front of the stage when this happened and I saw the objects in question that so enraged Shirley. They were little tiny striped peppermint candies that come shrink wrapped in clear plastic. And they weren't thrown at anybody, they were just sort of tossed onto the stage by adoring fans. Hardly worth raising your voice about, I think. Yeah, I know that if you get hit in the eye or something it could hurt pretty bad but we're talking about little candies being lightly tossed.

◀Shirley Garbage
Bebe Buell▶

most annoying ones on the planet now. And Shirley Manson's got a heavy one, she sounds like a female version of grounds keeper Willie from The Simpsons cartoons. (If they ever do an episode where Willie falls in love, maybe they could hire her.) I think it's funny that she doesn't sing in that accent. Like in that "#1 Crush" song she sings "I would die for you..." not "I would dee for ye..." Actually, I think it would be way more cool if she did sing like that but what the hell do I know?

If you read Leggs McNeil's book about the origins of punk called *Please Kill Me* then you might be familiar with the name **Bebe Buell**. She was married to Todd Rundgren in the seventies and in the book she's one of the chicks who falls in love with a different musician on every other page and these days she's famous for being Liv Tyler's mom. She also put out some records and I believe the most recent one was a seven inch on Jeff Dahl's Utra Under label about four or five years ago. More recently she got on stage with **The White Trash Debutantes** and sang a cover of The Undertones "Teenage Kicks" at Ginger Coyote's birthday gig at Club Sucker. It's been grumbled by other people from New York's CBGB days that Bebe was never really a part of that scene and I kinda wanted to ask her about that but then I thought, who cares? The truth is, I just wanna bless her womb for giving birth to Liv!

I've got to thank Nurse Nam for turning me on to **The 440s** from Philadelphia who played a couple of shows here in LA at Al's Bar and at Bar Deluxe. The 440s have a seven inch available on Hell Yeah! and are a punk rock'n'roll band in a Leaving Trains sort of vein (The 440s even do a cover of The Trains "Gas, Grass or Ass" in their live set). Aside from the three song Hell Yeah! single there's also a CD available by a band called **Dr. Bob's Nightmare** that features The 440s' singer/

guitarist Wendy Lee Gadzuk (a.k.a. Sparkle Plenty) and drummer Dave Chamillard (a.k.a. Dave Panic). Dr. Bob's Nightmare is essentially the same band as The 440s and I don't think the band will mind being "outed" since they're selling that CD on their tour. That CD called "Stinkin' Thinkin'" has twenty songs on it and it's available on the band's own label King Alcohol Records which you can contact at PO Box 8203, Philadelphia, PA 19101-8203 if any of this sounds like it's up your alley.

See Y'all next year.

-Bob Cantu



NOV. 3 1998, ELECTION DAY

At the last minute I decided that I actually wanted to vote. There were a couple of propositions I was interested in voicing my opinion on - as well as the fact a few friends were telling me, how can I bitch about the problems and politics if I don't vote. They have a point there. So I haven't voted in a while, but figured I was still registered, all I had to do was change my address. It being too late to mail it in, I call up voter registra-

be alive and staggering around. After all the bullshit that happened that day, a claim was turned into the insurance company that was covering the vehicle that hit me. To make a long story short, the bullshit continued when the insurance company totally low balled me on my truck and gave me no time to dispute it, they also refused to pay my medical bills. I bought another truck. So I'm down quite a bit of money. Roughly a month and a half later, the truck I was forced to buy

TREADING THROUGH THRASHEADS' THOUGHTS

tion, and explain my problem. They told me where to go and vote (which was walking distance away from my place of residence), bring two forms of I.D., and tell them some information they gave me, and I could vote. So I go to the particular voting place they told me to go to, I present my I.D.s, and tell them what voter registra-

tion told me. They checked out their books, found my address with my roommate's name, but they couldn't find mine. After a little debating, they turned me away, and said I couldn't vote. I COULDN'T F U C K I N G BELIEVE IT! I think this country is pretty fucked in a lot of ways the way it is, this obviously made that even more apparent. I wonder how many other people this has happened to. The next time somebody wants give a load of bullshit like American freedom, I'll shove this down their throat. Boy, I really feel fucking free.

So I go pissed off, to wait for the bus to take me to school. I talked to this guy who was also waiting for the bus. I told him what happened. He told me that he was waiting for the day when the common working people take to the streets and take it all back violently, total anarchy. This guy is not a punk rocker, he is an average working guy who, like many of us, is getting shafted by this bullshit system. Of course I agree with him whole heartedly. As far as me taking the bus, normally I drive, but check this shit out. Back on August 14, I was coming back from Pasadena, and registering for school. I was heading into Hollywood to go to work. I was sitting at a red light, when this stupid motherfucker rear-ended me going roughly 30-35 mph. He didn't even brake; my car stopped his fucking ass. Needless to say my truck got decimated, and I was lucky to

because of financial constraints, and the fact the insurance company jacked me, blew its engine. It also had an array of other things wrong with it too, that I couldn't get fixed right away. So I'm taking the bus and I'm fucking pissed. By the time you read this, hopefully my truck will be fixed. I'll say this though, and this is the actual

point I want to make: if you want to meet the real working class, take the bus. They are on there, going to and from work. You can see and feel the disgust with what's going on today politically, financially, and socially. You'll see everybody from the well dressed businessman types to your down and out street bums, and everybody else in-between. They all have one thing in common, survival. Also the fact that they are all fed up. Even though I don't like taking the bus, I don't feel so alone now in my disgust and loathing of World Inc. These are the casualties of the corporate

scheme of things, and I feel our time is coming, at least I hope. One day the real human beings will run this place and not the fucking bloodthirsty, fucking powerhungry corporate robot clones that are currently sending this planet to oblivion mighty fucking fast. As far as music goes, it has been a pretty killer time in the old town. Dissassociate, Los Crudos, Hellnation, MK Ultra, Capitalist Casualties, Fleas And Lice, Seein Red, Drop Dead, Toxic Narcotic, Melt Banana, and few other out of towners made this summer and fall a great one for those of us in LA. A lot of the local bands kicked some ass as well. Keep those old early '80s hardcore reissues coming, and read Probe and Grimoire Of Exalted Deeds fanzines, they both rock.

Until next time, later!

-Thrashead



A FEW THOUGHTS ON FREEDOM:

(I'm going to be doing a little yelling here, so every time you see something in CAPS that means I'm blasting bad breath and specks of spittle onto your face from about two inches distance, OK?) Yeah, you take freedom for fucking granted don't you? And because you do, most of you pay zero attention to keeping it. You think it's always going to be there, like air and dirt and 7-11 convenience stores. I have bad news for you. It's under nearly continuous assault and most of you lame fucks aren't paying that fact any mind.

Every time legislatures pass any laws about

condition that they are unable to safely control it. Examples of this shall include but not be limited to being under the influence of drugs, sleepiness, quarreling with passengers, emotional turmoil or the operation of other equipment such as cell phones or stereos. Unsafe shall be determined by observed effects on operation of vehicle, such as swerving; not by mere suspicion by officers."

The mandatory insurance laws are even more ridiculous. Drive without insurance and you get in trouble, eventually they take your license, and then they steal your car! But whom did you harm? No one. Whom did you even

neighbors. Same diff. Try to keep in mind that I'm a country boy who comes from a background where a gun is just another tool, like a shovel or chainsaw.) ...back to firearms. Just because some antisocial fuckhead shoots up a McDonalds, that doesn't mean I'm going to shoot up a McDonalds. What have I done (plaintively) to deserve having my 30 round box magazines taken away from me? Nuthin'! Where's my M-16 that I should be able to legally own? Where's my blooper (40 mm grenade launcher/shotgun)? And I have to tell you, that sure does cramp my jackrabbit shooting! Ha ha. Every last one of you weenies who winced

to resist. American history is peppered with examples of people resisting power (of both government police and industry goons, read the history of unions and railroads), usually getting themselves killed in the process, but creating such a commotion in doing so that the power is crippled or curtailed because of publicity. A good example of this is Ruby Ridge. Sure, the FBI won, and in doing so they lost because they murdered several innocent people, including a woman who was just standing there holding her infant. Conservative political groups have crucified the FBI for it ever since at every opportunity in the press, on legislative floors and in courtrooms. The other main reason for owning a gun is to defend yourself against the violent criminal. This morning I heard that two banditos tried a home invasion robbery in Anaheim. The husband killed one of them and wounded the other one. His family wasn't harmed. In a very broad sense freedom means being unrestricted in your actions by others. Responsible freedom means doing as you please so long as you don't harm others, except in self defense. And that's the sort of freedom we are supposed to have, and are slowly losing. Certain groups want to take our guns, and when those are gone, freedom of the press will be next on the hit list. It will be done by-the-numbers by "concerned citizens" in favor of "responsible journalism" in order to "rectify abuses" and promote "appropriate applications of journalism" or some such bullshit doublespeak for taking control of the news media and muzzling it.

One of the scams that's been pulled on you by some of these Bad People for generations is the "civil rights" one. "Scuse me all to fucking hell, but what the fuck are civil rights? Are they the opposite of incivil rights? If so, I want my rights because I intend to be as incivil as possible! Seriously, civil rights are bullshit. You have rights, basic rights supposedly guaranteeing "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," but no civil rights are named in the Constitution

protecting you, they take away some of your freedom of action. And make you pay them for the privilege! The primary trick is protection. And you thought the mafia was the only ones in the protection racket? They come up with some "problem" that they claim has to be solved. But the solution usually involves two things: funding of programs, and restriction of your freedom of action. The funding part takes your liberty by taking your money. The less money you have, the less you are able to do as you please. (Try being broke and driving to the beach in a car you don't have.) So taking your money is indirectly taking your freedom. The direct part of the attack on freedom is that laws are passed to curtail the activities of a few people, but the laws apply to everyone. A classic example is the drunk driving laws. A few drivers are irresponsible, and drive dead drunk. In response to this no one is allowed to have an opened bottle of anything alcoholic in their car here in California. Let's look at that reasonably, OK? Let's say you and I are in a car together. I'm driving. You're sitting next to me drinking a beer. What does it matter if you're drinking? You're not driving the car, I am! How then is that a threat to anyone? It's not and every sane person knows it. But according to the thinking of the twats who wrote the law, it might be too much of a temptation for me and I might want a sip, too? But that's not their real reason is it? It was probably written that way so that they can be sure to make a bust on "drinking while driving," so that a drinking driver can't get away with just handing his beer to the person next to him, or tossing it into the back seat. Gotta make that bust, huh? Can't have frustrated police officers, they might go berserk or suffer nervous breakdowns. But while we're at it, let's tackle that "drinking while driving" bit. If you drive down the street with a beer in your hand, that doesn't mean you're so drunk you can't safely operate your car. In fact, you may be no less dangerous than a person who drives down the street with a cup of coffee in one hand - probably less dangerous because it's a damn sight easier to quickly cram your beer bottle between your legs so's to use both hands on the wheel than it is to quickly get rid of a cup of hot coffee! Try the same thing and you scald your balls. And forget that jackass toolin' down the road yakking into a cell phone, that motherfucker isn't paying one whit of attention to anything so mundane as the road! He's far more dangerous than a guy with a beer. So let's you and I kick the bullshit to one side and get fucking real here: the only danger a drinking driver poses to others is if he's too drunk to safely drive the car. All other considerations are cheapshot excuses to throw people in jail for no goddam good reason. So what should the law read? It should read something like this: "No person shall operate a motorized vehicle while they are in such

remotely threaten to harm? No one! What? What? So you might not be financially responsible in case of an accident? This is a valid excuse to take you down? To quote Mike Muir: "I'm not crazy, YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S CRAZY!"

It very much bothers me that laws are passed to stop a few people from being irresponsible or dangerous, yet the laws are restricting the actions of everyone, not just the few. Let's take firearms for example... (Most of you reading this are probably urbanites, what we call "city folks," and are almost automatically allergic to guns because your only perceived use for them is to drive down the street shooting your neighbors. Or if you're not allergic then you are probably in favor of shooting your

at the last few sentences please go away. You are bleeding-heart wannabe slaves of the State, who wish that everyone would be "nice"; and who think that all of the world's violence will go away if only all the guns were melted down into syringes to be given away free to addicts. Problem is, the world doesn't work that way. The real world is like this: aggressive people work themselves into positions of control and responsibility, they gather power enforced by guys with guns, and the only way to make them even so much as slightly cautious about how they use their power is to have power yourself that they fear. Power for ordinary people consists in owning telephones, computers and camcorders with which to communicate to the media; and in last resort, in owning the means

Tongue's Rick and Liz at their record release party. ©- ShitEd



anywhere. And don't pull an E.D. Bored (my dear friend who believes too much of what he's been told) on me and say that they must exist because the Supreme Court says they do. Read them to me out of that document or shut up. Can't huh? They aren't there. So where are they? A bunch of slick-ass lawyers thought them up. No civil rights, nyah! But don't panic, all the underpinnings of your rights haven't been removed by that fact. In fact, let's just restore your rights to their proper and actual form, shall we?

Civil rights are an arbitrary construction invented by lawyers with too much time on their hands and not enough honest work to keep them occupied. At some point some jackass said that rights could be divided into two types: civil and property. Civil rights would pertain to your behavior and freedom of action, while property rights would apply only to your chattels (moveable property) and real estate. Clever. Just one problem with it all: there's only one sort of rights and those are property rights!

You own things. Many things. You own your stereo (if you're a Flipside reader and don't have even so much as a ghetto blaster then I am quite at a loss as to what the hell to do with you. What, don't you like music? This is a music magazine! Go buy a stereo!). You own a car, maybe. Perhaps you're lucky/hardworking and own your home (Not nearly enough people own their homes). You own your clothes. You own the money in your wallet (Uh, you didn't steal it, right?) Those are all things that are commonly thought of a property. Part of your property rights is the right to do what you want with your property, again, so long as you do not harm others with that property. As above, you have the right to own a gun, but you do not possess the right to shoot up McDonalds with it. MickeyD's belongs to someone else, not you. So don't put holes in it.

But there are other properties that aren't usually thought of that way by most people. What about your labor? If you do work for someone with whom you have an employment relationship, then your labor is a property with a value that exists, and for which you will justly expect monetary compensation. Also there is "intellectual property." Bands: who owns your music? Unless you're stupid and have signed away the rights to your compositions to some label or publishing weenies, then you do. And if someone wants to use your property (your song) then they are supposed to pay you for it. Same with stories, books, inventions, etc.

And now we come to the most crucial piece of property, and the one which is thought of as property least: yourself. Yeah, punk... who owns you? If you are currently in prison somewhere, then the government owns your ass for the duration of your vile durance. If you have voluntarily joined the army, navy, marines, air force, or coast guard then the government owns you for a specified period of time, sort of an indentured servant like we had when this country was starting out. And if you don't believe me when I say that the government owns you when you are in the service, then try injuring your body deliberately. You will be charged with some form of destroying government property. What the fuck do you think "G.I." stands for? It means "government issue!"

You own your body (Not you, Shane, State of California owns yours). You have the right to do what you like with it, so long as you do no harm to others. "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," remember? You should be free to do anything that pleases you so long as you aren't harming anyone. That includes driving down the freeway naked at 100 mph with a cold beer between your sweaty thighs... if you haven't had twenty beers in the past two hours, if you haven't got thick traffic in front of you to run into at that speed. Shane shouldn't even be in jail, because the illegality of smack makes it so expensive he tried to rob a bank to stay supplied. Not a bright decision on his part, but it was his body, his property, and no one's business if he wanted to inject opiates into it.

Fuck civil rights. The only real rights are



Mau-Maus '81: ↑ to → Gerard, Rick, Mike and Scott. ☒- Ed Colver

property rights. Speaking of property, did you yet read Todd's piece on government confiscation of private property in drug cases (Flip #115 - #117)? Fuck the government. Remember Niccolo Machiavelli (yes, that Machiavelli) on the subject of governments: they do not produce, therefore they must steal. Have at 'em Todd, let's whipsaw the bastards!

WHAT IS METAL?

Recently a local band named **Dead Lazlo's Place** encountered difficulty in getting their '98-'99 winter tour booked by New Red Booking (New Red Archives) because some clubs complained that their CD was "too metal." It looks like I'm going to have to explain yet again what it's about, because too many people think it's only about style. Trust me, if punk rock were only about style then there would be no need for magazines like *Maximumrockroll* and *Flipside*; and punk bands would easily segue into the mainstream along with metal and pop. As things stand, punk bands do not easily cross over into the mainstream. Sure a few have (Green Day, Bad Religion, Social D, Rancid, Offspring, etc.) and always will, but it's not a natural transition. There is a philosophical antagonism between punks and the mainstream culture, that goes beyond politics, and way beyond style. It's not the look, it's the attitude and intention. Punk rock has a fucked up attitude, that declares any number of fucked up things. The most common attitudes are: we're fucked up, the world is fucked up, or you're fucked up so fuck you.

Metal on the other hand has Ted Nugent attitude: ain't I hot, come backstage and fuck me. Not the same sort of attitude, huh? Metal likes to show off. Therefore maybe the Supersuckers are metal, with all that wanking? Maybe not pure metal, but they do exhibit metal attitude. As for the misunderstood **Dead Lazlo's Place**, what they are doing is something which many hardcore punk bands did back in the '80s: they are incorporating some lead guitar breaks and repetitive riffs into their punk songs. Does that give them a metal flavor and a slightly metallic style? Of course it does! Does that mean they're a metal band? Of course not! Why not? Intention and attitude! They are enhancing not themselves but the song, with the intention of giving it greater impact with the riffing and the lead guitar. What they are not doing is showing off, like: "look at me, I sure can play bitchen leads!" They throw

the leads in because they want to strengthen the song. And the attitude they exhibit in the lyrics is both '77 and '81 attitude: the world is fucked, I am fucked, and you are fucked too, so fuck you! I know these guys and they are a punk band: aggro, nihilistic and rebellious against going with the program, even to the point of getting themselves dropped by a fairly big punk label (prior to their signing by NRA) because they refused to play the game. For instance, two of them have long hair. And refuse to get haircuts.

But some intellectually challenged morons think that if you have short hair then you must be punk, right? Taken a look at Garth Brooks? Get that silly hat off his head and he would make a good poster boy for the Marine Corps. And if long hair equals non-punk then what the fuck are the Ramones? Don't force me to make any more fun of idiots who think appearances equal punk, it's too easy. Those clubs owe New Red and DLP an apology. What's wrong with you guys, you think original UK Sub Nicky Garratt doesn't know what's punk? Nicky signed them 'cause they're great, and fuck appearances.

Last but not least, I want to expand on my column bitching about the return of metal pretending to be hardcore, in the context of what you just read above. Metal is showing off, right? So if a band shows off - for instance doing double lead wanking in a song - then their intention is to be pretty and attractive, not fucked up or fuck youed (sic). It doesn't matter even if the lyrics are politically harsh if the music intends to wank. One may get away with adding a little metal style to punk rock and it will remain punk rock. What you can't do is take metal approach and add punk or "hardcore" to it, because it will remain metal. Early Slayer albums had many thrash songs, but it was still primarily metal. And that has nothing to do with Slayer's poofy fuckin' hair! So what is the most important thing musically (rather than lyrically) that distinguishes punk from metal? There are a lot of style characteristics, but style is often deceptive. But some items of style have arisen from attitude and intention, and to me the most important is the rhythm section of bass and drums. Listen to what the rhythm section is doing and you can usually tell instantly whether it's a weakass support for wanking, or a blistering, pounding statement of its own saying "fuck everything!" This is perhaps a fine set of dis-

tinctions I'm drawing here, but it's clear to me because I've been listening to punk rock for so damned long. Absolutely clear: bands like **Dead Lazlo's Place** and **FiFi** are punk, while bands like **Integrity** are metal. This whole business is going to get even more muddled with the new **Bad Samaritans** album that's just out. They're a joke-punk band, but they make fun of metal by playing a lot of it in a totally fucked up way. Can you say "parody" Virginia? Boy oh boy are the **Bad Sams** ever going to take a lot of shit for being "metal" from people who don't "get" what they're about. I'll give you two hints. Think **Mentors**. Think **Nig Heist**. The album (on **Burning Tree**) is weird: like **Slayer** one second and the **Neos** the next!

SEEN STUFF

With the breakup of his punk-bluegrass experiment **The Homebilies**, and his nearly simultaneous dropping out of the **Mau-Maus** (yet again!), **Mike Livingstone** has revived his punk band the **Family Jewels**, renamed **The Livingstons**, with a new rhythm section consisting of an ex-Dickies on bass and the ex-US Bombs drummer. It's too bad about **The Homebilies** because they had an amazing live sound, but half the band wanted to go full commercial country (shove over **Twavis Twit** and **Barf Brooks**), while the other half were still punks despite their age. This range of attitudes/approaches inside the band is what gave it its unique hybrid flavor, but inevitably led to the band's demise through disagreement. As for the **Mau-Maus**, well, let me just say that singer **Rick Wilder** apparently hasn't changed much over the years. **Mike** first joined his band as a teenager about 18 years ago, and has rejoined in several attempted revivals of the group. To no avail, as the full backlog of **Mau-Maus** (and **Berlin Brats**) material is still yet to be recorded. And what was recorded back in the day is so far I know long out of print. How many of today's teen and 20s punks can sing along with "Sex Girls in Uniform"? Not many. The only reason I remember the words is because I've got it dubbed on an old cassette. The **Livingstons** played their first gig out at **Toe's Tavern** in **Redondo** with the legendary **Blood On The Saddle**. See the live reviews in this issue for details of the show.

("Ed is pill!" - Norb R)

-ShitEd

Tujungatrashland, PO Box 4312, Sunland, CA 91041-4312

Mike Reno of Loverboy. The name sends chills up most punkers' backs. So please don't tell your mohawked pals that in like 1980, DOA, the band that coined the term "hardcore," were recording a little ditty called "DOA" with producer Bob Rock, in Little Mountain Studios in Vancouver, BC, Canada. Why? Because in the very same studio, across the hall, Loverboy were also recording with Bob Rock, you guessed it, a song called "DOA"! And if that wasn't an excuse for me to

pretty good. I like that!

Nardwuar: Would you ever sell-out, Mike Reno of Loverboy, and go punk?

Mike: Punk? We started out as punk! "The Kid Is Hot Tonight" and "Little Girl" and all the songs off the first album - we kind of had definitely a flavor of punk in the beginning.

Nardwuar: Because there was a rumor at least that maybe your new album was going to be called "Heck No to Techno."

Mike: I don't know where the rumors come from but I love hearing them! You should hear

records charted because CBS doesn't think that we need you to do that." They were trying to get the independent record promoters out of the business. And, in doing so, they said, "CBS is not going to pay to have the records promoted anymore through you guys unless we contract you to it." And, in turn, the independent record people got together and said, "Well, we're going to pick a band out of the hat and show you how easily we can sink them, just as an example of why you need independent record promoters." So they picked a name out of the hat and it happened

Mike: [laughs] Where do you get all this stuff? This is great! I'm going to phone you more often!

Nardwuar: Well, do you remember that at all, Mike Reno? Do you remember at all playing with Heart? What was your drummer Matt like then? Would have he yelled at Courtney Love, "Hey, get your nose fixed!"?

Mike: I'll tell you something. Loverboy is still all the original members - all original members - which you can't say about a lot of bands nowadays. I've known Matt for twenty-one years, and I can't imagine him saying

DOOT DOOLA DOOT DOO



call Mike Reno of Loverboy, the band who's management company once had a rule that they could only wear red, yellow, and black clothes on stage, I don't know what would be!

Nardwuar vs. Mike Reno of Loverboy!

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Mike: Who am I? I'm Mike Reno, the lead singer of Loverboy.

Nardwuar: Now, Mike, have you seen the book *Mondo Canuck* by Geoff Pevere and Greig Dymond, where they talk about Loverboy? And it says, and I quote, "Acts like Loverboy, a 'hoser cockrock outfit' that actually released an album with the phallicentric title 'Keep It Up' carefully followed the American, arena-rock rulebook of the day." "A hoser cock rock outfit," these guys are calling you, Mike Reno!

Mike: I love it!

Nardwuar: I think that's a compliment! Don't you?

Mike: I think it is, too. We are definitely Canadian. Mind you, we're in the States most of the year touring, but "cock rock"! That's

the stuff I hear during a week of concert touring and interviews. "Heck No to Techno"! That sounds great! I'm going to write that down!

Nardwuar: Do you remember Chris Farley stripping to "Working for the Weekend" on that "Saturday Night Live" sketch?

Mike: Absolutely! That's one of the best things I've ever seen. It's so funny and it's... perfect, you know, they were both Chippendales and, of course, Patrick Swayze was buff and totally trim and Chris Farley and overweight and heavy and he actually ended up, I think, winning the Chippendales contest, and he danced to "Working for the Weekend" which I thought was awesome.

Nardwuar: Mike Reno, you are mentioned in that book, *Hitmen*. Are you aware of that? There is that book about corruption in the music industry, payola, etc, and it said that CBS paid money to get Loverboy songs on the radio, or that the paying of money stopped with Loverboy.

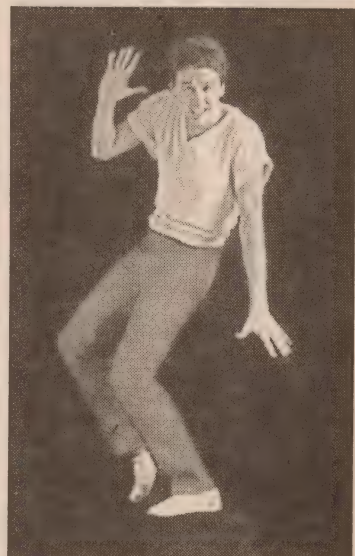
Mike: That's right. What happened was, in the early 1980s, the independent record promoters were kind of like a union, and CBS was putting their foot down and saying, "We're not going to pay you guys to get these

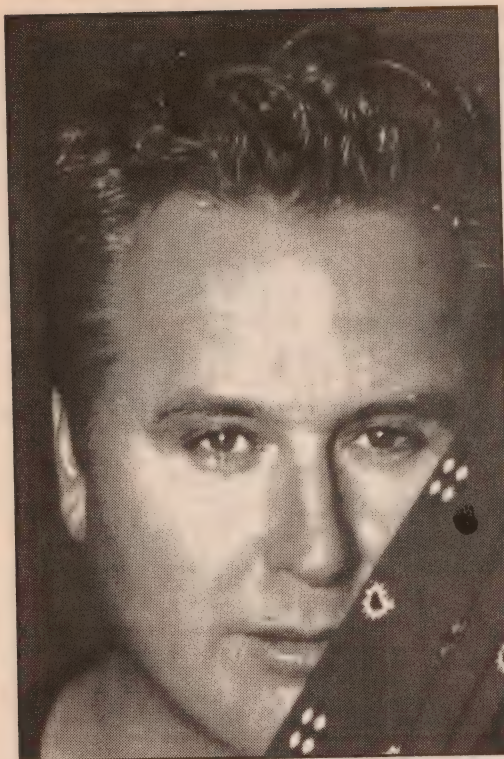
to be Loverboy, which was right when "Turn Me Loose" was breaking, and even though "Turn Me Loose" was probably Loverboy's most popular song, as soon as it broke the Top Forty, the independent promoters went out of their way to make sure that it didn't go any further, and that's why it made that book, *Hitmen*.

Nardwuar: What sort of groupie thing do Loverboy have? What sort of groupie thing do you have on the road now, Mike Reno?

Mike: You got an hour? I'll tell you!

Nardwuar: Because Courtney Love of the rock 'n' roll band Hole has a story about Loverboy - she has said, "They were once playing at the old Paramount in Seattle with Heart, and I went up there from Portland. I was walking by the loading dock with my heavy metal groupie friends, and the drummer (not Mike Reno) yells at me, 'Hey, you'd be a fox if you got your nose fixed.' It made me cry. I thought I was a fox in my spandex jumpsuit - I was fifteen - that's it... fucker.... I bet he's sorry now."





funny. He takes things the wrong way sometimes. He's a sensitive artist and he's a bit of an eccentric, but he's an awfully good songwriter and he's a great guitar player.

Nardwuar: Is it true that your old keyboard player Doug Johnson wouldn't play on your song on the "Top Gun" soundtrack for political reasons?

Mike: I think it was probably sparked mostly because of the fact that he didn't play on the track, and I think his nose was a little bit out of joint and he took the anti-political stance as a way to easily back down from it. But he never quit the band over it; he just didn't want to put his name or picture on the single cover.

Nardwuar: Mike Reno of Loverboy, is it true that when you recorded the power ballad "Almost Paradise" with Ann Wilson from Heart, that you were never actually in the studio together? It was kind of done Sinatra/Bono duets style?

Mike: Totally wrong. I can call you on that one. We met in Chicago. We were both touring. We both had a day off at the same time.

Nardwuar: Now, Mike, truthfully, did you guys have a little bit of an affair? There was that rumor going around that you guys had an affair together?

Mike: Absolutely! We had two children together. Are you kidding? The alimony payments are killing me here!

Nardwuar: Have you got any film offers at all?

Mike: The only thing we did was "Guiding Light" in the early days and it was a nerve-wracking experience because I had never seen a soap opera before and I didn't know how it was supposed to go, but now that I've done videos and talk shows and TV shows like...

Nardwuar: You guys did "Guiding Light"?

Mike: We did the "Guiding Light" and it was one big embarrassment as far as I'm concerned!

Nardwuar: And, Mike Reno of Loverboy, on your new CD, "Six," are you teasing us a bit, Mike? Teasing us with a headband on the inside photo? It looks like it could be a headband over your chin.

Mike: What? I didn't actually put it on. I just held it in front of my face. It's a bit tongue-in-cheek. That's the way we always are. I didn't want to throw it on. I thought it would be too easy.

Nardwuar: Do you have a big headband collection?

Mike: Do I ever!

Nardwuar: Do you have Loverboy treasures, memorabilia stored away? Like, do you still have the hot red pants? What happened to that stuff?

Mike: Uh, I have a lot of that stuff in storage. You just keep it around for fun and look at it every once in a while with the kids and have a good laugh. The red leather pants, however, are on display at the Hard Rock Café in downtown Vancouver in a big case. It's unbelievably stiff.

Nardwuar: All right, Mike Reno of Loverboy, keep on rockin' in the free world. And doot doot doot doo...

Mike: Right on!

Nardwuar: Mike Reno, doot doot doot doo...

Mike: Doot doot!

-Nardwuar

anything like that. However, a lot of times road crew guys pretend to be in the band just because that's the way it is, especially backstage, but Matt's a very gentle man. He's a gentle man and he's a gentleman. If anything like that was ever said, it was probably completely in jest, but I doubt very much that that was ever said, but I love the story! Anything you tell me about Courtney Love - she is a fox, and I'll be the first to say it!

Nardwuar: Mike Reno of Loverboy, do you remember Paul Dean saying something like, "Keyboards are like condoms. We only use them when we need them?"

Mike: I remember that! I thought that was one of the funniest things I had ever heard, because it enraged all the keyboard players around the world.

Nardwuar: Mike Reno, what kinda guy is Paul Dean? Is he kind of a testy guy. After working with him for twenty-odd years, what's it like being working with Paul Dean, Mike Reno?

Mike: He's an eccentric.

Nardwuar: Because I once went trick or treating with my friends to his house in West Vancouver! In fact I actually saw him outside his house and yelled at him, "Were you in Loverboy?" And he yelled back, "What do you mean, 'were'!" He was like really angry.

Mike: Well, I can see that happening. It's funny because athletes probably get the same thing - child actors, athletes, and rock stars as it were. When you get to a certain point, people think you're finished, but really it's the only job we do. Athletes have to retire when they're thirty, thirty-two. The band has never sounded better and they love playing together, and when somebody says something like, "Weren't, weren't, didn't you used to be in Loverboy?" That kind of enrages you because that is all you do, that is all you've ever done, and it's what you do now. So if somebody thinks it over, it's just a little bit of a hit to the ego.

Nardwuar: We were just on, like, Halloween, and we saw Paul and weren't sure if it was him and we just yelled at him, and he just sort of ran away in his Mercedes car. We tried to form a giant human chain at the bottom of the driveway and stop him from getting by and say, "Hey, Paul, we really like your band." But he just drove right off and gave us the finger!

Mike: He's a funny guy. He takes things



Nardwuar: Do you have a big headband collection?
Mike: Do I ever!



NARDWUAR

IF IT SAYS IT IN PRINT,
IT MUST BE TRUE!

OR
THE NATION'S PANTS ARE ON FIRE.

Coincidence can be funny. I was planning on starting this piece tonight anyway, but even if I wasn't, television would have served as my muse. I had just finished the funniest comedy on TV these days - "Bob Larson Ministries," in which televangelist Bob Larson shows us all how America is filled with demons that possess people "Exorcist" style and how if you buy his books and tapes you

actually met Bob in person some years ago. He was in Boston to give a sermon/lecture/plea for money about satanism in America. He talked about how satanic symbols include pentagrams, the word "nema" which is "amen" backwards and something I have never seen ever before or since, the ank, which he proclaimed to be a perversion of the cross, despite predating Christianity by centuries, and the circle-a of anarchy. This means every 12 year old boy with a skateboard probably has Bob's version of satanic matter somewhere. Bob could not possibly

this concept never seemed to enter the minds of most Americans. It doesn't shock me, though. I am familiar with the media. I remember when the my hometown hangout, the famed Anthrax club was under fire when landlords found a way to make money on the property if only they could get rid of the pesky nightclub. (Shades of any good "Scooby Doo" or "A Team" episode...) The local paper had an article about how if the club would close, preventing **Metallica** from playing there anymore, discussing the rows of seating (ever see a \$3 cover all ages club with seating?),

SUCKER PUNCHLINE

can be saved, and he was going on about Halloween and how every minor aspect of society is influenced by the devil, etc., etc. When Bob was done, I flipped the channel to find defrocked *Boston Globe* columnist Mike Barnacle being interviewed. Mike was caught making up stuff and calling it news, and also ripping off others (specifically George Carlin's writing that Barnacle reviewed, but also claims to never had read) and calling it original. Around the same time that this came to light, fellow *Globe* columnist Patricia Smith got caught writing about people who didn't so much exist, causing a big uproar in itself. To make matters even more fun, these two got in trouble around the same time as some guy from Arkansas got in trouble for lying about doing naughty things with a cigar and an intern. So anyway, Barnacle is being asked about "all these columns" he fabricated, and he retorts that the whole scene was actually about one specific column out of over 4,000, and brings up a few discrepancies in the interviewer's facts...

**BASICALLY, NOBODY
SHOULD BELIEVE ANYTHING!**

To get my thoughts on Bob out of the way, I

be working parental fear and misgivings in order to avoid working for a living.

There is a group out there called The Flat Earth Society. They disbelieve certain things like the fact that man has landed on the moon. Think about it - if Hollywood can make images of space travel so realistic for commercial use, is it unrealistic to think that the government could have been able to make similar images a few decades back? Sure, many of us have seen released moon landing footage, but how many of us have actually been up in space ourselves, to verify it firsthand? Scientists have obviously had cloning technology well in advance of us knowing that they did, since they let us know about it once Dolly the sheep was around for a while. (Of course, to use my own logic, how do you prove that a sheep is really the clone of another sheep?)

Anyway, back to the scandals. Presidents are lying (Is anyone actually surprised?), journalists are lying? It's as if the people who present the news are... PEOPLE! Imperfect, potentially greedy, potentially lazy, potentially able to have a bad day, or be deceived human beings like the rest of us. Somehow,

and so many other errors that my letter to the editor created the need for a length limit for future correspondence.

Sure, that was a small town paper, and the author of that article obviously was an idiot, but what about big papers? Well, in addition to the scandals, the *Globe* once had an article on a certain spoken word compilation CD featuring myself and others (\$7ppd from me - sorry about the shameless self promo.) That misquoted one artist, incorrectly described the work of another, and misspelled my name. The thing was - IT WAS A GOOD REVIEW! We are all familiar about how anyone who gets a bad review has issues with accuracy, but this was totally positive, it just got biographical facts wrong. A short time later, the *Globe's* rival, the *Herald* published a nice wedding announcement for me, proclaiming "Mr. and Mrs. MACKLIN" which is not only NOT how the name is spelled, but ignoring the repeated mentioning that my wife kept her last name. In any case, it was especially weird since wedding announcements are the type of thing that you write up yourself and send to the papers. Yet they still got it wrong. Even though my name was



Rev. and Mrs. Richard Macklin

Sibley-Mackin

Dana Sibley, daughter of Pennie and Bill Sibley of Westfield, was recently married to the Rev. Richard J. Macklin, son of Cheryl and Roger Carmen of Norwalk, Conn.

The celebration took place at the Brass Rail in Southwick.

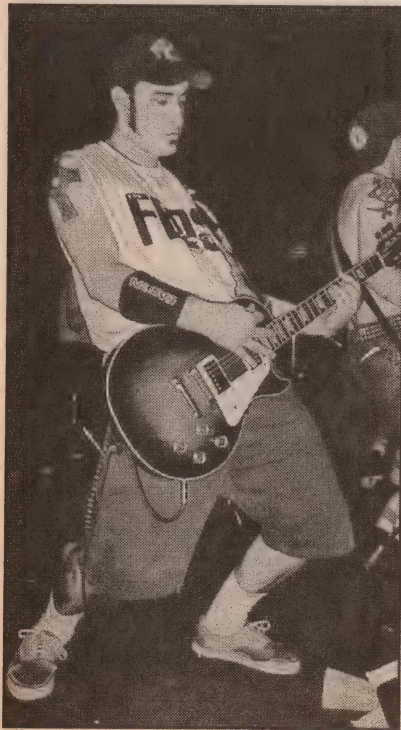
The couple are graduates of the Massachusetts College of Art in Boston and work as artists in the Boston area.

After a cross-country wedding trip, the couple will live in Allston.

spelled correctly one line later. I could assume typo, but I my name was spelled the same way when my photos were returned. You know how when you go to a fast food restaurant or coffee shop, you might repeat your order three times and it still gets screwed up? Why should we expect better results from other sources? I realize that this is in the realm of mistakes, but it is also in the realm of crappy journalism, which makes lies easier and harder to detect.

Believe everything you read. Once I read a pamphlet from a white power christian group that said how non-white races were descendants of the fallen angels. I also read

Bastard Squad: † to ➤ Scott, Rich with Jerry singing, and Rich rocking out.





OK enough ranting, let's talk punk rock. Look at arrow. It's yours truly, obviously in my pre-weightlifting days, rocking out with my band, Bastard Squad, at the Met in providence, Rhode Island. I sang and played guitar and...

a pamphlet from a luciferian white power group about how white people are the descendants of the fallen angels. In any case, always believe anything the Bible says, since it is the direct word of God. By this I mean THE Bible, since there is only one translation, and that is the English one written exactly, without any translation, interpretation, errors, or change for almost 2,000 years.

A few final words on the President thing. As I asked already - is anyone surprised that the President lied? Nobody I have talked to is. Everyone that I know is used to politicians lying, not only in the case of making promises they can't or won't keep in order to get into office, but also lying about what they do once in office. Most people I know agree that it is the dishonest policies that are worse than dishonest personal life - that it may be worse for Clinton to gloss over China's brutal human rights violations in order to trade there than for him to stick a cigar into a consenting adult.

And an aside to that, the other day at work, a conversation came up about whether a married man sticking a cigar into a woman was better, worse, or the same as old fashioned adultery. That conversation normally would be a late night product of drinking, not a discussion of current political events. Maybe that liar Clinton shouldn't be in office, maybe we should have elected good old Bob Dole, the divorced guy who stood for family values. Maybe we should applaud Kenneth Starr, who, when interviewed on "60 Minutes" in 1987 said "Public media should not contain explicit or implied descriptions of sex acts. Our society should be purged of the perverts who provide the media with pornographic material while pretending it has some redeeming social value under the public's 'right to know.'" I agree with him wholeheartedly.

OK enough ranting, let's talk punk rock. Look at picture 1. It's yours truly, obviously in my pre-weightlifting days, rocking out with my band, Bastard Squad, at the Met in providence,

Rhode Island. I sang and played guitar and... Well, OK, I wasn't THE singer. Jerry was THE singer, I just sang backup, and played guitar, but still, I sang and played guitar. See, I didn't LIE, I just gave a false impression, but I didn't LIE. Anyway, it was the last Bastard Squad show ever. Jerry was moving to San Francisco, which kind of put a damper on staying together. Of course, while it was the last Bastard Squad ever, it was the last Bastard Squad ever at the time. It was GOING to be the last Bastard Squad show ever, but Jerry did come back to visit a few times, and so there were a few more Bastard Squad shows. That also wasn't lying to say it was the last show, it was INCORRECT. Like David Bowie and the Rolling Stones, and all those bands who are never going to tour again, and then do years later, I mean, geez, who woulda thought the original Black Sabbath would be playing together? The Eagles didn't call it the "Hell Freezes Over" tour for nothing. So did I mention that I wasn't REALLY in Bastard Squad? I was just playing guitar for that gig. What I HAD been doing is performing with them a lot, opening up with spoken word and such, at the last dozen or so shows. On that day, one of the two official guitar players, the ones that were in the band really, didn't show. It was decided that it would be interesting to have me substitute. So, yeah, I wasn't really a member, but I was in the band for the day, and since I did sing and play guitar. It was the band I sang and played guitar for, and it was mine in the same way that "my" afternoon is busy, or it is "my" apartment. It was the band I was in, so it was "mine" for the day. I still haven't lied. I guess this can be linked to the concept of what a band is when four kids in high school decide to form a band, and may have a name and - most importantly - a logo, but never play anyway, and possibly never even write songs or practice. I know a few bands like that, and have even been in a few. I don't remember how many, since it is hard to tell if you are in something that doesn't have any proof of existence. Anyway, I was in Bastard

Squad, really, as the guitar player for a day...

I also didn't lie when I said I played guitar. Of course, I don't really know HOW to play guitar, and I am sure that if I actually was plugged into an amp, it would have sounded absolutely horrible. I never said that I was making sound with the guitar, just playing it. Maybe more accurately playing *with* it. Maybe I am inaccurate, but I still did not lie. Basically, a more direct story was that Dave the guitar player didn't show up. It was joked that I had been performing with the band for so long that if I started learning the songs the first show, I could play them by now. It was suggested that since the show was the (theoretically) last show, "what the hell, have Rich play!" I brought up my lack of ability to play ANYTHING on a guitar, and it was joked that I just wouldn't be plugged in. By the time we got to the gig, we had talked about it too much to resist. There was, after all, Scott, the

other guitar player to provide actual sounds of a guitar being played. The sound guy was very confused as we explained that I needed no cords or soundcheck, but would need a mic and would be playing onstage.

We were all laughing to ourselves as we took to the stage. Having no need to accurately play anything, I was free to jump around and dance, and overacted the role of rockstar. I was familiar with the band's playlist and the basic workings of how guitar players move, so I did try to mimic actual playing technique. I had no idea of how realistic I was being, nor did I think I was

being realistic. I just thought I was having fun jumping around like an idiot. Until...

Halfway through the set, I was just plain giggly. I went up to the mic, raised my own hand and said, "If this is the dumbest thing you have ever seen, raise your hand!", expecting a sea of hands from a crowd that either thought this was the funniest thing ever or stupid and annoying. Not one hand went up. In fact, people looked confused as to what I was talking about. Afterwards, several people COMPLIMENTED MY SKILL AS A GUITAR PLAYER. (Which I guess means Scott is REALLY good, since people thought that there were two guitars.) The lesson there is that if someone jumps around a lot on stage, they must be talented, since they don't need to concentrate. Even if you can't hear them. People were actually surprised to hear that the whole thing was a joke. The only person that seemed to notice was a member of Brooklyn Steamer who originally coveted my cordless guitar only to realize that even a cordless instrument would need an amp. I pretended to play guitar on stage in front of a live audience of hundreds, and only one guy seemed to figure it out. No wonder Milli Vanilli got so big. So, I guess I have to retract my statement that I was the singer and guitar player of Bastard Squad. But at least I didn't lie about it.

I was going to end this with a summary of the relation of lies and errors and miscommunication. You can figure that out for yourself. Instead, I rewrite at the last minute the ending...

I found out that my old band, Top Dead Center (a real band I was really in with songs that we wrote and rehearsed and played in front of people) was playing Oct 27. I know that I was no longer in the band, and knew that my replacement was no longer in the band. Several phone calls later I knew that all the members were no longer in the band. Nobody had been in the band for years. Yet the band was playing. Some research later informed me that it was indeed my Top Dead Center, and not another band of the same name, that was supposedly playing. I really wish I could go and see how I sound.

Submitted for your disapproval,
-Rich Mackin
PO Box 890,
Aliston MA 02134



**CONSUMER DEFENSE
CORPORATE POET**

"HOW DO YOU THINK IT FEELS?"

I told my girlfriend, Ana, that I didn't want to attend any funerals cos I was afraid that attending one would set up the pattern to attend another. Much like my pattern of obvious and flamboyant substance abuse; one is too many and a thousand simply improbable because my ones tend to stretch into month-long jags that short circuit when the printed cash machine prophecy statement shrieks: insufficient funds. However, as always, chance was the trigger.

On the Equinox, Ana and I reconciled after a rather severe disagreement instigated by

few extra shakes to overemphasize her friendliness with the Executive Vice President of Sales for the Underworld. He was there again the next day, waving to the Saturday afternoon shopping crowd that permeates these waters with a blood thirst for bargains and a parking spot near the capper zones.

Matt, the drummer for Kennesaw's **Stool Sample** has a tattoo on his biceps of a man in a wheelchair blowing his brains out with a shotgun. When he flexes his muscles the wheels jolt and cook. Too drunk to drive again, the frumpy college student who moved upstairs gave me a beer when I was waiting

he plays guitar. And I haven't the foggiest fucking idea why I scrawled the words "foggiest fucking idea" across white paper and stuck them all over my apartment. The hieroglyphs from another White Night now stand pinned over the sink, over the desk, in the bathroom, over the bed and on the bulletin board. It must mean something.

I haven't the foggiest fucking idea what's I've got to say about **Pw Long's Reelfoot**, it doesn't even come close to wondering except that I think it's going to be a dynamite show. They certainly played two of the finest fucking all-out rock and roll extravaganzas I've ever

them out cos his boards tend to shake and slide when he plays, his round face slowly spinning. I was very friendly and we had an extended conversation about the awesome Zep instrumental from '69 "Jennings Farm Blues." Then Mark told me he used to do deliveries for a flower shop in my old building in Center City. The skid row flophouse across the street has turned into a bed and breakfast. I didn't tell him about my vicious mugging on that corner, two black eyes and retrograde amnesia. I asked about the making of "Push Me Again" and he told me it was recorded live in three days. "I knew then it was a record I was proud of making." And he did a fucking great job too, there hasn't been a good keyboard player since Nicky Hopkins, though he's closer to Garth Hudson actually... and actually, the second album by the Band was recorded at Sammy Davis Jr.'s house in LA.

Lamar Alexander the former Tennessee governor, the guy that put on the red plaid shirts while he was campaigning for President a few years back. He came on down to Georgia and slapped Guy Millner on the back and said I think that this cat, this here hep cat will make him Georgia's next education governor and all that. On Millner's advertisements he mentions toughening Georgia's death penalty and the only way that can be accomplished is having Millner jump into the hermetically sealed execution chamber and start slashing the body with long scaly knives while wearing a head dress ripped from a Cherokee. Like the vanity plates around here say: TOMAHAWKIN'. C'mon now Guy, say it ain't so? Yeah I'm gonna vote Tuesday - but I'm gonna just vote for Newt and then spend my time in the booth voting against all referendums and giving all fringe candidates a couple of freebies. I want the communists to think they have actually 93 supporters rather than the lesser. My generosity in spreading my vote around will result in at least two more copies of the *Militant* rotting in a recycling bin somewhere. The white trash olympics is when the incomprehensible Ukrainian turns and reaches for the pint of Smirnoff as my Mustang pulls into the reserved parking. I was broke.

-No, no, just a half pint today. My hands were shaking by the time I unscrewed the cap and started making old Hawaiian fashioned. Over in Montgomery is a dark brick house with beautiful hard wood floors and a charming sunroom. This was where Zelda Fitzgerald lived for many years and for six months she and the Boy Wonder paced its floors. He was working on "Tender is the Night" and he no doubt marched with a gin thinking dark thoughts about how his old lady was a fucking loon and he was drinking too much and he's now gotta sift some sentences here and there.

Jennifer Herrema of **Royal Trux** told me that when they recorded "Turn of the Century" on "Cats & Dogs" (Drag City '93) she and Mr. Neil Hagerty were in different rooms and the result is slightly off key and slightly echoed. I think it's so beautiful when her voice cracks during the line: "choices so bleak, it's all upside down." Say it ain't so?

"WE'RE TALKIN' HEROIN WITH THE PRESIDENT"

It's six fifteen in the morning in Northern Georgia. I'm listening to "Berlin" and "The Genuine Basement Tapes" all the time. "How do you think it feels? And when do you think it stops?" The volume is not as loud as I'd like it but it's loud. The mutant upstairs is stomping around like she did last night when I played the new **Sub-Sonics** CD three times in a row. She's living in a white trash housing project after all, what does she expect? And like the denizens of the deep I am once again asking the gods for forgiveness of my sins as I genuflect and consider how my recent behavior is getting a little, shall we say, close to the bone.

The statue of limitations does not permit me to describe a certain emergency room visits. My middle name IS deny everything. But even I can't deny that my summer-long coke run

THE POSTMODERNIST ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

my childishness and twisted set of pseudo standards. Our resurgence would have lifted my spirits but I buried a friend that afternoon. I liked this guy; he had a burning intensity and an orange glow. He was cool. I'd known his sardonic smile and slow Southern drawl for the past three years and I genuinely looked forward to running into him around Marietta. He joked that his new bike might kill him and unfortunately he was right. The funeral upset me not because I knew him so well but because I never got the chance to know him better.

And now agoraphobia has taken on new dimensions. My hangover this afternoon is so sturdy I can rest a shelf of political almanacs upon it comfortably. I needed some nutrition or something close to nutrition but the cupboard was bare: a half container of white rice and some sugar. All of the dishes were caked with substances and resting in the dishwasher. As always there was coffee, but I needed something to chew and I was not going outside under any circumstances. I clicked "CD" and heard the distorted beginning to **Lou Reed's "Berlin"**. Apparently I bought the digitally re-mastered original yesterday and I vaguely remember playing it about ten times in a row while slogging Old Hawaiian fashioned, yes Sweet Virginia, the capital of Russia is Smirnoff.

I cooked up a cup of rice and watched the griddle begin to smoke - then it sizzled and it I knew it was time to add "seasoning." I grabbed what was left of yesterday's Bloody Mary mix and poured it over the coals. Then I threw celery in and forced myself to shovel the pile of spicy starch into my craw.

The past few days have been slurred, the collapse of Equinox has entered a huge void on my screen. I rarely go out and I never answer the telephone. I sit in front of my monitor and glide perpendicularly between political news and the Voyeurweb ("updates everyday but Sundays"). I tell my best friend not to even think about disturbing me: "I'm writing." She's polite enough never to mention: "That's not typing, that's drinking."

Tell me about it. I was too drunk to drive so she drove me up to the package store that the incomprehensible foreigner's run. I can never make out a word they say, but as I set off the electric buzzer under the welcome/warning mat they turn to automatically grab the Russophile's delight: vodka. On the highway before a Halloween trinket store ("caution small parts! Not for children under three! Made by happy imprisoned communists in China"), a seasonal store - there was a figure dressed in a shroud with a grinning skull mask, waving. I ventured my arm:

-Look Ana, it's death!

"Hi death!" she saluted and gave her hand a



Matt, the drummer for Kennesaw's Stool Sample has a tattoo on his biceps of a man in a wheelchair blowing his brains out with a shotgun. When he flexes his muscles the wheels jolt and cook.

for Ana to show up. She told me the "management" of our white trash housing project accused her of starting a fire with kitty litter. The guy who moved in behind me apologized about any noise his guitar playing made. I said "no prob.," cos I go through periods where I play Dylan/Hawks bootlegs at volume levels approaching smoke inhalation. As he was exited I noticed his left arm was severed at the elbow. He must play a lotta bar cords... or better still, I haven't the foggiest fucking idea how

seen back to back. My notes say: "They're the hawks!" and the night I saw them was the day the Manchester '66 bootleg finally became available. When I told Preston he seemed interested which is generous cos I called him "Prescott" when I introduced myself. I was nervous and had the shakes.

That night I met Mark Boyce, he plays keyboards and hails from Philly. When he's not playing keys for Reelfoot he's pounding them out for **Boss Hog**, and I do mean pounding

was leading me back into the arms of the woman I really love: heroin. I don't trust people that use heroin and I don't trust people that don't love heroin. The Subsonics sing about junk an awful lot, but they don't use it. Which was unfortunate for me cos I wanted a connection. I met them for the second time in a crowded coffee shop run by dykes that play a loud jazz while a bunch of tie dyed funkies and art students sat around letting ashes dangle while gesturing expansively about movies and other such "deep subjects"...

"Fucking myself - I like fucking myself," sings Clay and every time I've got a habit I've just sat around fucking myself thinking about how I was great or I was this or that...

"When a man gives up drugs he wants big fires in his life - all night long, every night, huge flames in the fireplace and the volume turned all the way up." - from HST's Campaign Trail '72.

If you've ever had the pleasure of kicking a habit, a six-month cocaine run is no big deal. You wake up one morning and you forget about it, only I can't forget about it because have several scars. The end result of a weekend of violence, vengeance, and violins for the weepy parts.

"Where are your friends going? Back to your place?"

"Nah, they went to score. First they went that way, then they went this way."

I was hanging off a light pole, my eyes like owls in a random quest for some type of contextual dissection.

5 AM Saturday morning in Marietta, Georgia; not far from where the interstates meet, 27 miles north of Atlanta. There are two Waffle Houses on either side of a commercial shopping zone and the far one was always somehow more oppressed. It crouches between a Texaco station and a two-story bank that's repeatedly closing and reopening under another name. They were empty which meant the three employees felt it their civic duty to engage me in nonsensical conversation. "It's not chilly, it's t-shirt weather." And I just agreed, attired in three days of beard, my perpetual care cardigan beneath my battered leather sporting an I LOVE STOOL SAMPLE SO EAT SHIT button all of this while carrying around a hangover that weighs heavy not for such prolonged physical abuse but a feeling of repulsion and shame at my own weakness. I've been drunk for like two weeks and Thursday night I made a rare public appearance at the Subsonics gig at the Star Bar.

But seriously dear readers, have I ever lied to you?

"I haven't known you long enough!" and John giggled with a casually loosened tie and a button shirt; his hair accurately slicked back with a hand cradling a PBR. We were in the basement of the Star Bar, which is a pretty good little roadhouse in the middle of Little Five Points. I'm spending more and more time there. The bathroom has a stall you can lock which is a plus for using cocaine. But I couldn't find any that night and I was trashed. I have such incredible writer's block this month it's created a handy excuse for drinking, sitting in front of my computer going between the *Voyeurweb* and the *Times*. Whatever I'm writing tends to overtake my life. This year has so far seen three themes, the latest being (of course) "Sammy Davis with an open container." I say "of course" because those of you fortunate enough to go to the Point might have seen me muttering "Sammy Davis open container," against the bar while pausing between such inanities as: "If I was George Wallace, I'd be taller." "If Jesus was Jewish why does he have a Puerto Rican name?" "Yeah. I'm like, uh, going to a meeting tomorrow."

The past three months have had no theme, no resident catch phrase that kept it all together. I couldn't write and it was the Subsonics fault. Yeah, they might be the best fucking band in Atlanta; bar none their rock and roll wields simplicity like a fucking knife. Buffy keeps this back beat, it's just continual,

it rolls over and on and holds together Christy's bass playing to a low rumble and then Clay throws his chords on the top - it's fun. It's over the top. They remain entertaining and intelligent and simply: they just fucking rock; even though Clay was wearing some sort of sequined jump suit, barefoot with painted nails and a feather boa headdress that had to top a foot and a half. I told him that he was in the best band in Atlanta and that "Follow Me Down" (Get Hip) was a stunning CD and I play it about two times a day.

"Well, thanks." He has the Warholesque way of responding to everything with a bland smirk and a wispy air. He smiles with irony. I've never seen him just open up and laugh. Clay doesn't guffaw. This local artist drew a cute little cartoon poster of our heroes and Clay was sitting on the stage signing them. He was giving me an off the record background interview and we were interrupted by a talisman seeker. After his eager flourish the gentlemen told Clay that he really likes his vocals, it reminded him of Jello Biafra. (Eric Boucher of Boulder)

"Oh, wow, thanks." As I type these lines Clay is singing from my speakers, "It'll come back to haunt you" in his patented droll delivery, very monotone with a back beat that reminds me of the early Memphis Chess records. He sounds nothing like the former roadie for the Nails. The sparseness tends to focus in on the songwriting which is their real strength: the melodies are hummable and the lyrics I can relate to: "It'll all come back to haunt me," alright - why do you think I drink

beautiful interacting with such prominent future rock'n'roll stars, I only wished that Christy talked more. That night at the Star Bar I brought this up with and she said it didn't matter and she was fucking generous and gracious about it. She was also wearing a skintight black latex jumpsuit and a large party mask hid her eyes. I mentioned something about her being in the best band in Atlanta.

Why did I keep bringing this up? Because through my total shyness and apparent reclusivity I needed a reaffirmation... I needed to remind myself about who I was and what I was doing. And naturally I had to go out in public and get stinking drunk and coked up. Armor to keep folks away from me and I did. I was chatting with Clay about something and a cute brunette strolled by: "Hey baby, I'm like friends with the Subsonics." And she promptly exited as did Clay and I can't blame them. I feel burnt out, hopeless and pathetic. The days shift between third shift drudgery and three days off in which I drink myself comatose cos my brain needs to be quiet, to sleep. And as payment for my sins I get to work an extra hour tonight. Two AM daylight savings - the local bars swell up with folks excited about a "free hour" of alcoholic consumption.

I find that in the post-Neoit world the creative form has become, shall we say, void. Null, the check is third party and postdated. I take myself entirely too seriously, hobnobbing with the dark moody greaser crowd - intellectuals down and up with a style that looms on fifties gas station retro but with sense of irony.

cigarette) author Jean Baudrillard on the mock court show: "Judge Mills Lane." He said something like: "the overworking of signs of possession, which here act as demonstration, can be analyzed as not only the intention to possess, but to show how well one possesses. Now this demonstration, this over-determination 'of style' is always relative to the group: it not only has the psychological function of reassuring the owner of his possession, but also the sociological function of affiliating him with the whole class of individuals who possess in the same way."

Judge Mills Lane, the celebrity fight referee and pseudo homespun kick ass Nevada common sense lawyer: "that's bullshit!" and he decided the case in the favor of the plaintiff, an Algerian prostitute now running a tanning salon in Beatrice, Nebraska. His verdict made her very happy and she repeated it again for the cameras: "Judge Mills Lane said 'that's bullshit.'"

I was staggering drunk in some sort of ill lit Atlanta backyard trying to have an intelligent conversation about Jean Baudrillard, or at least as an intelligent a conversation as I could have at that point. This brooding gothic nightmare who was intently pitching horse-shoes decided that he had to wave his badge of authenticity like a bib to catch his drool. "Have you read 'moody guy'?" Oh you haven't? Well you should. Jean B. ripped him off, you know.

-Well wasn't Debord a student in the classes that Baudrillard assisted in presenting? A



The end result of a weekend of violence, vengeance, and violins for the weepy parts.

so much?

I couldn't write because I interviewed the Sub-Sonics back at this coffee shop that hires only lesbian waitresses while cranking a kind of tinny jazz buffeted by bad abstract expressionist parodies. It's around the corner from Clay's digs and me and Ana set a tape recorder up in the middle of the table. It was a great fucking interview - unfortunately the task of transcribing it rested so heavily on my soul that it overburdened my intellectual capacity for the scrivener's trade. In short I didn't do any writing. Or transcribing.

I was impressed by how take charge Buffy was; she was real pleasant and real business like. She took charge of the interview and provided mondo information and to that I was eternally grateful. Clay wasn't sure what to think of me cos I introduced myself by asking if he knew George Wallace was over in Montgomery strung out on methadone. He spent the interview slyly commenting and smart-assedly coming back with one liners. He was playing the difficult rock star role to the hilt and I was loving it. The wanderer and his shadow. This poet needs the take charge back beat of Christy and Buffy to get his difficult vision across to the public. I was fucking

These are hipsters that know their rock, to them music is a signifier, a badge of distinction and their attendance brings out the intellectual elite. That's my demographic. I'm interested in the symbolic representation of conceptualizations of phenomena. I'm interested in the manipulation of the image, the continual shifting of a cultural persona in the quest to create a body of work. A body of work that is involved in the creation of cultural products that have a shelf life and thus intrinsic value for the holder of the copyright. In this economy the artist strives to create a product with an extensive reserve for posthumous and everlasting sales. The artist creates a conventicle that exists as long as their fans commune with its host body. An artist is trying to create a "historical" piece that even if it doesn't sell today, with a little historical data, it'll get 'em some future revenue - rock journalism is a way of providing 401 K plans for all the folks that play to 60 people after they've released a stunning LP. Won't you be my palindrome - it'll all come back to haunt you - would you replicate me and talk about it and sell me - the continual tail that it is criticism itself...?

I caught a clip of French deconstructionalist and professional deep guy (never without a

TA or something? What was "moody guy" about?

"Oh you'll have to read him." And he affected this dark wispy look in the flickering outdoor bug candles, like the poet on the side of a NC scenic drive off making faces to let the lady he's riding with know how sensitive he is at such "beautiful" and "wholesomely refreshing places." When he gets in the driver's side and throws the comp tape of one hit wonder eighties new wave bands in, he snorts about the irony of the interstate which has so far horribly disfigured the landscape, this landscape - how there's a turn off marked "scenic." I thought he was an idiot. Then he told me to listen to Dr. John and I became all deep and poetic myself.

"I don't listen to bands from New Orleans." The band that played between the Subsonics and Mr. Quintron and Miss Pussycat didn't change my opinion. My standard line was: I if I was in this band, I'd wear a mask too. And like the band onstage, my witicism became tired and unimaginative pretty quickly.

I heard that Mr. Quintron and Miss Pussycat have puppets. I like puppets for the obvious metaphorical reasons and I also like stuffed animals, my favorite teddy bear

"Bakunin," went with me up to PW Long's Reelfoot in Chapel Hill. Anyway, I have an affinity for such things. The lights went down. In a small stage that resembled a caveman television, two puppets with pumpkin heads appeared. They attempted to play basketball but soon grew bored. "Let's start a record label!" and the high pitched voices squealed and all eyes were enthralled. I saw Clay Reed standing without his headdress and sparkle of curiosity in his eye, that guy Doug that knows the names and serial numbers of every noise record in existence was pointing and laughing, a guy with a ponytail and Ted Nugent tour short was smiling. It's been awhile since I've seen such a collective crown of sponge monkeys, creeps, scenesters and falling down drunk "artists" all spellbound and mesmerized before a sequential event. Suddenly the whole world was the 9th ward of New Orleans as proclaimed on the white blanket over Mr. Quintron's vast keyboard, his vast pipe organ, the machine that seems to meld with his body as he jumps up down in this fucking suit with a painted-on magick marker mustache. And I saw the suit up close you know cos I got next to the man himself via the next urinal. Writers better than I manage to snag such luminati like George McGovern, but I'm happy with introducing myself to Mr. Quintron over a urinal - I'm happy with that cos I wouldn't buy a George McGovern record but I would vote for Mr. Quintron. And if there's any write-in's on Tuesday, the line is +3 as to what I'm gonna scrawl. And while I'm telling you to buy a Mr. Quintron record I didn't actually buy one myself, I was comped. And I've played it several times including one third shift where I hit loop five times and his funky keyboard and his devices, whatever it is that he invents sound-wise - they're like theramin things or something - he makes weird pulsating rhythms with his keys, he's like the E. Power Biggs of rock. He played after the puppet show. The pumpkins proceeded to beat all of the artists on their label. The first one looked like our local rock critick so I called out his name and at least one person laughed. While he jumped and tramped the organ, Miss Pussycat stood still dressed in a pumpkin outfit and she shook shakers singing backup. It was one of the weirdest things I've seen in awhile. It was also one of the most enjoyable. I was also smashed. Yelling "puppets" and reminding locals that their other rock writers were pretty lame, just so fucking wishy washy.

I asked our famous local rock critick how he could say this boring hippy band Orange Froghat, how could they have an intense live show? In front, a hippy chick plays bongos while practicing her "I am into my groove" spacey looks while the guitarists stare down their fingers while spinning endlessly meandering solos, a musical list of footnotes to a Cornell Law Journal article about "Right To Work States" - he hemmed and hawed. I later tried to explain to Clay that I didn't want to be seen as wishy washy. I wanted folks t'know that if they didn't buy a copy of "Follow Me Down" and listen to it everyday they were stupid and just wasting their time. He thought that was a good idea. He also agreed, with a slightly exaggerated expression designed to convey conviction, that some Stool Sample lyrics were "pretty good." (Note: "walking by the Point the other day/Better Than Ezra was getting ready to play/told their guitarist I was their biggest fan/so we had sex in the back of their van.")

When I stumbled into the Point a well known scenester with a fondness for Austin Spare agreed with my contentions but mentioned that perhaps the critick was trying to be supportive. And to a degree I can see that, but it remains true that the hyping of local talent is directly keyed into the main source of income for his free weekly communist paper. There's no way that you can separate that. Not to mention the fact that summer past he wrote a column bemoaning the length of time it takes to write his weekly local music column, cau-

tioning that musicians think before recording a CD and littering his desk. Oddly enough, a person in a really bad (and thankfully defunct) Atlanta band wrote a letter to the editor agreeing with his critique.

The television reception bleeds a bizarre litany: "If an unwanted animal ever crawls into your house in South Florida, call the critter patrol."

Surely I was mishearing that. The screen revealed a blue hair lady wielding a net like a huge industrial pooper scooper, pulling Detroit critick Dave Marsh out of a neat suburban kitchen as he explained that, while yes his wife is employed by Bruce Stringbean, that doesn't negate the fact that Mr. Stringbean is a great historical figure and my presence here

recording industry in a manner that typified bungling optimism and yet a world weary cynicism. We are not a rock and roll band we are artists. Which is becoming more and more absurd on a day when The former DEAD KENNEDYS sue MR. ERIC BOUCHER OF BOULDER, "Jello" to his friends. In 1987 in Morgantown, West Virginia he threw a fit about the conditions of his dressing room. He played pinball. None of my friends from that part of history talk to me anymore. One would but his old lady's a pain in the neck. "Jello" did win an election friend, it was the huge write-in rock critick ballot that you bought, you caressed and you decided was "enough" to confer the cheap baton of "elder statesman" upon. "You ain't the only

Velvet Underground. Perhaps the most significant critical discovery in rock history. It wasn't until the ignorant publik'um was educated by the vanguard of rock's Cultural Revolution did their records begin to sell... Plaque in the middle of Jonestown: Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

The theme since Thursday is Harry Nilsson's "Everybody's Talkin'" the theme from "Midnight Cowboy" - the movie whose cutting imagery was suggested by the maestro himself Kenneth Anger. Through a slim body of underground film, all homages to the Beast, all inter-spliced and dealing exclusively in the law. Well, dun Mr. Anger has created a career out of his persona, his bitter gossip and smirking, winking takes from Hollywood. His relationship to the Beast is one of a spokesperson and (hopefully for him, I guess) this presentation of the words of the master would rub off... the art critic Clement Greenburg championing Jackson Pollack. The symbiotic realization of conceptualizations of phenomena. Jackson Pollack dying in a one car crash on Long Island, like Camus, he wasn't driving. "It'll all come back to haunt you." The personas of Clay Reed and PW Long document a kind of universal sadness and eternal loss. "I got this beautiful picture in my mind, I got this beautiful picture in my mind."

My excursions to the forums of the hip and my loudmouth assertion to my prodigious chemical intention reveal the marketability of the "tortured artist rap" - the success of daily talk show, the proliferation of the memoir, the journalist that "participates"... The victim remedies all by confessing, by wearing the dusty sheriff's badge... And that's another element of the South: Atlanta's endless mystical triumphant commercial for itself - the symbolic representation of the conceptualizations of phenomena.

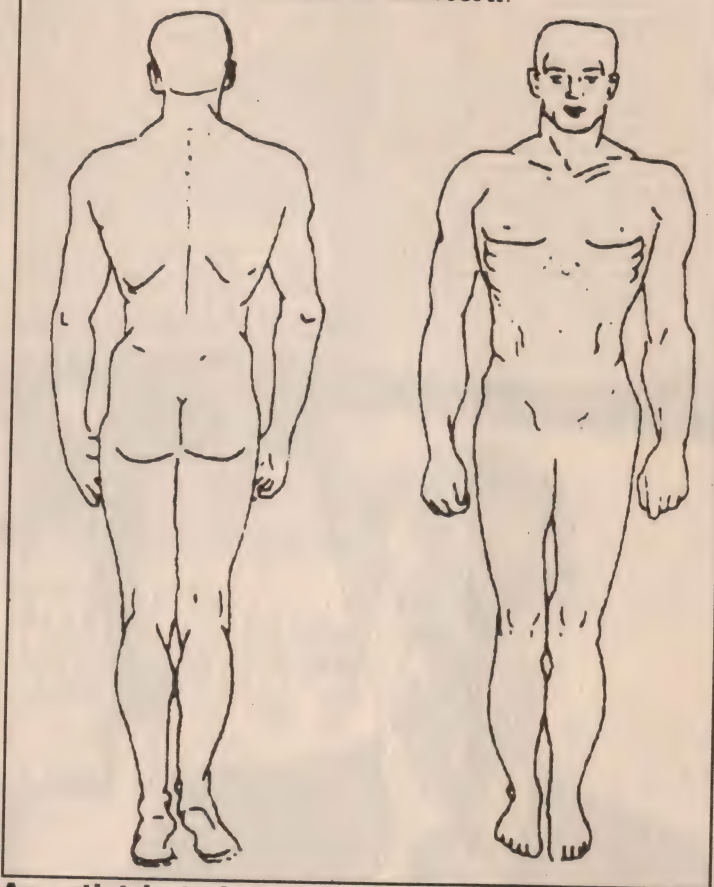
Meanwhile, Louis Farrakhan has prophesied earthquakes in 400 days. I tried to look up Farrakhan on Yahoo and found a comedy Wrag named after a Chuck Norris movie, "fade to black." (Note: Luther Blisset insists that "Wrag" means web magazine.) The instructions read that if I enter a white man's name an authentic African synonym will come up. I typed in "Clay Reed" and it came back as Rasheem. The search took on the skin of a quest that is not over - not close to being over - all I could find was the good minister profoundly saying that America was under a cloud of judgement and that we needed to atone for our sins.

"If Clinton was truly humble, a cloud would not touch American for ninety days." That's deep Lou.

I listen to Royal Trux, the SubSonics, Will Oldham, PW Long's Reelfoot and Mr. Quintron and Miss Pussyfoot for a reason. The reason is you can listen and simultaneously be hip and still rock. These bands mentioned arise, therefore, rock. And they rock for so many different reasons but they rock on the same level of seriousness that did the Stones, Zep, Dylan and Velvets - they simply do (though Mr. Quintron is on the level of perhaps Crazy Arthur Brown, but still Arthur Brown did rock. Watch now, Mr. Albini will end up producing him... and no I'm not comparing Mr. Albini to Townsend, thank you) - I wear my badge of smug hipness and I know I'm right. That's the beauty of it. The Stones "Miss You" number one during the summer of love at Jonestown. NBC reporters were hearing the Stones on the hi-fi on the way to the airport. "Lord I miss being so sure about bands, I miss the days when I held creativity as a mystical shawl that signified and identified my every move. When I accepted the value of what I did." "To write is to no longer express the inner urge or will or to describe society of the time, it is to link books to other books words to other words in an endless library." (The deep bald French guy: Foucault).

I like talking to Clay Reed cos I feel like I'm living inside the flexi disc that Warhol packaged in "Index" magazine. The one with Lou

Areas of Concern.



An artist is trying to create a "historical" piece that even if it doesn't sell today, with a little historical data, it'll get 'em some future revenue - rock journalism is a way of providing 401 K plans for all the folks that play to 60 people after they've released a stunning LP. Won't you be my palindrome - it'll all come back to haunt you - would you replicate me and talk about it and sell me - the continual tail that it is criticism itself...?

is a way of linking him up in MY glorious text, the glorious roll call of "artists" and Marsh is going on drinking milk and asking inanities "D'you wanna hear a tape of some Count Five outtakes?"

The critick is the harbinger to the elusive world of eternally hip. He is a parasite, a figure that leans against his flip pad like a cartoon - I saw the most famous Atlanta rock critick puffing on a huge stogy as he darted between the Subsonics and some "band I know from Augusta" who's name revealed a tongue in cheek irony on the vapid commercialization of their venture - we are like clever, we are appropriating the name of a television character that represented the

Jesus in town," casually reminds PW Long.

And the critick was wearing a patch that advertised his cultural background. He pledged allegiance to a band from Athens that is getting less and less interesting by the second. In their quests to create as many deconstructionist paths for themselves, in an attempt to manufacture more and more identities for themselves they are beginning to cancel themselves out.

In this instance, our local rock critick was displaying that HE was all for the questioning of identities. The random shift that asks, what does a poor band do, but pretend to be renaissance artist: hip yet significant. Every rock critick wants to look like they found the

on the vinyl and the sounds are Lou & Nico chattering away while the Banana album plays in the background. I like talking to Preston Long cos when he talks I feel he means it. He measures every sentence with gruff care and streak of malevolence. At the lovely Local 513 in Chapel Hill I complimented on the set, it was heart tearing, he really meant it. "Yeah right." I wanted to elaborate but something told me he's had enough of critical press. The night before in Atlanta I told him that I wanted to see them two nights in a row on the tour to support "Push Me Again" cos it was fuckin' historic, it's an album that's going to have a helluva shelf life. It'll sell for years.

"I hope it sells this year." Preston deadpanned with short hair and a square face that seemed to step from an imaginary urban Western. I could see him playing the role of private detective that plays a great deal of computer chess while sipping dark European beers, a Glock resting in his lap. On the inner sleeve it reads "Can y'all feel what I mean?" He pulls his axe out of a blue Econoline van with Virginia plates.

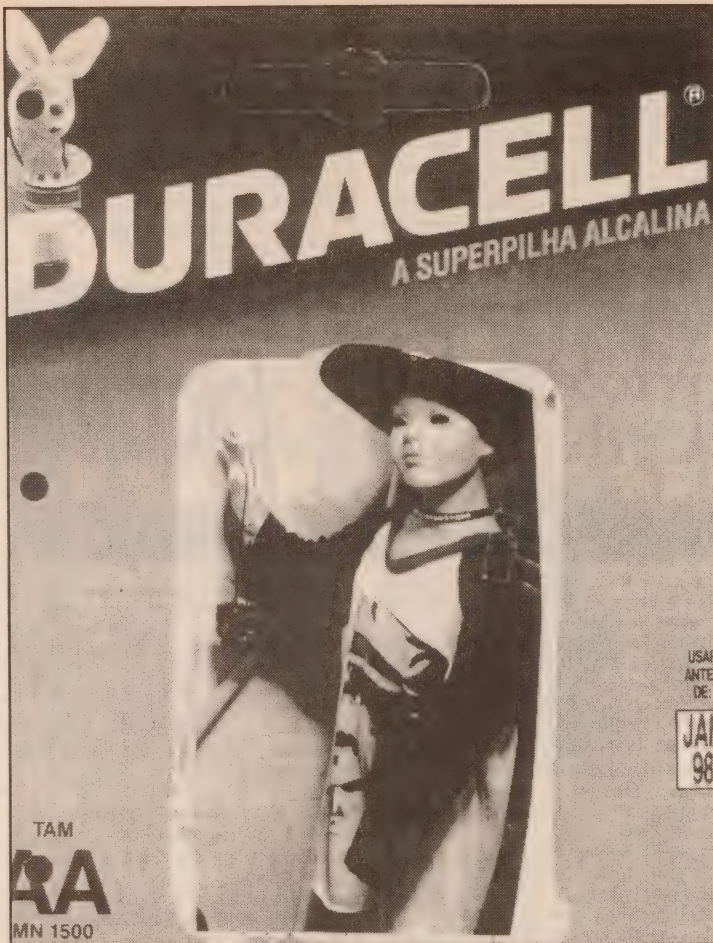
I'm not sure if I feel what he's means, during the spastic sets of every song on the CD he took a guitar solo during "Fly Trap Lair" and I flashed to looking out into my white trash housing project parking lot in the rain being really depressed. The emptiness that PW Long expresses just gets under the skin - I had a hard time talking to him. I just wanted to respect his space cos he seemed to be up against something - this record is a fucking wall of pain. I complimented the lyric "you twirled me like a cheap baton" - and he smiled and I felt I made an in road. He seemed happy that I enjoyed his lyrics, though I didn't really enjoy them, they accurately documented what it is I've been feeling and he did in a way that really reassured me. He can write songs that evoke the primitivism of some the late country swing groups, if Milton Brown had amps y'know?

"Pooh Butt" is fucking great, he sings and pleads "You and Me Together" over and over and it's so pregnant, I wonder if it means you and me together as a bold relationship-reassuring taunt or is merely a some sort of pledge and plea, the underground rock version of a big diamond. The chorus changes into "as long as we're together" near the end and it's fucking beautiful. Just great. "I've got this beautiful picture in my mind," Preston speaks on the outro that closes with fake audience clapping and tinkling glasses, reminding me of the Gram Parsons fake live cuts from Northern Quebec... or Ontario, or where ever the fuck it was - You feel what I mean, right?

He sings: "magic things just don't happen, let's get it on." I have this picture in my mind. I didn't get out of Atlanta until one PM and I was trying to hold off 'till SC to get food. Finally I got desperate, I pulled into Commerce, Georgia and hit a Burger King. The place was swarming with midgets and walky talkies. A few minutes later and Kyle, Reelfoot's drummer walked in followed by the bass player Steve. They used to be in an Athens band, Harvey Milk and were apparently staying in Athens that night. A friend of theirs drove them up in some sort of way cool seventies Charger thing, it was cool. I introduced myself and he replied:

"My name's Dutch. I met you last night but you were high on cocaine."

I recoiled at my behavior and stuttered: It happens to the best of us. Out in the parking lot walked Preston and keyboardist Mark Boyce laughing and juggling bags from Subway. We chatted about the World Series and I followed them up 85 in horrendous traffic. At the gig, Kyle was mentioning apologies for the short set but he blamed the drive and suddenly corrected himself, "Oh, well YOU know." It didn't matter, they were stunning, probably the best fucking gig going on in the fucking country that night. Fucking 14 Oct 98, PW Long's Reelfoot in Chapel Hill, North



Writers better than I manage to snag such luminati like George McGovern, but I'm happy with introducing myself to Mr. Quintron over a urinal - I'm happy with that cos I wouldn't buy a George McGovern record but I would vote for Mr. Quintron.

Carolina. That's right. In front of about fifty people, they started up and I said "I've waited all day for this."

And Preston smiled starting the set off with the story of "King Reelfoot" the slow call and response dirge before hitting into it with "I'll be your palindrome." Palindrome. "How do you think it feels? When do you think it stops?"

The openers Stanley from Brooklyn - why are you called Stanley? They mentioned something about a friend writing all over some walls in Boston - flash to Jeremy showing me photos of walls he wrote covered in pseudo mystical graffiti all - they gave me a tape and promo kit that had way cool Flipside writer Todd raving about them - "Oh well then, Todd's cool."

Yeah Ana chimed in, "Todd's cool." The three piece looked reassured that the person inside of Flipside that praised them was "cool." Unfortunately, praise did not pave the doorways with paying customers (of course I was comped) - and it was too bad cos Stanley had some twists and turns - I emailed Mr. Will Oldham:

Subject: RE: one more question

Date: Friday, October 09, 1998 10:33 AM

>Will, hey, I was just wondering - what do you think about the glowing critical ink you've attained (and deserve)? Do you think it helps >sell CDs? and if you do, does it help in the >short or long run?

"Print is advertising; in this way it sells CDs. By not participating in the traditional ways with print media, I hope that false or distorted information is not spread. The effect is both short-term and long term."

I remember I liked them - I remember I

went out to score and came back bemoaning the fact that my Atlanta connections are limited - they told me that I was second New Yorker they met who moved here to kick a habit.

"It happens to the best of us." I saw them, spoke to them, but I don't remember them, I see two faces out of three: a Brooklyn mug that looks tough but when he realizes you're not a threat he relaxes and smiles when he laughs; the other face I see hair, I think it was blond and I don't remember the other guy and I say this cos I want you to know where I was coming from, I got their sound and my notes say "kicks and cuts, builds & cuts" which is sleazy rock journalist shorthand for the sounds have a quality that builds and short circuits, for a three piece they get quite a bit of sound. They were nice guys too and when they said they did a split with **Furious George** I was convinced they were cool.

Lost my train of thought. A squirmy little guy from maintenance just knocked on my door with a bright blue air conditioning filter in his hand. I turn the stereo down: "Hey I got some coffee." The TV is focused on an early '60s sitcom that embodied southern family living. A confederate flag is clouding a window next to a series of Nixon black and white photos. The room is filled with smoke and he spies my file cabinet that supports this desk (or rather "big table that I need"). The desk abuts the air conditioner by about a foot. There is a cartoon from the newspapers: "This is a town of fakes and phonies Brenda, success doesn't depend on who you are, it's who you make them think you are." "You're not the only Jesus in town."

The parasitic cultural critic masquerading

as a writer by tagging along and dignifying the event by ink. But the field has changed. I sit in front of the computer endlessly surfing the net. My cable television long ago shut off for non-payment. At any moment on the web I could go anywhere and get in touch with anyone. The dissemination of all types of media by the populace has exploded. At any given point or time a cultural worker can "express" himself and be instantly disseminated. The path pushed forth through fluxus, through mail art, through punk. The nonhierarchical distribution of cultural goods has increased infinite fold with the web. The illusion of social interaction and the collusion of entertainment. Just like my professional groupie status, my attraction to a media organ lends itself to social interaction and my enjoyment of entertainment.

....As it is what makes bands like the Subsonics and Reelfoot kick is their resting of objects upon their simple pine rock mantles - Subsonics wanna take you home in an upbeat sort of we're entering our honeymoon period of decadence and Reelfoot, he's over the honeymoon phase - it's all just a haunted vacant trip to himself, singing these twistingly personal lyrics: "You played me like a cheap baton" and he twists his throat and body as he sings and Mark lays this keyboard down, this riff shadowing his vocals. Not overpowering, not drowning shading his stories..

It's Halloween and I'm playing "Follow Me Down" again. In the wee wee hours, I'm gonna make it to the wee wee hours. The mainstream media mentioned that **Mr. P-Orridge** won his suit against Mr. Rick Rubin but it did not report the matter is still under appeal. Which means that the large sums that being tossed around have not yet been tossed Mr. P-Orridge's way. Of course this is subject to change but let me mention that if I was a betting man, if was going to give the line on this, it would be probably be **GPO** by 3.

10 years ago today I saw **Psychic TV** for the first time at the World over on East Second Street. It was some sort of cavernous hall. When they came out, the first thing I noticed was Mr. P-Orridge's shiny baseball cap reading LSD. It was a fun set, I remember that. I saw them a year later in Hoboken, or "Hobotown" as Mr. P-Orridge put it from the stage at Maxwells. It was a good set, I remember running into **Psychic Pete** from the Pittsburgh the band **Hope Organ** that night. Yeah, that was him who spray painted the name in blue on that storefront on First Avenue, not far from some magick marker scribbles of my ex-wife - he was up at the show.

Downstairs Mr. P-Orridge was talking to a guy about whatever. I asked if he wanted to smoke some Persian hash I bought from that famous underground writer uptown, "We don't smoke."

I stepped into the hallway and shared the pipe with a big-lipped medusa while her boyfriend asked Mr. P-Orridge questions about god knows what and she pulled me close and started french kissing me while her "partner's" ramblings were interrupted by Mr. P-Orridge's sighs. I can't remember his answers to my questions about **Graham Bond** except that he was not an offspring of **The Beast**.

T emailed me and said the gig in LA was advertised as **PW REEL & LONGFOOT**. "Can y'all feel what I mean?"

-**Jim Hayes**

Pw Long & Reelfoot, "Push Me Again" (Touch & Go)
Sub Sonics, "Follow Me Down" (Get Hip)
Will Oldham is on Drag City
Stanley, 44 Eagle St., Brooklyn, NY 11222
Mr. Quintron & Miss Pussycat, 3052 St. Claude, N.O., LA 70117
Stool Sample, 4290 Bells Ferry Rd., 106-82 Kennesaw, GA 30144-1300

I've been dilling around with my records a lot lately so you'll have to bear with me as I am going to be taking you through some of my favorite cover tunes! Fans love 'em, labels love 'em and it's one less song the artist has to write to fill up his ten songs! - **Bart**

1000 Homo DJs/Black Sabbath's "Supernaut" [12" Wax Trax!, 1990] - The classic Ministry '89 lineup including NIN all under code names because Trent's label (TVT) was nipping at his dick for being on other non-TVT releases as per contract violation. Smokes all the way through; hot, hot, HOT stuff. Way better

to the original. Very dark and was influenced by the AIDS virus, as all proceeds went to its research.

Cradle Of Thorns/Motley Crue's "Shout at the Devil" [CD "Download This," XXX, 1996] - Tripped out with samples and mocking lyrics at the stupid metal kids. Key line: "Straight-up with the triple 6!"

The Cramps/that old band's "Surfin' Bird" [12" "Gravest Hits," I.R.S., 1979] - The other rock-a-billy covers on here were instantly classics as done by The Cramps as well. I mean, how many bands can put only one original song

turing the lineup of the time - UK cowboy death rockers.

Flotsam and Jetsam/Lard's "Forkboy" [CD "High," Metal Blade, 1997] - A fork is a cold shiny tool to pierce - force and ingest... Lard shows its influence. Metal LIVES, dude.

Flower Leperds/Alice Cooper's "I'm 18" [LP "Flower Leperds," Mystic, 1990] - The original line-up is finally released starring Marc Olson on vox (that's metal talk for "vocals," laymen).

The Flower Leperds/Alice Cooper's "I'm 18" [LP "Dirges in the Dark," 1988, XXX] - Just like I like Tony ADZ... nice and metal.

sugar on a kid's head to detract from the fact that his band couldn't play to the sound of the best Archie's song being ruined and punk rock starts in LA.

God Is My Co-Pilot/traditional "You Are My Sunshine" [LP "How to Be," Soul Static Sound, 1994] - Very out of character for the band but so sad I used to avoid this record in my collection because I didn't want to think about it.

Government Issue/Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are Made for Walking" [LP "Joy Ride," LSR, 1987] - Punk as hell and straight edge to boot (get the pun here?) but this cover signaled the end of that and the start of their emo days.

Hanoi Rocks/CCR's "Up and Around the Bend" [LP "2 Steps from the Move," Epic, 1984] - You should see the video for this one - very cool - they come in a helicopter and wreck these upper crust a-holes' party. Pretty bad-ass for a glam band.

Human Drama/David Bowie and Joy Division and Lou Reed and Tom Waits and Rolling Stones tunes [CD "Pinups," XXX, 1993] - A great idea for a cover record... and it's done perfectly down to a tee. He recreates the entire look of the 1973 David Bowie cover record called the same name with him in his place - very cool.

Information Society/Gary Newman + Tube-way Army's "Are Friends Electric" [CD + CD ROM, "Don't Be Afraid," Cleopatra, 1997] - With the amazing talent of Mr. Newman, not only electronically but as far as crafting pop magic and amazingly touching lyrical content with honest delivery, you better realize what you're fucking with when you want to fuck around with one of his masterpieces - proving he's no slouch himself.

Institute Of Technology/Run DMC's "King of Rock," Insight 23/Run DMC's "Can You Rock It Like This," Numb/Salt N Pepa's "Push It" [CD "Operation Beatbox," Cargo, 1996] - Industrial bands doing old skool rap jams but there's only a few classics here, but they are BAD ASS! Fucking sweet, heavy, rocking versions of these bad boys!

Johanna's House of Glamour/T. Rex's "Cosmic Dancer" [CD "Farewell Street," C'est la Mort, 1991] - Smooth and rich but sadder than the original.

Klute/that song made popular by Pee Wee Herman "Tequila" [CD "Included," Cleopatra, 1994] - Sooo GREAT! It starts all normal then BAM! It's hardcore industrial!

Laibach/Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" [12" "Sympathy for the Devil," Restless, 1988] - For a band with so much to say and so much of a unique sound, they sure know how to crank out a cover. Six masterworks that shred the original crap tune.

Laibach/Beatles tunes [LP "Let It Be," Enigma/Mute, 1988] - The cover is to die for, the Beatles final record "Let It Be" cover re-done to fit the stone-cold Eastern-block socialist image of the god-like industrial/dance Laibach while the whole damn record is Beatie mania. No one covers like Laibach.

Lawnmower Deth / wasn't it the band did "Hey Mickey"?... "Kids In America" [Tape "Oh, Crikey It's...," Earache, 1991] - Punk as fuck and metal as a clown but no one ever got the joke but this cover signaled the end of that and the start of their emo days.

Life Of Agony/Simple Minds' "Don't You Forget About Me" [CD "Ugly," Roadrunner, 1995] - Solidifying ex-singer's Keith Caputo goth-core influence on the band, they crank out a hauntingly emotional version of the Breakfast Club classic.

The Lords (Of The New Church)/Madonna's "Like a Virgin" [12" Illegal, 1985] - The cover shot of Stiv in drag (with ball sack showing) is worth price of admission alone - and how can it not be good? From a time when we thought Madonna "Mail Music" was the trend and punk was here to stay. Hahahahaha...

The Love Interest/Doddy Moore's "Bedazzled" [EP "Bedazzled," Invisible, 1993] - Martin Atkins and Chris Connelly with Mary Lynn Bowling doing an amazing cover of the old show tune... this was the ONLY thing "The Love Interest" ever put out.

Marilyn Manson/Gary Newman + Tube-way Army's "Down in the Park" [CD single for

DELIVERING THE GOODS

then the boring original. I don't care what those burnt out hippie punx tell you: Sabbath sucked. Why don't you Sabbath lovers go park your trailers together and finish off another case.

45 Grave/Alice Cooper's "School's Out" [12" "Partytime (The Story of Sabine)," Enigma, 1984] - They funniest death rock band in history and this was another gem in their Dracula cape.

7 Seconds/Nina's "99 Red Balloons" [LP "Walk Together Rock Together," Positive Records, 1986] - The start of pop-core. "Everyone's a Captain Kirk." NO ONE BUT NO ONE WILL EVER DO THIS SONG BETTER.

Armageddon Dildos/Morrisey's "Every Day Is Like Sunday" [12" Sire, 1994] - Hard hitma industrial versions (6 in all) of the misery-pop masterpiece with Severn from X-Marks The Pedwalk engineering.

Babyland/Madonna's "Burning Up" [CD "You Suck Crap," Flipside, 1992] - It's like he KEEPS yelling...

Bauhaus/Brain Eno's "3rd Uncle" [LP "The Sky's Gone Out," 1982, A and M] - I've got the all white Canadian-only LP with the extra 12"! You SUCK!

The Beautiful/John Lennon's "Cold Turkey" [CD "Storybook," Giant, 1992] From an album of masterwork cry-over-dead-relationships tunes... a cover that blows away the original, more slower moving beast, tops off the end of the record.

Big Black/Kraftwerk's "The Model" [LP "Songs About Fucking," Touch and Go, 1987] - The prototype for the punk/industrial crossover couldn't have picked a better cover tune to sum up the future of music.

The Bolshoi/Hendrix's "Crosstown Traffic" [12" Sob Story, Situation 2, 1985] - Very trippin' artwork that smacks of psychedelic influence as well as a great '80s ultra version for the best unknown group of the '80s.

Celebrity Skin/ABBA's "S.O.S." [Pink swirled 12" XXX, 1990] - Glamour punk purity of that old tune that those Swedes know and love from the only single by the late, great CS.

Chainsaw Kittens/Galaxie 500's "Strange" [CDEP "Candy for You," Scratchie, 1995] - Glam-core Kittens swing to the psychedelic and rip into a forgotten classic.

Christian Death/Hendrix's "1983" [LP "The Scriptures," LSR, 1990] - Gitane croons out a silky smooth yet apocalyptic version of one of Jimi's best.

Christian Death/The Doors' "The End" [Double live CD that has since been banned, Century Media, 1995] - Ultra cool way of throwing in a surprise cover tune and a curve to the live show, in an extended encore of "Ashes" they break it down and all of a sudden it's - "Mother? Yes son? I want too..." It's not even listed on the CD.

Chrome/some old hippie's "Left My Heart in San Francisco" [CD Box Set "Chrome Box," Cleopatra, 1996] - 30 seconds of hilarity.

Coil/Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" [12" "Aqua Regis," Wax Trax!, 1990] - Blisters on the lips of cupid... it drones on at a snail's pace compared

to their first record and still have everyone take them for genius? Reinventing RnR again - the revolution continues...

Creaming Jesus/Sisters Of Mercy's "Temple of Love" [CD single "Ditch Dweller 5," Jungle, 1991] - Covers don't get much better then this. It's on a rare, final single from the band. The band is arguing through most of it whether to do it or Adam and the Ants' "Dog Eat Dog."

Current 93/religious "Pig-faced Christ!" [CD "Looney Runes," Durtro, 1993] - It doesn't get any more blasphemous then this, folks... makes the punx blush.

The Damned/Stooges' "I Feel Alright" [LP "Damned Damned Damned," Stiff, 1976] - Totally rocking, raw and showed the world what had influenced the new wave. Ironically, at a time when pop was mellowing like a fine wine and sucking dick with Bowie... not that sucking Bowie's dick is wrong... er, read your bible.

D.O.A./Tom Jones' "It's Not Unusual" [CD single "It's Not Unusual but It Sure Is Ugly," ATandT, 1993] - Funny as this Tom Jones cover was for the "punk legends" to do, it didn't detour fans from noticing the pure piles of shite they continued to release.

Daniel Ash/you know, that old song "Blue Moon" [CD fold out with interview booklet and fuzzy hardcover binder - "Coming Down," Beggars Banquet, 1991] - About 30 seconds of pure ambient nighttime beauty but if you put it on repeat you can see the moon's beauty all night long.

The Danse Society/Rolling Stones' "2000 Light Years From Home" [12" "Heaven Is Waiting," Anista, 1984] - The psychedelic Stones tune gone '80s dance floor - a nightmare for some but cooler then Jesus for me.

Data Bank A/Joy Division's "Isolation" and Roxy Music's "Dream Home Heartache" [LP "Access Denied," Mechanical, 1986] - The goth/electro crossover that you hear today starts here with tearfully creepy versions of an emotional wreck.

Daucus Karota/Stooges' "Raw Power" [EP "Shrine," XXX, 1994/1334 the year of Rozz's lord] - Death rock never was sooo cock rock.

Dread Zeppelin/Led Zeppelin's whole damn catalogue [LP "Un-led-Ed," I.R.S., 1990] - I think Zep sux sooo bad - this is the only way I can tolerate their shrill noise.

Dweezil Zappa/Frank Zappa's "My Guitar Wants to Kill Your Mama" [LP "My Guitar Wants to Kill Your Mamma," Chrysalis, 1988] - Little Zappa's crack at a cock rock record didn't really turn out so hot but so what? I guess when you have a stable home life and cool parents it's hard to have an attitude.

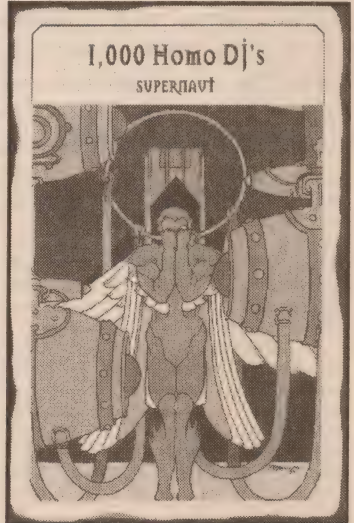
Entombed/Stiff Little Fingers' "State of Emergency" [CD single "Full of Hell," Earache, 1994] - Bolder, faster, tougher then the punk version. That's what metal was invented for, my friend.

Fields Of Nephilim/Roxy Music's "Dream Home Heartache" [12" "Blue Water," Situation 2, 1987] - Recorded live in the studio, really cap-

Fluf/Overwhelming Colorfast's "Song in D" [7" Goldenrod Records, 1993] - This actually got me into Overwhelming Colorfast which was good 'cause I was soo into Fluf at this point, buying anything with their name on it which was good for them because they would release the same damn things with different artwork and titles so you'd buy it again but that's OK 'cause they needed that money to store up like a fat squirrel because for the last 4 years THEY HAVE RELEASED SHIT MATERIAL. SHIT.

Galaxie 500/Joy Division's "Ceremony" [4 CD Boxed Set, RYCO, 1996] - Extremely touching. Not dance-y as the original but heartbreaking like the original.

Germes/The Archies' "Sugar Sugar" [ROIR "Live Tape Series," Bomp, 1981] - A moment forever lost to time... Bobby Pyn pours a pound of



Black Sabbath: More addictive than heroin or pussy...
-Al Jourgensen



"Lunchbox," Nothing, 1994] - See above and add that I never really dug MM's music but always stood up for them being so popular because of the relevant issues pertained to dysfunctional society called American Culture right now, but I can say they did a DAMN fine outing of this gem I would think in most part to NIN's electro wizardry.

Melvins/Germ's "Lexicon Devil" [CD "A Small Circle of Friends," BMG, 1996] - The best song the Melvins ever did, hands down.

Michael Monroe/Johnny Thunders "You Can't Put Your Arms Around a Memory" [LP "Nights Are So Long," Lick, 1985] - Not listed on the record itself, it comes in as a real tear-jerking shocker after the 3rd song. It also was the first song he played at his one-off acoustic show last January in Toronto. Cry your eyes out.

Michael Monroe and Sylvain Sylvain and Patti Palladin and Wayne Kramer and David Johansen and The Ramones/Johnny Thunders tunes [CD "I Only Wrote This Song for You: A Tribute to Johnny Thunders," Castle, 1995] - With all that Johnny's done for the evolution of RnR it's amazing that he's not more widely acknowledged. Here, his best friends do a damn fine job. These songs make me cry every time.

Motorcycle Boy/Ramones "Loudmouth" and Mojo Nixon/Ramones "Rockaway Beach" [CD "Tribute to the Ramones," 1991, XXX] - By comparison to the rest of the "tributes" on here these are by far the coolest. Hear Mojo go WAY over the top.

The Mr. T Experience/Sesame Street's "Up and Down" [EP "Big Black Bugs Bleed Blue Blood," Rough Trade, 1989] - They made Big Bird punk as fuck.

Naked Raygun/Stiff Little Fingers "Suspect Device" [LP "Jettison," Caroline, 1988] - "This is a Stiff Little Fingers song called 'Suspect Device,'" he says sooo calmly and cool, then it just rains down, baby.

NIN/Queen's "Get Down Make Love" [12" "Sin," TVT, 1990] - How can you even play around with the original when this one rocks soo heavy and dances soo hard? The samples are killer as well and you can't beat the original guitar riff for the ending. A master work.

Overwhelming Colorfast/Beatles "She Said" [EP "Bender," Relativity, 1992] - Better than the original. More feeling, cuts deep. Punky Brewster style.

Pigface/traditional "Jingle Bells" [CD "Truth Will Out," Invisible, 1993] - This is what makes live records great. Crap like Skinny Puppy members singing Christmas tunes.

The Pinups - Tony help me! I've always thought it was the best cover on the record but I can't find out who did it originally! "Bitch" [CD "Pinups," XXX, 1993] - The Agnews and Tony ADZ fuck shit up on some old school punk classics that wind up just being hilarious at points 'cause of how harsh Tony's voice is on these recordings. Must own cover record.

Pop Will Eat Itself/Sigue Sigue Sputnik's "Love Missile F1-11" [LP "Go Box Frenzy," Chapter 22, 1989] - Not nearly as rad as the original but just the balls to pull it off so close to the time when the original was still a "scar" on the face of pop music.

Pretty Boy Floyd/Motley Crue's "Toast of the Town" [LP "Leather Boyz with Electric Toyz," MCA, 1989] - It fit right in with the image, the sound, the scene, and it was a Crue song that was never officially released - demo only!

Psychic TV/P.F. Sloan's "Eve of Destruction" [12" "Love War Riot," 1989, Temple] - P.F. never was sooo techno!

Psychic TV/Velvet Underground's "Sunday Morning" [12" Number 2 in a collector's edition of 23 live recordings - "N.Y. Scum," Temple, 1984] - Well, really they just trash it to piss off the art crowd of NY but it's funny!

Rikk Agnew's Yard Sale/Depeche Mode's "Never Let Me Down Again" [CD "Emotional Vomit," XXX, 1990] - One of the godfathers of '80s O.C. punk doing a kick-ass cover of supposedly one of the hated, non-punk bands of the '80s. Should give you close-minded kids a clue.

Rollins with Bad Brains/MC5's "Kick out the Jams" [I can't remember] - Sweeter than all hell! Come on and kick 'em out!

Rollins/Pink Fairies "Do It" [LP "Hard Time" I am thinking? I can't recall that either...] - Raw, primal, Rollins trucking power... doing a cover of a band called "The Pink Fairies"? DO IT DO IT DO IT DO IT DO IT!

Rozz Williams and Gitane Demone/Roxy Music's "Dream Home Heartache" and Hendrix's "Manic Depression" [CD "Dream Home Heartache," XXX, 1995] - Sorrow was never sooo beautiful.

Scatterbrain/LL Cool J's "Mamma Said Knock You Out" [CD Soundtrack "Encino Man," Hollywood, 1992] - Funny.

Shadow Project/David Bowie's "Holy Holy" [CD "Shadow Project," XXX, 1991] - Rozz sure loved his cover tunes... and he sure loved his Bowie. I've lost count of the number of Bowie songs he's covered over the years but I think this was his best.

Shadow Project/Alice Cooper's "Dead Babies/Killer" [limited fan club only cassette "Dead Babies/Killer," XXX, 1993] - Amazingly spooky and raw... the Project is on the prowl with great liner notes from Rozz about how he was raised on UFOs and spooky shit.

Sheep On Drugs/Velvet Underground's "Waiting for the Man" [CD "One for the Money," Invisible, 1997] - Snotty electro version of a supposed pre-art rock masterpiece. Classic, fun AND dance-y.

Shooting Gallery/Hanoi Rocks "Don't Never Leave Me" [CD "Shooting Gallery," Mercury, 1992] - When Andy McCoy left the broken-up Hanoi he took this gem with him, making the studio versions of this song within the Hanoi family uncountable. The hit that never was.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik/David Bowie's "Rebel Rebel" [CD "The First Generation," Jungle, 1990] - From their demos, and never released until this comp., you can hear the transgendered sing about wearing a dress, looking a mess...

Slayer/G.B.H.'s "Sick Boy" [Double 10" from Japan only - "Undisputed Attitude," American, 1996] - Sick, boy.

Slayer/Iron Butterfly's "In-A-Godda-Da-Vida" ["Less Than Zero" soundtrack, Def Jam, 1987] - A 20 minute song snipped down to a feisty 3:20. Metal rules.

Soft Cell/Johnny Thunders "Born to Lose" [12" "Down in the Subway," Some Bizarre, 1984] - Synth-core version of the first bad boy single from Johnny Thunders and The Heartbreakers giving more proof the good taste of Marc Almond and Dave Ball. Very cool, no other "alternative bands" in this era would have made such a risky move.

Soft Cell/Hendrix melody of tunes [12" "Soul Inside," Some Bizarre, 1983] - Very cool '80s dance floor, soul-searching renditions of a number of Jimi Hendrix tunes crooned out by the very hot Marc Almond.

Soul Asylum/James Brown's "Hot Pants" [CD "Time's Incinerator," Twin Tone, 1986] - Recorded back in '81 as a seemingly drunk and disorderly Soul Asylum get crazy with the cheese whiz.

Stray Cats/Les Paul and Mary's "Sleepwalk" [CD "Choo Choo Hot Fish," Giant Pyramid, 1992] - Nice and pretty - exactly like the original 1959 #1 hit instrumental for young lovers. Quiet music for bad boy rockers.

Tigertailz/Megadeth's "Peace Sells" and Metallica's "Creeping Death" [CD "Banzai," Sony, 1991] - What made these two covers so great on their Japan-only third outing is that they were TOTALLY unexpected for this Hollywood-camp style bubble glam outfit. Unfortunately they must have been trying to buy credibility or it went to their heads because their next record was a terrible wanna-be heavy flop.

The Toy Dolls/Elvis "Blue Suede Shoes" [LP "Dig That Groove Baby," Volume, 1983] - A mock audience heckles our poor heroes until they play it "FASTER!!!!"

Type O Negative/Hendrix's "Hey Joe" - changed to: "Hey Pete" - the singer's name ["The Origin of the Feces," Roadracer, 1992] - I don't think I've ever felt this tune become soooo real, like he's really gonna kill that girl.

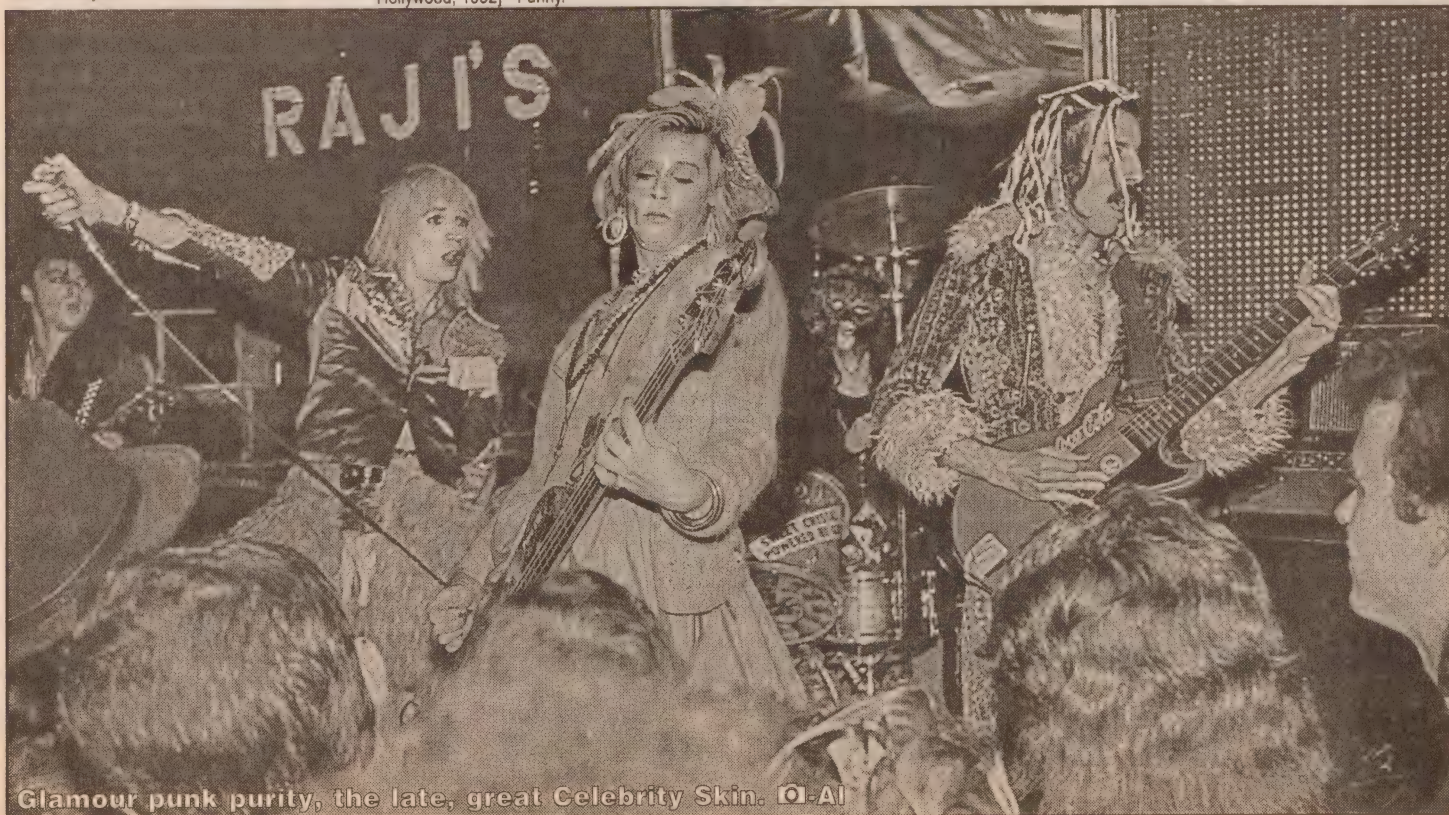
Under Neath What /that disco tune "La Freak" [12" "Firebomb Telecom," WEA, 1989] - A great glam/punk/psychedelic band that just never made it and got dropped with their first tripped-out record, but anyway - "LA FREAK," dude!

Vandels, Tyla (Dogs D'Amour), Chris Connelly, They Eat Their Own, Flaming Lips/ Alice Cooper tunes [Double CD "Welcome to Our Nightmare, An Alice Cooper Tribute," 1993, XXX] - Ranging from the outright, hands-down comically best (Vandels) to pop magic (They Eat Their Own) to bad-ass (Chris Connelly) and heart wrenching (Tyla). Also the Shadow Project number is included here. Liner notes by Wayne Kramer.

W.A.S.P./Foghat (?) "Mississippi Queen" [12" single, 1985] - A friend of mine saw Chris Holmes from W.A.S.P. in the airport the other day walking around with an open bottle of Jim Beam and a t-shirt that reads "Pussy Rules."

Warrior Soul/Joy Division's "Interzone" [CD "Drugs God and the New Republic," DGC, 1991] - I'll never see how much ass this version kicked and for that all-out crap Joy Division [de]tribute that put that shit band Face to Face doing their shite version of this classic.

Warrior Soul/David Bowie's "Moonage Daydream" [CD single "Love Is the Drug, Music for Nations," 1995] - Hard-hitting, punkified version of the Ziggy masterpiece. Rare, last single for the band as well.



Glamour punk purity, the late, great Celebrity Skin. O-Al

What do J. Edgar Hoover, Adolf Hitler, Frank Zappa, and Aleister Crowley have in common? Bob Dobbs of course! Continue with this intriguing conversational discourse through time and history. Trust me, in the end it will all make sense. Maybe not the end of this issues column, but in the big picture end. -AARtVark

April 22, 1984 (Toronto, Canada)

Bob entered the waiting room in Connie's medical clinic expecting to see his cohort Bob Marshall, the journalist.

Marshall: Bob, what are you doing in town?

Dobbs: Come outside for a minute.

Marshall: [out in the hallway with Dobbs] What's up?

Dobbs: What are you going to do now?

Alan: Well, before I go back to Seattle, I'm going to go to Europe and check out all the places where I had past lives.

Dobbs: How do you know your past lives?

Alan: I got them through a medium by the name of David Worcester when he channeled Awareness. I had many sessions with him dur-

That's why we have the new rush to build expressways to expedite traffic into the cities. The city planners don't understand this, however.

July 4, 1971 (New York, NY)

Flaps: Lyn, why do you think the suburbanization of the working class spells doom for us?

Gelli: I'm tempted to tell you and your people to go fuck yourselves.

Dobbs: Look, your role in the old world-government apparatus is pretty tenuous right now because we've got bigger problems in the solar-government structure.

Gelli: That doesn't concern me.

Dobbs: Oh yeah?

Gelli then turned on his VCR and picked up the telephone as Bob watched the opening scenes of The Godfather Part 2 unfold on the screen.

February 14, 1961 (Washington, DC)

Hoover: Those fools are going ahead with that Castro nonsense.

Dobbs: Shit, so I'm going to have to go down to Miami.

Hoover: Not only that, you're going to have to visit the JM/Wave group.

June 29, 1960 (Toronto, Canada)

Dobbs: Marshall, you better start writing a book soon. Look at this article by J. C. Carothers in Psychiatry magazine. They're catching up to you.

McLuhan: [taking the article in his hands] Not likely.

Dobbs: Read it later. I want to ask you if you've

ANDROID MEME'S XENOCRONY

Dobbs: I've found a radio station you can use to release your particular kind of news. It's downtown on the Ryerson campus. A Chris Twomey will call you.

Marshall: When do I start?

Dobbs: They want to check you out first. Just show them your library and play a couple of Mae Brussell tapes. You'll overwhelm them. It should be no problem.

Marshall: So how long are you here? When can we get together?

Dobbs: Not right now. Sorry, but I have to go to Moscow tonight. There's a new guy coming in a fter Chernenko - one of Beter's so-called Skoptsis.

September 8, 1944 (Paris, France)

Rene: Bob, you're going to be meeting a very interesting character tomorrow. His name is Fritz Kraemer. You just do what he says. Don't ask your type of questions. The next few months are going to be a little dangerous for you because we're going into the final turn.

Rene then turned his attention to the newspaper on his desk. But that only lasted a few seconds. He sighed, put the paper down, and began scanning the maps on his work table.

Dobbs: Father, do you remember the young lady I told you I met at the club the other night. Well, I saw her coming out of the embassy today. She was with some of Gehlen's people.

Rene: You mean that Constance girl?

Dobbs: Yes, but she told me she prefers to be called "Connie". Anyway, why would she be with those thugs? It's unfathomable. That's not the impression she gave me when I met her. Do you get my point?

Rene: Definitely. I'll look into this tomorrow. I know who'll know.

November 22, 1965 (New York, NY)

Dobbs: So how do you feel about it now? It's been three years today.

David Ferrie: [turning on the car radio] Let's see what the radio says I feel?

The station was just beginning to play It's Gonna Take A Miracle by the Royalettes. Bob and Ferrie both began to beam as they started to sing along with this heaven-sent song. As

ing the last two years and I accumulated an inventory of my past lives. Many were in Europe over the last fifteen hundred years.

Dobbs: Whoever this Worcester fellow is, you believe him?

Alan: Yeah, I'm inclined to because I like Awareness' philosophy. It's similar to Krishnamurti's. Have you ever read him?

Dobbs: I'm familiar with it.

Alan: Great. When I'm in England, I'm going to visit Brockwood, one of his schools. I hope to be there when he gives some lectures.

Dobbs: But you're going back to Seattle eventually?

Alan: Yeah, I want to take some advanced development classes from Worcester on how to become a medium for Awareness.

Alan and Bob turned left on the northeast corner of Queen and Portland Streets and walked a few yards to the entrance of the old Mayfair Theatre. They got their tickets and went in to watch McCabe and Mrs. Miller. Bob stopped for a second, though, to listen to Led Zeppelin's Stairway to Heaven leaking from a car radio as it coasted into a parking spot in front of the movie house.

July 11, 1989 (London, England)

Prince Charles: Bob, what do you know about this cold fusion breakthrough in Utah?

Dobbs: [in Toronto, Canada] Forget it, it's a hoax! I wouldn't trust these Pons and Fleischmann characters if I were you. Listen, Charles, get the new Zappa album Broadway the Hard Way. Even though you never liked him, I think you'll respond to this one.

December 2, 1977 (New York, NY)

Dr. Beter: [leaning over the railing on the second floor of Studio 54] So that's where we stand now - the Bolsheviks have knocked out the Americans' moon base. From there they can point their particle laser beams at any part of the planet.

Dobbs: What about the Skoptsi faction in Moscow? They've got a little leverage over the Bolsheviks still, don't they?

Beter: Yes, that's going to be very interesting as we watch their moves after this Bolshevik victory. And the Americans are going to have to

Marcus/LaRouche: Because real wealth comes from city-building, from the increase in

Hoover: Those fools are going ahead with that Castro nonsense.
Dobbs: Shit, so I'm going to have to go down to Miami.

relative potential population density. Suburbanization decentralizes and weakens the negentropic spiral of working-class evolution, and favors a new Dark Age dominated by the rentier-finance class.

November 19, 1971 (Los Angeles, CA)

Dennis: Listen, Calvin, I will have that cheque ready for you by tomorrow. Frank called me this morning from Europe about it and he says we owe it to you.

Calvin Schenkel: Great. Thanks, Dennis. By the way, when are you going to audition for Frank's band again? I think you can make it now. Listening to you last night at the club, I could see you'd have no problem.

Dennis: Yeah, I feel confident, too. Playing for Zappa is like being in a military operation, but he knows I'm lookin' to be in the band when he gets back from this tour.

January 8, 1972 (Seattle, WA)

Alan: David, how would you summarize Awareness' messages on personal development in twenty-five words or less?

Worcester: A co-creative alignment of one's relationship to money, power and sex by means of mind, then emotion and finally feeling.

Alan: Is that what Krishnamurti is saying?

David: That's what I hear from him when he speaks.

May 24, 1972 (Dartmouth)

Randy: Garrett, since I met you last fall, I don't feel the need to go back to Montreal for graduate studies. Your unique style of kindness for people inspires me to want to be a doctor, and there's an excellent medical school right across the harbor at Dalhousie University. That way I can easily stay in touch with you and get an occasional hit of your world.

Deane: Oh, Randy, the people I used to know in New York filled me with such a spirit. Just to remember coming home at six in the morning, with the sun coming up, on Park Avenue, having spent all night at the bars on the Bowery - I can sit here in the dream of those memories and not have to lift a finger.

Randy: I think I can feel what you feel by just being here in your home.

Deane: You're very generous, Randy, to say that. But this is my mother's house. She created that warmth you feel.

December 17, 1979 (Rome, Italy)

Dobbs: Licio, if you don't clean up this Toni Negri matter very soon, you're going to be culta non grata.

figured out what Sputnik and these new satellites mean, yet?

McLuhan: Yes, I think I'm getting a handle on them. I've had to do a lot of reformulation of my ideas over the last couple of years because of them.

Dobbs: May I hear a few of them?

McLuhan: I think I'll take a rain check on that.

Dobbs laughed quietly and turned on his transistor radio. He raised it meaningfully at Marshall as Wonderful World by Sam Cooke hopped into McLuhan's hospital room.

October 14, 1979 (Dallas, TX)

Dobbs: Garrett, if I fly up to Dartmouth, will you go to Apocalypse Now with me?

Deane: [in Dartmouth] No, Bob, I will not go to a movie that treats the word "apocalypse" so casually.

April 29, 1966 (Dartmouth)

Bob sat in one of the dressing rooms of the Dartmouth Rink as the coach prepared Bob's young friends for the final playoff game against Prince Andrew High School. As Bob watched the tense faces of Randy, Steve, Flaps, Dennis, and Alan, he thought of Hilliard Graves in the opposing dressing room and Darryl Maggs out in Bedford. Those two players were the only ones that seemed destined for a professional career in hockey - although this wouldn't occur to anybody else that night or any future night. Later Bob heard some of his friends' girlfriends - Jane MacGlashen, Judy McLeod, Gudrun Gurholt - singing California Dreamin' by the Mamas and The Papas while waiting at the canteen.

August 28, 1979 (Los Angeles, CA)

Dobbs: Frank, you hit the nail on the head with that theme of banning music in Joe's Garage?

Zappa: Yeah, look at what the Ayatollah is doing in Iran!

Dobbs: Oh yes, but I want to warn you. There's going to be a rise in Fundamentalist political activity here in America mainly through the Republican Party over the next few years. Your scenario will look more like the news than science fiction.

Zappa: If you're right, then those are some of my worst fears come true.

Dobbs: It's unfortunate, but it's going to knock the wind out of a lot of the mood of electric autonomy that motivated much of the frenzy of the seventies.

Frank turned back to his editing console, but he also turned on his television to catch the news.

Dobbs: Oh yes, but I want to warn you. There's going to be a rise in Fundamentalist political activity here in America mainly through the Republican Party over the next few years. Your scenario will look more like the news than science fiction.
Zappa: If you're right, then those are some of my worst fears come true.

they roared up Fifth Avenue, it wasn't long before they began to laugh and sway.

February 5, 1973 (Dartmouth)

Dobbs: How long have you been in Seattle?

Alan: Two years.

go public with their space program again.

April 30, 1971 (Toronto, Canada)

Steve: Dr. McLuhan, what's the role of the old industrial city in the global theater?

McLuhan: Oh! Well, the city becomes sacred.

Dobbs: I was wondering what you will do when war breaks out. Crowley: Like your father, I will work for the British secret services. That's no mystery.

December 5, 1970 (Chicago, IL)

Sherman Skolnick: Ever since I met you, Bob, my court cases haven't been covered by the local media like they used to. I used to be able to hold press conferences on my front lawn within an hour, just at the snap of a finger.

Dobbs: Yes, but I suggest you might be able to broadcast by telephone. Set up a looped five-minute message on a tape recorder. You can change the message every few days to feature new stories. Anybody anywhere in the world can call in and hear it. You'd be broadcasting to the whole planet. Just think of it!

Skolnick: That's an interesting idea. I'd be on the bus without being edited or censored.

Sherman rolled across the room in his wheelchair as his private phone line began to ring.

March 8, 1974 (Dartmouth)

Steve: Bob, I'm more and more realising the importance of kinetic and tactile space in McLuhan's system. He doesn't talk about them as much as visual and acoustic space in his writings but the kinetic and tactile spaces are more of an influential factor in the Twentieth Century experience.

Dobbs: Political control is the biggest factor in the Twentieth Century and I don't hear this McLuhan guy talking about that, ever.

Steve and Bob continued looking over the Halifax harbor from the mid-point of the MacDonald Bridge. They could see the lights of the Dartmouth ferry slipping into its dock. Almost midnight. Garrett should be crossing the bridge about now.

July 17, 1974 (Dartmouth)

Flaps: You know, Bob, LaRouche is really emphasizing the use of narco-hypnosis in political control and counter-terrorist strategies by the intelligence agencies now. It's caused a lot of factional infighting among us in New York and a lot of people are leaving.

Dobbs: The daily information-overload environment is the real terrorist action against the working-class today. Not just what's on the news any day, but the fact there is constant news twenty-four hours a day, day in, day out. Your LaRouche buddy is clueless in even how to approach this problem.

Flaps picked up his copy of Rolling Stone magazine to scan the piece by Ben Fong-Torres on Bob Dylan's recent comeback tour. His eyes immediately fell on a section about Michael McClure introducing Marshall McLuhan to Dylan back-stage.

November 26, 1974 (Dartmouth)

Alan: But, Bob, if there's one thing I've learned from Krishnamurti, Awareness, and David Worcester, it's that what's keeping people held back and in the dark is the fear of death. If we all could somehow get over that, then greed, lust and ignorance wouldn't have such a hold over us.

Dobbs: No, I don't think so. What Krishnamurti and your friends miss is that once people have realized unmistakably the fact that the machines have won and taken over, humanity is going to fall in love with death as an escape hatch. It will be seduction by suicide.

As Alan and Bob slowly walked along Wyse Road, Bob noticed that Dutchie Mason was playing at the Matador Lounge across the street and suggested they should drop in. Alan agreed but said he'd also love to hear Frank MacKay and the Lincolns again.

February 27, 1975 (Dartmouth)

Dennis: I feel good, Bob. It's great to be alive! The good news is Captain Beefheart is getting back together again with Zappa. The Mothers are going to tour again in a few weeks and I'm handling promotions. Music is the best!

Dobbs: Music is what's holding society together now - it's both a fascist anaesthetic and a dionysian release. But, Dennis, this situation

will have no staying power in the long run, so it will be interesting to see what your musician-god Zappa does when that problem surfaces.

Sitting on a bench in front of Sullivan's Pond, on the Creighton Avenue side, Bob wanted to mention the new Fellini movie that was in town, but he was interrupted by Dennis complaining about a recent article in the Village Voice by Ron Rosenbaum that reported on a convention of assassination researchers in Boston.

June 7, 1975 (Dartmouth)

Randy: As you no doubt know, Bob, if you hadn't introduced me to Garrett, I wouldn't have gotten through medical school. I owe you for that. Thanks.

Dobbs: You don't owe me anything. Garrett is kind of an unknown treasure in this city and I've fortunately enjoyed his company for over twenty years. I'll never forget walking around the Dartmouth of the fifties with Garrett fresh in from New York. Any friend of Garrett could be a friend of mine.

Randy and Bob approached 64 Queen Street. Mrs. McMenemy waved at them as she carefully put some curtains in the back seat of her car parked across from Garrett's house. The side door of the house was wide open. They could see that Garrett expected their visit even though his windows had no light in them.

December 21, 1969 (Seattle, WA)

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the musical ideas of Frank Zappa?

Worcester: [in trance while lying on a couch] This Awareness indicates that this entity as one who moves and collects response from many areas. That these become a kaleidoscope to be embroidered for the texture of sound. This Awareness indicates that each of these then become an entrance from a two-dimensional system into many other areas of visualization. **Dobbs:** Was this entity a famous musician in a previous life?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates this is negative, that this entity's previous life action as one involved with a stone, and a glass and mosaics, this in areas of North Africa, that this entity also was an architect involving certain Mosques.

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the ideas of Marshall McLuhan and the significance of their application?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates that this entity in breaking through strands of certain gauges and screens has seen a view of which becomes of itself an action, and in understanding that each of the gauges a screen that is placed before the real action, also determines the extent to which entities may approach the real action before breaking through these screens and gauges. This Awareness indicates in this manner the various apparatus, organization, mechanical, or structured concept may be considered as gauges and screens before the real action, that that which is seen in relation to each of these gauges or screens is the limitation which one may approach the real action, hence the Medium is the Message is an indication of the limitation to which entities may move through these filters and colorations.

Dobbs: Would Awareness comment on the ideas of Buckminster Fuller?

Worcester: This Awareness indicates that these emanate great strength and light, yet those points of intrinsic value create a limitation in certain areas through specifics inclined to be involved in thoughts which are not entirely open to the creative change which must come to every part, to live.

February 2, 1982 (Toronto, Canada)

Dobbs: Why do you think your medical practice is so popular?

Connie: Because I listen to my patients. I let them define their problems.

Dobbs: You let them create their own body percept?

Connie: Yes. At least, in the beginning.

Dobbs: So, it is a given today that people in America demand the right to have an audience.

Connie: It seems so.

Dobbs: And that is a new pressure in doctor's lives?

Connie: Yes.

Bob and Connie were interrupted when their son and daughter, adopted twins born on January 17, 1965, barged into the kitchen with their friend Eddie and demanded to hear again the Frank Zappa album that made fun of televangelists.

July 2, 1972 (Paris, France)

Jean Baudrillard: You are interested in my writings on McLuhan?

Dobbs: Yes, but I think you can find a way around his ideas by emphasizing the "phatic" function in economic exchange. You know Roman Jakobson's Six Functions in Communication?

Baudrillard: Yes.

Dobbs: The phatic is all that's left now. Well, anyway, I've got to go. I want to see the new Godard film. Perhaps we'll talk again.

November 30, 1968 (Seattle, WA)

Dobbs: If Rhyee has returned to the Plane of Essence, how does this affect matter?

Worcester: It changes the tridocaea. The tridocaea is made up of air, fire and water. Water will fall away and be replaced by akasha, which is the word for new being. In occult literature it's called the Age of Aquarius.

Dobbs: So the Piscean Age, symbolized by the fish, is over because there is no more water for the fish.

Worcester laughed and turned on his car's motor, and he and Bob headed down the country road for the small town of Olympia. Bob switched on the car radio but it was broken.

January 4, 1980 (Washington, DC)

Dobbs: The way I see it, Peter, the old world government cloned national governments. The recent

Rene: We were not and are not now in a position to interfere with your nation's wishes.

Hitler: That is good. We think it is in your nation's wishes, too. And in the aspirations of our children and yours.

solar government cloned electric media. Now where does the organic robotoid fit into this?

Beter: It's the mythic government phase. That's when the national, world and solar governments merge and implode into the cloned mouth as government. Think of that Man Ray painting. Oh, what's it called? It has the lips in the sky. Oh yes - Fashion Photograph! That's an image of what I mean. It's the old Bucky Fuller principle of doing more with less. And it brings back the flesh in a more efficient manner. At least, that's what our friends hope.

Dobbs: Government by "cloned mouth". There was a band I saw at CBGB's back in June '76 called The Talking Heads. Remember when old McLuhan used to talk about how the "word makes the market"?

Beter: I certainly do. Even he would be shocked by how it's utilized today.

Dobbs: I hear he's ill now. I may have to visit him at his home, and that could be awkward because his family doesn't know about our friendship. It began over twenty-five years ago.

Beter: Did McLuhan ever figure out that your quote-friendship-unquote was originally an assignment?

Dobbs: Yeah. A few years ago. Barrington Nevitt helped him figure it out.

May 11, 1955 (Dartmouth)

Garrett took each step very slowly. Bob watched from across the street, trying not to laugh. The citizens of the town of Dartmouth swarmed off the ferry onto the bottom of Portland Street. Some began to look confused as they slowed their pace.

They could see that this face

up ahead had on some kind of white make-up, but not as thick as a mime's - more like a smooth powder. Garrett passed through the crowd, walking carefully but seeming not to notice the reactions. Bob followed Garrett as he turned right onto Alderney Drive. Bob felt like a documentary camera. He told me he was going to do this as a joke, but he seems to be doing it so seriously.

November 28, 1944 (Paris, France)

Dobbs: It appears you knew about me before I met you in September.

Connie: My parents helped organize the Vichy government. Therefore, I was nurtured in the circles that monitored Parisians. And even though your father's network was untouchable, we still watched you. The significance of you and me working on this mission together indicates something different is going to happen. I think they're preparing for a new world order that will be set up after this war is over, which is going to be soon. And where they're sending us today probably has some role in it.

Dobbs: My family has been an observer of these Machiavellian maneuvers for over two hundred years.

Connie: My family goes back further than that, and they weren't just observers.

Bob relaxed as much as he could as the jeep headed out of Paris. I haven't been south of Paris in over a year. And I haven't met such an interesting young woman in a longer time. This is going to be fun.

March 5, 1968 (Los Angeles, CA)

Dobbs: Mr. Armstrong, you and I have known each other for a long time. You know that I was raised in Paris and you know my sentiments for Europe. Tell me, what does the Bible predict for Europe? Herbert W. Armstrong: It foretells the rise of a Fourth Reich in Europe in the coming years.

Dobbs: Will you be able to continue your broadcasting in those times?

Armstrong: No.

Dobbs: Will you yourself make that decision to stop?

Armstrong: No, it will be made for me.

Rene: We were not and are not now in a position to interfere with your nation's wishes.

Hitler: That is good. We think it is in your nation's wishes, too. And in the aspirations of our children and yours.

July 10 1938 (Paris, France)

Dobbs: Excuse me for being nervous, but I've looked forward to this moment for a long time. My father has told me a lot about you.

Aleister Crowley: I understand. I cast a long shadow before me.

Dobbs: I was wondering what you will do when war breaks out.

Crowley: Like your father, I will work for the British secret services. That's no mystery.

Dobbs: Another question I have - what do you think the Egyptian pyramids are telling us?

Crowley: Too much for a young man like yourself to know yet.

Bob glanced at Rene, who only smiled, and returned his sight quickly to Crowley. Behind Crowley's head in the mirror on the dining-room wall Bob saw a white room with rows of women working at typewriters that had small glowing screens attached to them. Above the screens were the words HADRON INC. Are those ancient Egyptians?

October 23, 1936 (Berlin, Germany)

Bob sat very still on the sofa as Rene prepared to answer Adolf Hitler's question.

Rene: We were not and are not now in a position to interfere with your nation's wishes.

Hitler: That is good. We think it is in your nation's wishes, too. And in the aspirations of our children and yours. That is all we need to discuss now. Please excuse me, and I will join you and your son in my movie theater downstairs later.

contact Bob at: purple@ingress.com

BOMBS MAKE SENSE

On a rainy day in May of '86 an explosive device was detonated during a political rally on Chicago's south side, killing seven police officers and injuring sixty more. When all was said and done, hundreds of policemen and civilians were injured. Outraged over the brazen attack, the Chicago police made hundreds of arrests. Ten reputed anarchists were indicted. The trial was a total sham, a black eye on the American criminal justice system. Six were charged with conspiracy to commit murder even though it was never determined who exactly threw the bomb. Four innocent men were executed. Why

President of the United States. The Statue of Liberty was dedicated. The Apache chief Geronimo surrendered. The first Sherlock Holmes story had not yet appeared in print. And working conditions in America's population centers were stunningly deplorable. May 1, 1886, kicked off a nationwide strike for the eight-hour workday, an idea that had been struggling to find a voice since the mid-1830s. Most history books focus on the fallout after the war between the states during this period in American history, but what the books don't teach you is that the Union war machine had created a boom economy in the increasingly industrialized North. Because

Eight-Hour Leagues and other competing unions didn't count on was that man's desire to make money is eclipsed only by his overwhelming compulsion to keep it.

ANARCHY IN THE USA

The results of the strike were felt all over the country, but nowhere more so than in Chicago. Having endured a bloody railroad strike in 1877 and a streetcar strike in 1885, Chicago was headquarters to many of the most outspoken and influential anarcho-syndacalists. The anarchists used underground newspapers devoted to the labor cause to get their message across (zine anarchy!). The popular newspapers of the



The Haymarket Monument: A Chicago cop screwing in a lightbulb? Signalling he needs two tickets to the Bears game? Or a secret hand signal recognizable by other fascists?

May 4 was a gloomy, overcast day with off and on showers, and as a result, the turnout for the rally was much lower than expected (only about 3,000 people showed). The

police had continued their attacks on the strikers throughout the day.

Parsons addressed the crowd and promptly left, eager to get out of the rain and rejoin his family (the fact that Parsons attended the rally with his family is a very strong indication that he expected no trouble). Mayor Harrison, who was in attendance, left shortly thereafter. Satisfied that the worst was over, he stopped off at a nearby police station to advise them that the rally was almost over and that he had heard nothing inflammatory.

Harrison clearly wanted to avoid repeating the scene that left dozens of civilians dead or injured the previous afternoon. However, as the last speech of the day was drawing to a close, almost two hundred policemen, led by Captain John "Black Jack" Bonfield, a notorious thug, advanced on the dwindling crowd. Bonfield, it should be noted, had been widely criticized for his riot suppression tactics the year before, which entailed clubbing everyone in

sight, including strikers, workers, innocent bystanders... even local merchants, but because of his powerful connections, he couldn't be dismissed. Instead, as is often the case with connected men who are ill-suited to the tasks they have been appointed, Bonfield was promoted.

Suddenly, an explosion ripped apart the ranks of the policemen. Patrolman Mathias J. Degan was greased on the spot. Six more would eventually die from their injuries. In the insane melee that followed, two hundred

MONEY TALKS



"There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today!"

—August Spies last words



don't I remember any of this, you ask? Why haven't I heard this before? Probably because the bomb that rocked Haymarket Square went off over a hundred years ago in 1886, but the aftershock of this fascinating event can still be felt today.

HAYMARKET A-GO-GO

The Haymarket Riot brought international attention to the anarchist movement in America. Indeed, the hurling of the bomb marked the first time an explosive device had been used to incur human casualties in the United States. In 1886, Stephen Cleveland (a.k.a. Grover) was

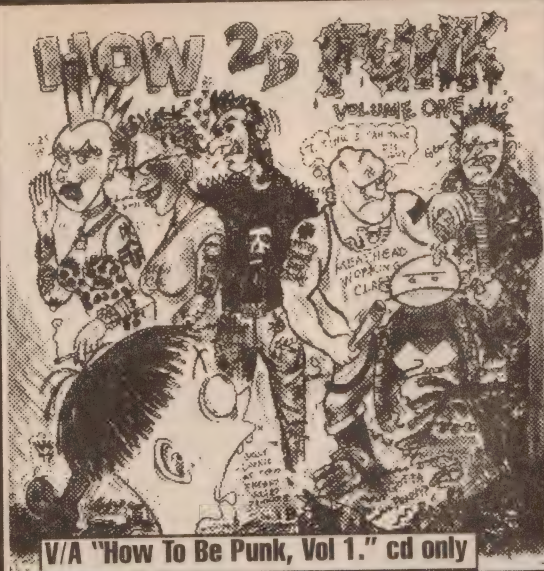
the war was a constant drain on the work force, immigrants poured into the country in record numbers, filling the factories and the slums. The panic of 1873, which lasted six years, widened the gap between the haves and the have-nots, as did mistrust between ownership and labor, especially with respect to "foreign" ideas. Homelessness was so bad in Chicago, the bottom floors of public buildings, including City Hall, were converted into makeshift shelters. The radical labor organizers of the day decided to push the eight-hour initiative once more. What the Knights of Labor, the National Labor Union, the

day retaliated with seditious personal attacks and racist diatribes. Consider this quote from the *Chicago Mail* directed toward two of the better known radicals in the city on the morning of May 1, 1886: "There are two dangerous ruffians at large in this city: two skulking cowards who are trying to create trouble. One of them is named Parsons; the other is named Spies... Mark them for today... Make an example of them if trouble does occur." Albert Parsons was a typesetter from Alabama and a veteran of the Confederacy who was despised for his progressive views toward ex-slaves. August Spies was a German-born upholsterer who published *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, the largest German daily in the city. Broad-sides of this nature appeared with great frequency in the popular newspapers. It was not unusual for an editorial piece on the filthy habits of Italians to appear alongside regular news features, effectively reminding contemporary readers that America has always been, and always will be, a racist country. The publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, an aggressive prohibitionist, even went so far as to advocate the distribution of poison meat to homeless tramps. Lucy Parsons, Albert's wife, responded with an editorial suggesting that the homeless arm themselves with dynamite. The melting pot, so to speak, was about to boil over.

On May 3, 1886, three days into the strike, workers gathered on Black Road outside of McCormick's Harvester Factory. The workers had been locked-out since February and replaced with a crew of strike-breakers. At the change of shifts, the strikers harassed and harangued the scabs. A mob of policemen, Pinkerton agents and hired goons rushed in, clubbing everyone in sight. When they met with resistance from the strikers, the hired guns fired indiscriminately into the crowd, killing two workers (it was originally thought that six had died). It sounds appalling that a company would pay outsiders to kill its own employees, but it was not an uncommon tactic. Incensed, August Spies helped organize a rally to be held on the following day and authored a leaflet urging the following: "Arbeiter, zu den Waffen!" (Workingmen, to Arms!).

"I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!"

-Louis Lingg's address to the court



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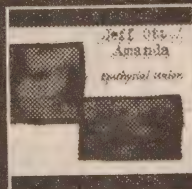
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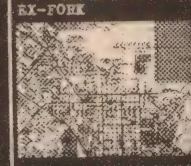
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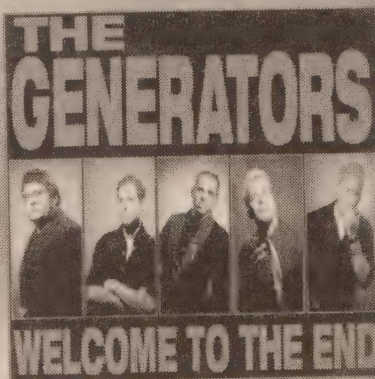


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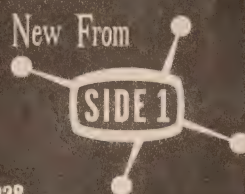
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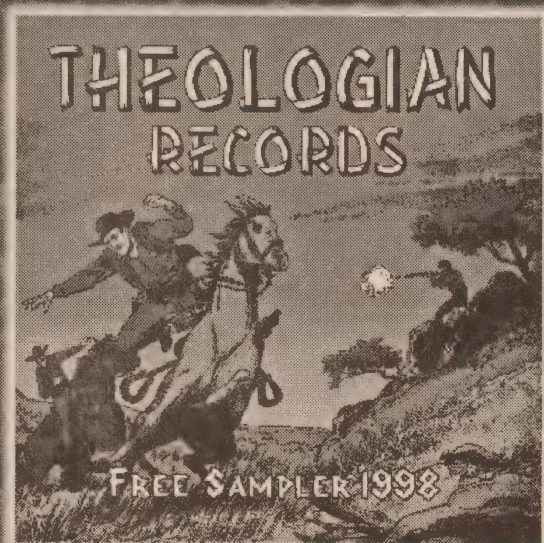
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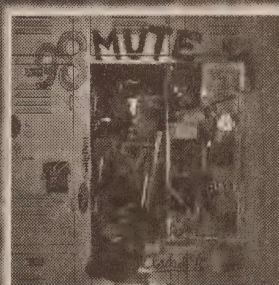
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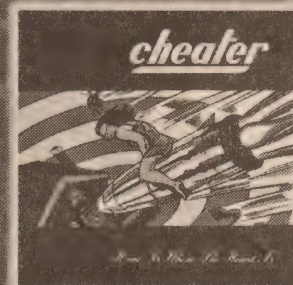
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unarmed civilians sustained injuries. Bonfield, had blindly led his men straight into the maw of Chicago's darkest hour.

ENEMY OF THE ORDER

Who threw the bomb? To this day, the identity of the bomb hucker is unknown. Both Parsons and Spies can be effectively ruled out as they had already left or were in the process of leaving Haymarket Square when the device was detonated, although that didn't keep them from being named as suspects. Parsons, suspecting the work of an agent provocateur, i.e. a McCormick goon paid to instigate police reprisals on an immense scale, fled the city. Although the high number of police casualties point to another explanation, it should be noted that most of the dead policemen had sustained gunshot wounds inflicted by their fellow policemen, which should give you an indication of how hellish the scene at McCormick's must have been that night.

In the days following the bombing at Haymarket, Chicago came to resemble a city under martial law. Hundreds of arrests were made. Public labor meetings were broken up. Private residences invaded. Printing presses used by radicals were destroyed, subscription lists seized to make still more arrests. The State's Attorney Julius Grinnell went so far as to say: "Make the raids first and look up the law afterwards." Spies was arrested immediately, along with his assistant Sam Fielden who was at the podium when the bomb was thrown, and several other anarcho-syndacalists of note. But the case took a sensational turn when police, acting on an "anonymous" tip, raided a rooming house where the German anarchist Louis Lingg resided. They discovered a cache of sheet-iron molds, coils of fuse, iron bolts, cans of English dynamite and a large array of gas-pipe bombs in varying degrees of completion. In other words, an anarchist's kitchen. Lingg resisted and a loaded revolver was wrestled from his grasp. The newspapers jumped on the story. Louis Lingg, maker of infernal machines, may as well have been convicted, tried and executed on the spot, and to this day it is Lingg's name that is associated more than any other with the bombing at Haymarket Square.

THE MOST DANGEROUS ANARCHIST IN CHICAGO

Most of Chicago's anarcho-syndacalists were nothing more than reformers seeking socialist applications to the problems and issues facing the working class. For them the enemies were capitalism, competition and greed. Spies and Parsons preached for common ownership and universal cooperation. Labor unions, they felt, were the working man's best chance for righting the wrongs of a capitalist society. Ironically, the various unions worked against one another, at times resembling a capitalist microsystem in their competition for limited resources, i.e. membership. Specialization and language barriers also played a factor. German workers wanted what was best for Germans, teamsters for teamsters. Lingg was of another mind altogether. He advocated a position of propaganda by deed which entailed the use of "rude force to combat the ruder force of the police." Louis Lingg regularly engaged in rifle practice and used moneys raised by the Union of Carpenters and Joiners to teach himself how to make bombs. In short, Louis Lingg was an anarchist's anarchist.

As media events go, Lingg's arrest was the

biggest news to hit Chicago since the Great Chicago Fire of 1871. Described as a wild beast, a rabid bomb thrower and a demented madman, his good looks and youthful countenance painted a different picture. He was depicted in the press as a dirty foreigner, but his piercing gray eyes and a sweeping crown of hair painted the picture of a dashing aristocrat. Charles Edward Russell writes: "Little of his abnormal strength was apparent when in repose. He was slightly under average height, very compactly built, with tawny hair, a face long and strong, and the most extraordinary eyes I have ever seen in a human head, steel gray, exceedingly keen, and bearing in their depths a kind of cold and hateful fire." (Clearly Russell had, ahem, issues.)

Contradictions and conflicting emotions surrounded

Lingg as they did Ted Bundy and O.J.

Simpson. Women flocked to his cell to catch a glimpse of the rabid Dynamarchist. He was the organizer for the Carpenters and Joiners union despite the fact that he had only been in Chicago ten months at the time of the riots. Captain Michael J. Schaack called him "the most dangerous anarchist in Chicago" and "the most unfathomable fellow I have ever had in my charge." Lingg refused to speak with the Capitalist press and during his trial he paid little attention to the proceedings, preferring to sit in his chair and read while chewing on an unlit cigar, an eerie intimation of being a native of Germany. Lingg was also a compelling orator, and over a hundred years later, his address to the court remains among the most passionate rhetoric inspired by the bombing at Haymarket Square. "I despise you. I despise your order, your laws, your force-propped authority. Hang me for it!" Compared to mad bombers of the modern era like Ted Kozinsky and Timothy McVeigh, loner nut jobs whose motivation for blowing shit up stems from a latent dissatisfaction with their inability to get laid, Louis Lingg was hard core.

BREAKING THE LAW, BREAKING THE LAW

Was Lingg guilty? Although there isn't a single shred of hard evidence that links Lingg to the bombing at Haymarket Square, the veritable arsenal at his disposal points to a conspiracy. The trial that effectively sent four innocent men to the gallows is regarded as one of the greatest failures of our justice system. The gaffs were so appalling, the sham so transparent, it's hard to believe that the events transpired in an American courtroom that has changed very little in the hundred years since the riots. For reasons that still aren't clear, a special bailiff was appointed to choose the jurors, thereby circumscribing the random selection process that has been in place since day one. Indeed, one of the jurors was a relative of a policeman injured by the blast! Witnesses regularly contradicted one another with their confabulations. The icing on the cake came it was learned that the man in whose house Lingg had resided, and whose subsequent testimony would prove to be the most damning, had been paid for his testimony and whose safe passage back to Germany was arranged for by the Chicago police. In truth, Louis Lingg and company never had a chance.

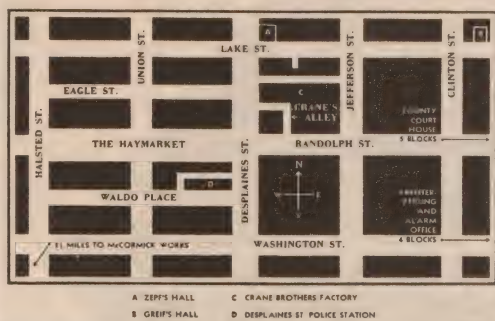
EXIT LAUGHING

There's no questioning the strength of Lingg's courage and conviction, but would his name still resonate today if not for his exceptional sense, of what I'll call for lack of a better

the gallows by exploding a cigar-shaped dynamite bomb in his mouth while waiting in cell 22 on the eve of his execution. Incredibly, Lingg lived. The blast blew his jaw off and knocked him unconscious. Lingg died on the operating table. Today, the people of Chicago, particularly on the south side, perhaps as a result of their intransigent devotion to things Irish-American (most of the policemen whose lives were claimed were of Irish ancestry) have a hard time with the legacy of Louis Lingg. Not surprisingly, a monument to the fallen policemen stands in Haymarket Square, and also not surprisingly, rebel youth have been trying to dynamite the fucking thing for decades (a gesture Money applauds and encourages). Despite the fact that the names of hired guns in the employ of McCormick's Harvester's were known, indeed have always been known, no one has ever stood trial

-Money

THE SCENE OF THE HAYMARKET RIOT CHICAGO MAY 4, 1886



word, style? When Louis was a child, his father, a carpenter, was injured trying to dislodge some timber that had fallen on thin ice. Lingg's father went under and the resulting injuries sapped him of his strength. Three years after the accident, Lingg's father was dead. Lingg's anarchic inclinations came from the cold indifference of the factory that had profited from his father's labor but refused to compensate him when injuries sustained prevented him being able to provide for his family. It was clear to all the Chicago anarchists that young Louis wasn't like the other anarchists. At twenty-three, he was much younger than his fellow inmates and the only bachelor. Emma Goldman, one of America's eminent anarchists called him "the sublime hero among the eight." Lingg bragged that he would not die at the hands of the state. "I hate and defy you all," he boasted. True to his words, Lingg saved the best for last, robbing

for the wholesale slaughter of the workers or civilians who died in the skirmish. Every so often Chicago socialists foolishly attempt to have a monument erected to commemorate Louis Lingg, but nothing ever comes of it. Maybe he's an icon to rebel youth everywhere. Maybe his mother didn't love him. Maybe he was just another hot-tempered German Toastmaster. Maybe he was flat out chicken coop crazy. Maybe he was an American martyr who single-handedly brought the issues of the working man into the national spotlight. Whatever he was, it's something to think about when you're sitting at your cushy job, bitching about the low pay and long hours, when in all likelihood, you have no earthly idea what it's like to be exploited, discriminated against and despised the way our forebears were. Consider yourself edumacated.

PROCLAMATION TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, Chicago, May 5. 1886.

WHEREAS, Great excitement exists among the people of this good city, growing out of the LABOR TROUBLES, which excitement is intensified by the open defiance of the guardians of the peace by a body of lawless men, who, under the pretense of aiding the laboring men, are really endeavoring to destroy all law. And Whereas, last night these men, by the use of weapons never resorted to in CIVILIZED LANDS, EXCEPT IN TIMES OF WAR or for REVOLUTIONARY PURPOSES, CAUSED GREAT BLOODSHED AMONG CITIZENS AND AMONG OFFICERS of the MUNICIPALITY who were simply in the performance of their duties. And Whereas, the CITY AUTHORITIES PROPOSE TO PROTECT LIFE AND PROPERTY AT ALL HAZARDS, and in doing so will be compelled to break up all unlawful or dangerous gatherings; and

WHEREAS, Even when men propose to meet for lawful purposes, bad men will attempt to mingle with them, armed with cowardly missiles, for the purpose of bringing about bloodshed, thus endangering innocent persons;

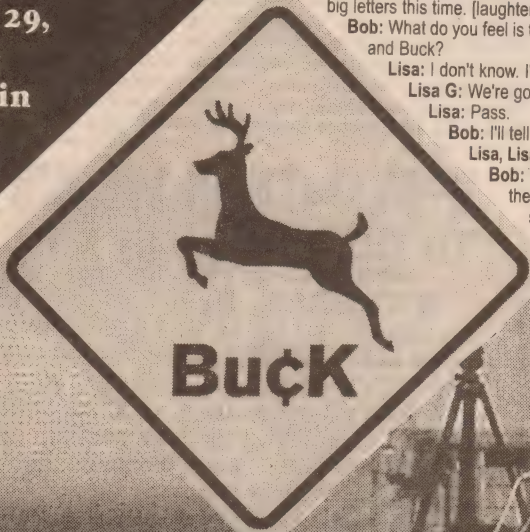
THEREFORE, I, Carter H. Harrison, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO, DO HEREBY PROCLAIM THAT GATHERINGS OF PEOPLE IN CROWDS OR PROCESSIONS IN THE STREETS AND PUBLIC PLACES OF THE CITY ARE DANGEROUS AND CANNOT BE PERMITTED, AND ORDERS HAVE BEEN ISSUED TO THE POLICE TO PREVENT ALL SUCH GATHERINGS AND TO BREAK UP AND DISPERSE ALL CROWDS, TO PREVENT INJURY TO INNOCENT PERSONS.

I urge all law-abiding people to quietly attend to their own affairs, and not to meet in crowds. If the police order any gatherings to disperse, and they are not obeyed, all persons so disobeying will be treated as law-breakers, and will surely incur the penalty of their disobedience.

I further assure the good people of Chicago that I believe the police can protect their lives and property and the good name of Chicago, and WILL do so.

CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor.

Buck is "cub" spelled backwards. Sort of. Buck is cub sped up and amped up. Sort of. Essentially, Buck is what happened when cub's creative leader Lisa Marr left Vancouver B.C. to join her husband (Muffs' bassist Ronnie Barnett) here in sunny So Cal and to start her musical career anew. Together with fellow cub alumnus Lisa G. on drums and guitarist Pepper Berry, Buck is everything you could ask for in a band. They're melodic, fast and loud. And quite possibly by the time you've read this, they'll have already played in a town near you. Buck were interviewed September 29, 1998 at the Dragonfly in Hollywood by Bob Cantu.



Bob: Was Buck's first official show supposed to be that Poptopia one that was rained out?
Lisa: Yeah. The one we didn't play.
Pepper: It was blacked out.
Bob: So this band isn't even a year old?
Lisa: We're barely six months old.
Bob: When was the first practice?
Lisa: I don't know. We had many starting points. First when Lisa G. and I moved down here and then we were playing with Stew for the Poptopia show and then we got Pepper. Then we had our first show where we actually played. It's hard to know where to count.
Bob: Did you already have the name "Buck"?
Lisa: Not really. We didn't really have a name until the Poptopia show. So we just decided that we wanted to play music still.
Bob: Did you come up with the name at the last minute because you had to play a show?
Lisa: Lisa came up with it when we were first practicing, then we decided we couldn't have that name. Then we went thru a million other names and we couldn't find anything else. Right down to the wire, we had to have a name for the program... fast.
Bob: I think it works for you. I like that it's spelled capital "c", lower case "u", the cents sign for "c" and capital "k." Kinda like how froSTed spells their name with all lower case letters except for the "s" and the "t."
Lisa: It's eye-catching. Cub was little "c," little "u" and little "b." I think it tended to get lost so we had to have at least a few big letters this time. [laughter]
Bob: What do you feel is the difference between Cub and Buck?
Lisa: I don't know. I'm going to pass.
Lisa G: We're going to play Matchgame.
Lisa: Pass.
Bob: I'll tell you my theory.
Lisa, Lisa G., Pepper: Yeah, yeah!
Bob: There's a lot of moods on the Buck CD. Some of the songs are happy...
Lisa: Some are sad.
Bob: Some of them are angry...

Lisa: Some of them are mad. Some are sarcastic.
Bob: Buck has different approaches, levels and styles, whereas cub...
Lisa: Say it: one dimensional! [laughter]
Lisa: Don't be afraid. Yeah, cub was cub. It did pretty well, I think. To a certain extent. And yeah, it's nice to have more options. To be able to say "Why not try this?" and then be able to do it.
Pepper: To be all over the map.
Lisa: To play all kinds of music instead of just one kind.
Pepper: I heard a good word today. "Popcore."
Bob: I try to avoid all "cores."
Lisa: Yeah, I agree.
Bob: I remember an issue of "Option" that featured cub and it talked about "cuddlecure." And you looked like school girls in matching uniforms or something.
Lisa: Hmmm. I don't think... was I licking a big lollipop?
Bob: Yeah.
Lisa: Yeah, that was a really embarrassing one.
Lisa G: Oh yeah, we did do that. [laughter]
Bob: Who's idea was that?
Lisa: I hate to admit it but it was ours. Although the guy who took the photos was kind of into the school girl thing and we kind of just said "OK." We used to go along with a lot of stuff that people would want us to do and just say "OK." And then a lot of the stuff that we did was tongue in cheek and I don't think a lot of people realized that, to me, I thought it was kind of funny.
Lisa G: It was a fun photo shoot, though.
Lisa: Yeah, and I'm licking a big ol' lollipop. How can you get mad when people stereotype you if you're doing stuff like that? Sometimes what you think is funny at the time comes back to bite you on the ass later.
Bob: Do you think that the whole "cuddlecure" thing might have been a bit of a stumbling block?
Lisa: I think it was good in a lot of ways because it made us identifiable and it was kind of fun and funny. It was something that started out as a joke and then became this sort of pseudo genre. So it turned into this embarrassing albatross and it was clanking around our necks. A lot of people knew who we were and what kind of music we played and could kind of go "oh, yeah, them" without really knowing anything about us. Which is good, I mean, you have to have some kind of recognition factor. But then after a while it becomes this thing that's sort of hard to grow out of. And that becomes a problem, because then you start feeling like you can't get beyond it and that becomes depressing. People kept talking about how we couldn't really play five years after we started. By then, of course we could play because we'd been playing for five years.
Bob: I think there's quite a bit of difference between "Come Out, Come Out" and "Betty Cola."
Lisa: Yeah, sure. You learn a lot. "Betty Cola" was stuff that we recorded two months after we started. "Come Out, Come Out" was a year after that and "Box of Hair" was two years after that or whatever. And this is two years after "Box of Hair" came out and in the meantime we have been playing and writing.
Bob: The Lisas are from Vancouver, B.C. and Pepper is from?
Pepper: Texas. I've been down here for nine years.



Bob: What sort of differences do you all see between the places you came from and LA?

Pepper: I love it here. This is much better than Texas. Texas is like, everyone is separated.

Bob: What part of Texas are you from?

Pepper: Dallas, Fort Worth. I remember I went back a few years after I'd moved away. A friend and I went driving around with my then girlfriend and there was this black kid walking around the street. Jay and I are like, "Oh, my gosh, there's a black kid walking down the street!" My girlfriend goes, "You guys are such racists!" But, really there were no black people in our neighborhood, ever. We were just shocked because the neighborhoods in Texas are like that. It's ridiculous. So when you come down here it's just a mish mash and you can live next to a Hasidic Jewish school or something. It's awesome. But it is nice to go back because people there are so friendly. 'Cause I don't think of this as being normal. It's crazy out here and I kind of like it. But I do like to go back there sometimes. I just can't stand it after four or five days.

Bob: What about Vancouver?

Lisa: Vancouver isn't like that because it's very multi-cultural. I think that the vibe here is that you can do anything that you want to do. It kind of gets back to what Pepper was saying. There is obviously a lot of competition and a lot of people chasing their dreams but you get the feeling that if you just get up there and do it, you can do it. People will be open to it and say, "OK, give it your best shot and we'll stand around and watch."

Bob: My impression from being there is that there is an underside to Vancouver, it just isn't really apparent.

Lisa: Well, I find it interesting when I go back there now because I feel very nervous.

I feel that the underside and the "niceness" are clashing more there all the time. Before, as you said, the underside was more buried. Now I feel that it's there and it's closer to the surface. It makes me really nervous.

Bob: Is it a powder keg?

Lisa: No, I don't think so. It's just that there's so much new money and there's so much construction and building and yet there are so many people who are broke or displaced or on drugs and angry.

And it's all in this beautiful green setting and it all seems surreal to me. Here, it's kind of dirty and gross and scary and depressing but everybody knows it. Back in Vancouver, it's supposed to be nice but there's things that are going wrong and nobody is dealing with it. That's my impression of going home these days.

Bob: Anything to add Lisa G.?

Lisa G: Not much.

Bob: You have a song on the CD called "Sucker" and I was wondering if it was based on anything that happened to cub or to any bands that you knew?

Lisa: That's interesting. I think it's good that it can be read into but it was actually about a personal relationship that I had. It's kind of an angry hate song. But I always try to write so that it's kind of general and it can be applied to various situations. I always think of it as my Hollywood starlet song - about a person who is really trying to make it and is really angry about the way everything is.

Bob: So it's fictionalized?

Lisa: It is fictionalized, yeah. But this person was sort of in the entertainment business and it's about that. There's just this sort of side to it where everyone is trying to work it and be a star, whatever that means. It's always sort of disgusted me but I'm fascinated by it. I want it and yet I'm appalled by it at the same time. That's what it's about.

Bob: That's a funny thing about LA is that everyone here is so obsessed with stardom. People in really ordinary jobs crave it for doing their ordi-



nary jobs.
Lisa: People watch TV for how-
 ever many hours a day and you
 start kind of buying into that. Everyone
 wants to be a star these days.

Bob: So, where do you want to take Buck?

Lisa: To the top, baby.

Pepper: All the way.

Lisa: I don't know. You just can't tell. What you want
 and what you get are two different things. It would be
 nice to be able to play music and make a living at it, I think.
 And by that I don't mean a ton of money. I don't even mind
 working another job if I have to, when I'm at home or whatever.
 But I want to be able to tour and make records and write music and
 play music.

Pepper: I want no jobs. [laughter]

Pepper: I just want a little bit beyond what she wants. Just one
 extra step.

Lisa: It would be nice, but I mean realistically, I just haven't been
 able to get to that point where I can live off of music.

Bob: I don't think there's anything wrong with wanting that.

Lisa: If you don't want to do that then why are you doing this?
 People who bitch and moan about, oh they hate the public and all
 of that, well, you don't have to play in public. You can play music
 at home or for your friends or around the campfire or whatever.
 People do it and then they complain about it. It always boggles my
 mind. You have to give up certain things if you want to be an enter-
 tainer. That's part of the bargain.

Bob: That's one of my pet peeves, people who whine about star-
 dom. And people who write songs about it.

Lisa: Poor me. I am so beleaguered. I wish.

Bob: I notice that your songs are all credited to Buck, is that why
 the album is such a hodgepodge? Does everybody have input?

Lisa: Yeah, everybody has input. Every time I hear something that
 I really like I think, "Oh, we should be like that. We should be more
 quiet and serious," or "We should be more kickass or more like the
 Stones." I'm just constantly thinking why can't I be more like this.
 So, that's where all the stuff comes from. I don't like just one kind
 of music, I like all kinds of music. And I'd like to be able to play all
 kinds of music. I don't know how people can just write one song
 over and over. Although that does seem to be the better career
 move.

Pepper: There are some songs that we won't play live because
 they're too pop.

Bob: Does that give you some choices about what to play depend-
 ing on what type of show it is?

Lisa: That is one thing that was also nice about cub, we did get to
 play with a lot of different bands. It's fun to perform to different
 crowds. It's just more interesting to watch a variety of bands when
 you're playing with them on tour.

Bob: You got to do a lot of that with cub, huh?

Lisa: I think the same thing will happen with this band, hopefully.

Bob: The version of "Hex Me" that's on the What Else seven inch
 is different than the one on the
 Sympathy CD, isn't it?

Lisa: Right.

Pepper: Yeah.

Lisa: They sent out thirty
 promos. He's going to
 give us a list. That was
 done with someone else
 when I was still in
 Vancouver.

Bob: There's not
 much informa-
 tion on the
 sleeve either.
 [laughter]

Pepper: That's

Someone said that I'm never going to
 make it as a rock star because
 I'm too responsible... you're
 supposed to be wild
 and crazy... be a
 drunk and
 wasted...

on
 pur-
 pose.
 Even though
 it doesn't fool
 anybody. We sell
 those demos at shows
 and people come back
 and say "This isn't you
 guys!"
Bob: I guess it's not that differ-
 ent...
Pepper: It just has a different feel to it. I
 like to make things louder. I know that how
 ever much punk rock I put on it, it's not going
 to lose the whole pop thing, the melody that Lisa
 put in it. So, I can pretty much do whatever I want
 and still not ruin the song. I just kind of go all out and try
 to make it be as far different from cub as it can be.

Bob: I think that you're pretty much there.

Lisa: The response so far has been good and that's encourag-
 ing that people are cool about it.
Bob: Stew from the Negro Problem was helping you guys out on
 guitar first phase of your existence. Did he get too busy with his
 other band?
Pepper: With his three other bands!
Lisa: He is so busy. He has a life. He was really easy to work with
 and he was very excited about everything. It was nice after we'd
 been playing together for awhile to have another guitar player
 come in and say "Yeah, these are good songs." Because at a cer-
 tain point when you're just practicing, you lose perspective. So,
 that was really nice of him. He was very encouraging and he
 had a lot of good suggestions. We would love to still be play-
 ing with him.

Bob: Does he appear on the CD at all?

Lisa: No, he was going to but he's always away. He
 came in the day we were mixing and he was going to do
 something but it was too late! Maybe on future projects.
 It's totally open.

Pepper: I talked to him last night and he was like
 "Hello! I haven't even got a CD yet!"

Lisa G: Don't give him a CD! He has my Carol King
 CD, he owes me thirteen dollars!

Pepper: Exactly.

Lisa: He has lingering debts.

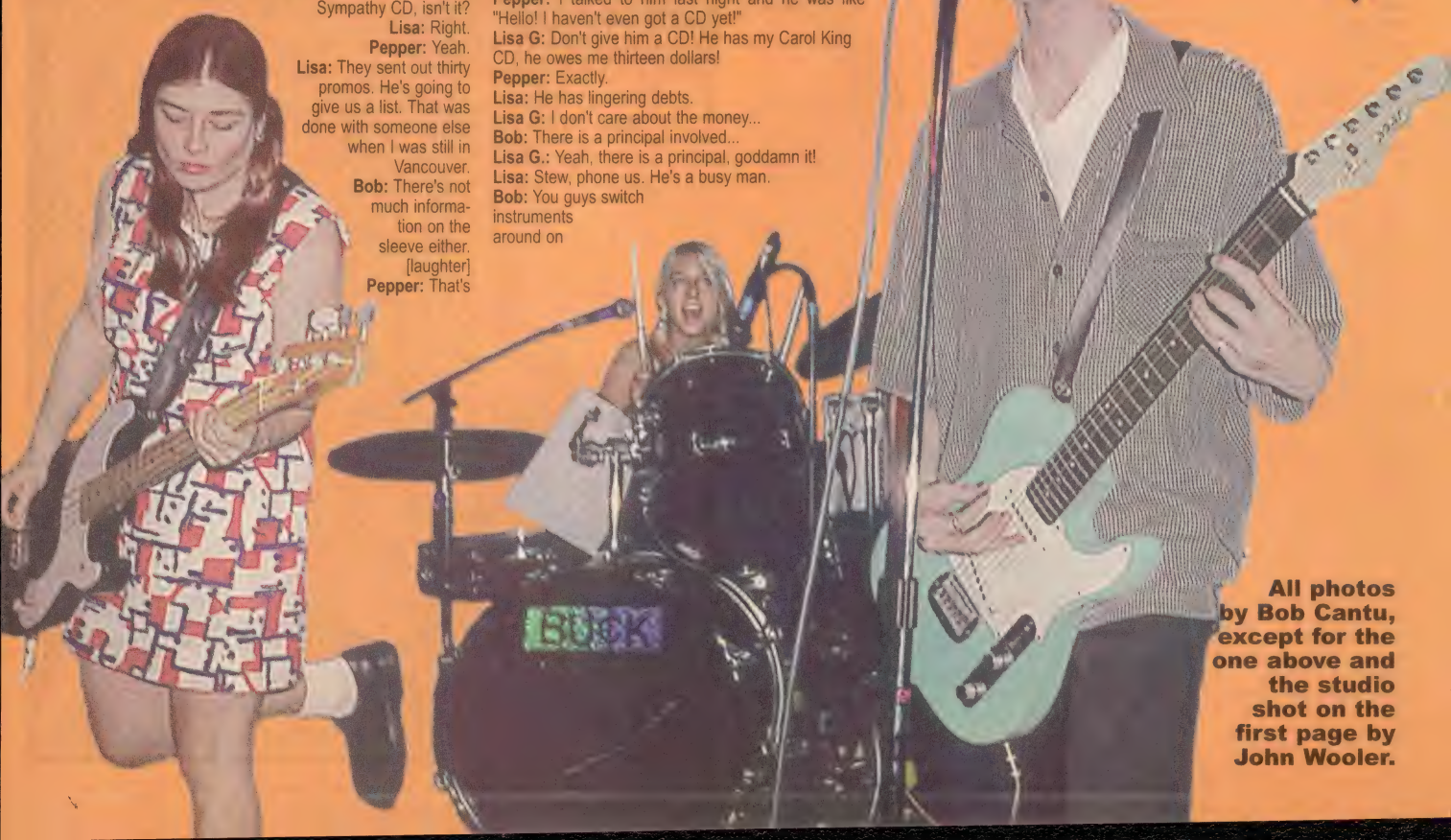
Lisa G: I don't care about the money...

Bob: There is a principal involved...

Lisa G: Yeah, there is a principal, goddamn it!

Lisa: Stew, phone us. He's a busy man.

Bob: You guys switch
 instruments
 around on



All photos
 by Bob Cantu,
 except for the
 one above and
 the studio
 shot on the
 first page by
 John Wooler.

"Little Greek Drama." Did you guys ever do that in cub?

Lisa: Yeah, we did. I didn't. I stayed still because I was too inept.

Lisa G.: Robin and I switched.

Bob: So how did you end up getting behind the drums?

Lisa: Well, it was just one of those things that I was really scared of...

Lisa G.: She's awesome at it!

Lisa: It's fun to try new things. Especially if they make you nervous or whatever. And it's Lisa's song and it's good for her to get up front. It's fun.

Bob: You've traveled a bit now...

Pepper: We can sum it up in two cities: San Francisco and Las Vegas.

Lisa: And the Dollhut.

Does that count?

Bob: I think of Anaheim as another world.

Lisa: We've just played in three towns. But there's more to come.

Bob: Are the plans set?

Lisa: We're going out with The Queens in November for a month. Three weeks with them and that's going to take us to Boston.

Bob: That's pretty extensive.

Lisa: Yeah, all the way down through the south and a few places in Ohio and in Florida where we've never been. It'll be good to get out again. That's another good thing about being here is that you can do a lot of local gigs. San Diego isn't far, Phoenix isn't far, San Francisco isn't far... And with Canada, it was getting tricky just getting across the border. That was getting increasingly difficult and expensive. And you're always nervous even if you're doing it legally. It's nice to not have to worry about that anymore.

Bob: Does this mean you're going to stay?

Lisa: Yeah. I'm here for the duration.

Bob: Just be a good American. Don't litter.

Lisa: I'm doing my best. I'm waiting right now for my immigration interview, patiently. So that Ronnie [Barnett of The Muffs] and I can prove that we're really in love. I get really nervous about that too, but we ARE in love. Why am I so nervous? [laughter]

Bob: Why would you be nervous about that?

Lisa: We don't have a joint bank account and I'm thinking about all these things and they're going to be drilling us.

Pepper: You have separate attorneys, separate accounts, separate bedrooms...

Lisa: We're pretty independent.

Bob: As a couple, you fit in here in LA.

Lisa: I'm glad to hear that, I never quite know. But once that's done I'll be really official and I'll be here. I can even have dual citizenship.

Bob: Cool. In case there's a war...

Lisa: That's right.

Pepper: Are you from LA?

Bob: Yeah.

Pepper: I'm fascinated by people who were born and raised here. You've seen everything. Especially around the music scene. You hear about bands and clubs that existed, I love hearing all those stories.

Lisa: Plus Californians are like "the magical people." When we were growing up it was like...California.

Pepper: Exactly.

Bob: Is that because of television?

Lisa: Totally. It's like so Brady Bunch and everything. I found this letter that I wrote to myself when I was twelve and read it to myself when I was twenty-three! I actually found it after I got married to Ronnie and it was like "...are you in a band? Have you moved to LA yet?" It was really funny 'cause it was all these things that had actually come true in my life! It was really embarrassing but kinda cute.

Pepper: You wrote that when you were twelve?

Bob: It's really cute. A little scary, but cute.

Lisa: It is weird.

Pepper: If I had written a letter to myself when

I was twelve it would have been like "Are you living on Mars yet?"

Lisa: I had smaller aspirations Pepper. And they all came true.

Bob: Sounds like you have your feet on the ground.

Lisa: What can you do? Someone said that I'm never going to make it as a rock star because I'm too responsible.

Bob: Why do you suppose that anyone would view that as a hindrance?

Lisa: 'Cause you're supposed to be wild and crazy and you're not supposed to have a job and be saving to go on tour and pay your rent. You're not really supposed to plan and make middle class choices. You're supposed to be a drunk and wasted....

Pepper: You're supposed to be like The Brian Jonestown Massacre, just nuts!

Lisa: ...not have any money, spend all your last money on a great pair of pants to wear on stage. That's not me.

Bob: You guys are a lot more conservative than a lot of the bands from around here.

Lisa: We're a bit more low key.

Bob: I think that'll ensure that you're all going to be alive a lot longer.

Lisa: We shall see. There's no guarantees. You never know.

Bob: Well, short of a Lynrd Skynyrd style plane crash. Do you have enough new material for another album?

Lisa: We could probably scrape together enough for a full length. We're supposed to be doing this EP.

Bob: An EP for who?

Lisa: Lance Rock which is out of Canada.

Pepper: The artwork is ready.

Bob: You guys are really on it.

Pepper: There's no music but the artwork's done!

Lisa: Someone was laughing at us because we had t-shirts, stickers and magnets for sale, but no music.

Bob: It came eventually. And those are darn cute magnets.

Lisa: And we have the brain damage to prove it from all those fumes.

Bob: You screened those yourself?

Lisa: Yeah, we did them ourselves. That was another thing we learned to do here.

Bob: Do you get that from having been involved in your old label Minty Fresh?

Lisa: We helped out. We didn't really do that much.

Pepper: I thought we were going to put our own CD together at Long Gone John's house! [laughter] You go to his house and there's all these CDs... He hand numbers things... Then he said "Oh, the plant wraps them." Oh, good, then we don't have to do anything.

Lisa: It is kind of nice to touch all of your stuff. It does make you feel connected to it.

Bob: Long Gone should feel like he got a bargain with you guys.

Lisa: He seems to be pretty happy.

Bob: He puts out a lot of bands that you never see play live and only put out records.

Lisa: He does it 'cause he really loves the music.

Bob: And that's cool, but you guys are very active and visible.

Pepper: I think we're going to shock him.

Lisa: To me, it's part of the whole package. You've got to tour and play and stuff. You can't just put out a record and do nothing. What's the point? ☺

Write to Buck at:
PO Box 292407, Los Angeles, CA 90029
or check out:
<http://homeearthlink.net/pepper22/buck/>



Farewell Dean Dirt.

On November 1, 1998, punk rock lost a great person. Dean Dirt, the singer of 10-96 died of a meth overdose. While the intention was to get high and not commit suicide, it didn't work out that way. For those of you that didn't know Dean, he was a great person! For 15 years he was the leader of 10-96. Dean never let age get in the way either (he was 38 when he died). His goal always was to go on the road with his handmates (Joe, Moon, Kenneth) and have adventures, meet people, and go to the pub. He referred to his band and himself as a bunch of gypsy road warriors. Over the years, Dean and 10-96 managed to make quite an impact wherever they played and with whoever they met. Dean also managed to do a zine every now and again and have shows in his basement once in a while. His house was always open to everyone and he seemed to pride himself on being a good host. I had many good times with Dean and am very sorry to see him go. He will be missed very much by be and many others. Cheers my good friend. R.I.P

-Mike Beer City

Greetings.

I'm writing with great regret to report yet another tragic death in the punk rock underground. I am saddened to say that Dead Lipke, aka Dean Dirt and Dean Lip, lead singer of the legendary underground punk band 10-96, died on November 1, 1998 in his home town of Kenosha, Wisconsin. He was 38 years old.

Dean began performing in punk bands in 1980 when he co-founded The Worms. He went on to front the band Dead Leathers and later, Twisted Christian, which by 1983 he evolved into the notorious 10-96. 10-96 lasted for 15 years and was one of the original hardcore punk bands. During that 15 year span, 10-96 toured the US four times, playing gigs with such bands as The Exploited, GBH, Agnostic Front, U.K. Subs, A.O.D., Life Sentence, The Circle Jerks, Bloody Mess & The Seabs, Beautiful Burt, S.N.E.U., U.S. Distress, The Rhythm Pigs, Broken Bones, and many others.

One of the personal highlights of Dean's many musical escapades came in June of 1993 when 10-96 played Nashville, Tennessee's famous Tootsie's Lounge. (Way to go, bro. now you can really sing with Hank and Patsy. I feel sorry for Elvis, too. Ha-ha) This was to be 10-96's last tour. 10-96 released one full-length CD on Beer City Records, as well as 4 7" records.

Dean was like a brother to me. He had friends and fans all over the world. I would like to send my deepest sympathies out to his family, his girl, Carrie, his band mates (Joe, Moon, and Kenneth), and the entire Kenosha scene. It won't be the same without you, bro. You will be missed, but like I

promised you many times, I won't forget you, brother. Thank for the friendship, good times, and the inspiration. (Life is indeed a blink)

Anyone who would like to play a benefit gig with all proceeds going to a fund for Dean's daughters, Kiona and Elise, please contact Murf at: (414)664-7960 or Don at: (414)662-0356.

Thanks for printing this letter. Dean was a veteran in the US punk scene and an inspiration to many. Take it sleazy. Bloody Mess, PO Box 9021, Peoria, IL 61612 USA

In Loving Memory of Dean Lipke

Born to Life
September 14, 1960

Born into Eternal Life
November 1, 1998

Place and Time of Services
St. Mary's Catholic Church
Thursday, November 5, 1998
11:00 A.M.

Interment
St. George Cemetery

Arrangements by
Piasecki-Althaus-Thulin Funeral Home

FROM THE RAINBOW BRIDGES OF AUGUST

WHERE THE MEAN BLUE HEAVENS ROSE

YOU'LL REMAIN IN GLOIOUS SILENCE,

OUR BROTHER AND SON AND THE

GOD OF THUNDER, MIGHTY THOR



Q: What do Babyland, Naked Aggression, Dead Lazlo's Place, Society Gone Mad, Lack Of Interest, Bad Town Boys and The 99th Fuck You all have in common?

A: They are among the many bands to have recorded at Speedsemenclovefactory under the direction of Satan, AKA Mike Rozon, serial tapist.

Interview by ShitEd and Brian GTA

(All photos by William Lorton except for the two in the upper right of this page by ShitEd.)

Mike Rozon

ShitEd: The line from Shakespeare: "What's in a name?" Why Speedsemenclovefactory?

Mike: It refers specifically to a part of my life where I got really focused on the studio.

ShitEd: Doing... [hesitates] Speed? Cloves?

Mike: Perhaps. Perhaps. Some of the stuff's left over, obviously.

ShitEd: So where's the semen come in?

Mike: It's part of a cycle that works with methamphetamine

use. There's a second sexual thing that goes on. At least with me anyway. It always occurs. That's where the name came from. One of the things I had done for my band, I had to have a name on it for where it was done, where it was recorded. I thought, well, it's a good name. Everybody around that I told, I was really excited about showing it to them, they were all distressed about it: "Naw, you can't use that. We're going to get the wrong idea!" I was like, well, there are no real wrong ideas. By the way, when you use a name, people are going to infer what they want. I thought of an interesting name, on a lot of levels. Nobody else is going to say "Oh, you're recording at the Speedsemenclovefactory. Oh, really? Which one?" [Mike laughs] It's obvious that there's only one! I think!

ShitEd: What made you want to have a studio and hang out with scummy musicians? This is a Brian question.

Mike: It seems like everything I've been involved with I always end up being pretty good at helping other people with their thing, more than doing my thing really well. It's like I can see what someone is doing, and see a little bit of what they're missing, or see what they're going for, and get the idea and try to get them there a little better. So when I had a studio I started just recording my own stuff, and things were coming out pretty good, and people wanted to record here. I started to work with people. Even though pretty much I was a loner, it seemed to go really well. A lot of it was dealing with people. About 50% of it. I was able to talk people into doing things or trying things that they normally wouldn't, which gets a little more out of them. People, when you try to suggest or tell them what to do, it's their baby. They're really cautious about letting anybody put their hands on it. More often than not I'm able to discuss with them and get them try different things or expand their idea. And they're willing to trust a bit on it.

So that's really fun. It's like being in someone else's band for a couple of months.

You're in the band for a couple of months, then you're out. Then they go off and do their thing, and a little piece of what I did, if it was a collaborative thing, a little piece of my thing is with them. Then I work with another band. It all adds up. That part's really neat! It's like being in all these bands! Some of these bands are great, bands I wouldn't be in because either they don't need me or want don't want a person in their band, the band is complete.

Brian: Or they're afraid of that loner thing. You know: being on the roof with a fucking sniper scope. Just lookin' at people walking down the street.

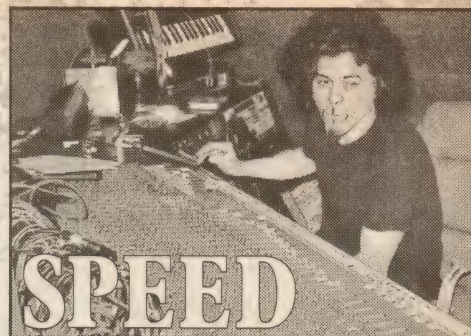
Mike [laughs]: That's your life!

ShitEd: So... half of what you do is sound engineer and half is psychologist? Understanding in depth...

Mike: Yeah. I'd say a good part of it is. More in some projects than others. The most fun thing in a studio is to have someone come in who has good ideas but they're just not developed. Or, 90% of it is there, but 10% is way off. And I try to find what that 10% is, and try to bring that back into the whole. Clear it up.

ShitEd: I was going to ask why are so many musicians that I know so damned fond of you, but I think you just answered it!

Mike: It's probably because I try to go with them. I'll do it until it's right, or do it until it's the best I can get it, or until they're happy. Often I'll do it past the point where they're happy. They're like, "Stop already," you know? To me it's



like being in the band for a while. It's a real fucking honor for them to let me do this and fuck with their stuff and participate in their little deal.

ShitEd: So would you call yourself a perfectionist at all?

Mike: I think if I were a perfectionist I'd have a major, fucking huge studio. A perfect part of town with all this equipment and all that stuff, I think. I guess I'm a perfectionist within reason. To do the best we can under the circumstances.

ShitEd: When did you get that huge board?

Mike: About two years ago. It probably looks way older than that. Every day I'm on it, things are worn down.

ShitEd: Did you ever do pure analog before you went digital?

Mike: Yeah, all the early stuff I did was analog. That's like such an issue with people. It's so funny.

ShitEd: What's the real difference?

Mike: The best way to describe digital is that it's partitions of something. It's like snapshots in a book. Then you put a enough snapshots together, and then you pull them back and release them...

ShitEd: Like a flip book.

Mike: ...and there's consecutive motion taking the pictures, you have a movie. You start to see somebody moving. It's not actually complete. There are spots in between that are missing from the original motion. You'd have to take millions of snapshots to make it look like they are moving, to have fluidity. And with digital recording, that's essentially what it is: little snapshots of the sound. The more snapshots translates to the higher the resolution, translates to the closer the sound is. Analog recording is continuous monitoring of the signal, continuous reproduction. With digital it's like slicing up the sound. Early digital stuff - it was very obvious it was digital. The digital technology right now is a lot less obvious. It's made to be a really big issue with some people, and it seems to be a bigger issue with the people who know nothing about it. They seem to be more hell-bent on "It's got to be analog!" They don't really understand why. They'll do an analog recording that sounds like garbage but they'll be happy because it's analog. Whereas somebody else could do a recording for them purely digital and the whole recording would sound better, but because it's digital, it's blasphemy. The technology now is so advanced it's very, very close. I personally couldn't tell the difference.

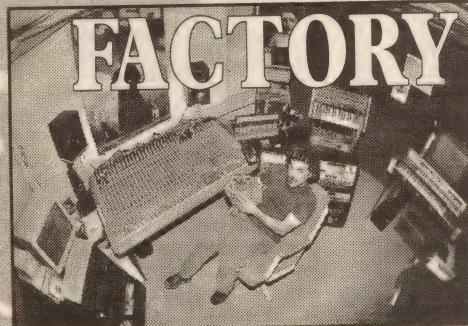
ShitEd: Would it be a big hassle to unhook your Mac and go back to doing nothing but analog? How much of a help is this thing?

Mike: The weaker the players are in the band, and the more manipulation they want on things, the more we need the computer. The majority of the work I do, like say with punk bands and rock bands, it's not so much a question so of manipulating things. The computers are used to fix their playing fuckups. It really helps them in that way. It seems like the one drawback of the computer is that people know

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it can do that now, so people always say "Oh that's good enough. You can fix it later." And by the time we come to mix, there's an accumulation of things I have to fix. That can end up taking days. And by the time we come to mix it, it's like, "OK we can work on it so long, when is it going to be done?" I spend the last couple of days or hours repairing their stuff. It seems like they'll let more go at the recording stage rather than fix it and do it right. So it's bringing the quality of musicianship down. It's like a handicap thing. It shouldn't be used like that. That's the last thing it should be used for, but that's what it's used for on many, many, many records. All over the place.

ShitEd: Really? So they think the recording engineer's new title is "Expert Turd Polisher?"

Mike: Yeah. I think there is going to be a new position in the studio. A guy who all he does is sit at a computer, as they are recording, they ship their shit over to him and he starts repairing, and then ships their shit back, because that amount of work takes a lot of time. Metallica for example. I have a producer friend, one of his friends is a Pro Tools [digital editing program] guy, an editing guy, who spent 6 months editing the drums on the last record.

ShitEd [yells]: What?!

Mike: 6 months.

ShitEd: You mean like 5 days a week?

Mike: Yep. So they sound the way you hear them, the final product.

Brian: I just want to go back to where you're saying you're fixing a lot of things in your studio, and I just wanted to know - are you trying to infer that they're crap musicians?

Mike: In some cases, yup! In some cases no, they are really good. They got 90% of the take and we got to fix the rest. Often in those cases, sometimes it's me who will say "Let's fix it and make it right on," and sometimes I'll say "Let's not fix it, leave it." Because it's fucking cool. It's supposed to sound fucked up at points, for it to sound live and the way they want it to sound. But often, especially with drummers, it's really obvious that it's bad.

Brian: Now you're trying to backtrack on the fact that you said before that the musicians who play at your studio all suck. [we all laugh]

Mike [joking]: All the musicians who play at my studio all the time all suck!

ShitEd: Let's have some questions about the bands who've been in here...

Brian [interrupting]: Did you really like working with Gizz from Dead Lazlo's Place, wink, wink?

Mike: He's great. He's like totally on the case. He could

have been, shall we say "celebrating" and still manages when everyone else is passed out on the floor, he's still awake. He's still listening. He's still aware of the stuff. And he's always right there. I ask him a question and he's right on it.

ShitEd: Who's the sexiest musician you've had in here?

Mike: That would be Gizz. [we all laugh at the idea of stout, hairy Gizz being sexy] Second to Brian I guess.

ShitEd: Sexiest female?

Mike: Fat Matt's band, Country Disco Chocolate Covered Satan. He has a girl that sings, name is Emily.

Brian: She wouldn't take off her top.

Mike: Matt took off everything but his socks and underwear. Bit of a letdown.

ShitEd: What band drank the most beer in studio?

Mike: Dead Lazlo's drank over, I think we lost count after 870, or something like that during recording. The bong never got cold. Small consumption of hallucinogens at the end of recording. And a couple of quarts of vodka. That was quite legendary.

ShitEd: I was going to ask next who filled the place with the most bong smoke, but...

Mike: That would have to be them.

ShitEd: Yup. Who farted the most in here?

Mike: BadTown Boys, I'd say.

ShitEd: Who farted the most in BadTown Boys?

Mike: Stephan.

ShitEd: Have you ever fallen asleep at the board?

Mike: No.

ShitEd: Is Johnny Cash important to you, what's with the poster?

Mike: He's like really a survivor to me. He's driven his tractor off the edge of fucking cliffs on percodan or percocet. And right into the ocean. Swam out and just keeps going. His lyrics have a lot of religious references. I'm not really religious, but still I love him. He manages to deliver it with a sense of humor behind it. It's like he believes in it, but at the same time there's a sense of humor to it. He takes it in stride.

ShitEd: There's a little irony to it?

Mike: There's a little irony to it, yeah. All the time. In his book, his autobiography, every page has pills and God! There's all these references to that on every page. And he's still around. He used to tour

with the people from Sun Records, with Elvis and Carl Perkins. They would blow up barns. They would find barns that were not usable anymore on the sides of the roads when they were touring, and they carried a keg of gunpowder, and they'd blow the fucking things right up. Just for fun, for kicks.

ShitEd: No way! Ha!

Mike: Totally! And he toured all the prisons and stuff, that was really cool.

ShitEd: I know about that.

Brian: I have a question for you: what type of bands do you like working most with?

Mike: Punk bands are really fun because of the whole guitar aspect, and the energy, and the screaming guitars. It's really fun to have them. Push it up and the power that comes back is great. Electronic bands are fun because with those kind of bands I have a lot of leeway. I can rely on them to a degree to fuck things up and really manipulate it and tweak it, so I have a lot of fun doing that as well.

ShitEd: Who's been in here as far as both electronic and punk bands?

Mike: A fun band I did was 99th Fuck You. Moog was a lot of fun. One band I'm still working with now, they're called Grub Hill, some of the guys from Beck's band. They're doing a really interesting thing. Babyland is fun and cool. All the rock en español bands, they were fun. Naked Aggression I did almost a year ago. That was a lot of fun,

got to know Phil. I've known him like a little bit on and off, and we'd have to drive back and forth to Malibu when we were finishing up tracks. We had a good time. His record turned out really great. He said the label, when he had originally recorded, said it was all right. He didn't believe it was good. We had the demos and the demos sounded better than a \$10,000 recording. He decided to have me produce it at that point and see what I could do. He spent a lot of his own publishing money, and a lot of money before from his family to complete the record and get it up to the best he could do it. I had a lot of respect for that. He could have just released the record the way it was in the first time. But he decided, no, we're going to make it better. That was really cool.

Brian [breaking rudely in on our band hugfest]: What was the biggest asshole you ever worked with in here that you're very, very sorry you ever invited into your studio?

ShitEd: Yeah, let's hear the other end of it!

Mike: Besides Mr. GTA? [we all three laugh at the truth of it]

ShitEd [to Brian]: You're supposed to say "touché."

Brian: I knew that was coming.

ShitEd: You asked for that one.

Mike [slowly]: Um, there are a lot of people who end up being flaky...

ShitEd [interrupting]: Well, who owes you money?!

Mike: Nobody, luckily. Everybody's been really cool about that.

ShitEd: That's amazing!

Mike: Yeah, that is amazing. I always thought that would be a problem. There's a few people that I've had to throw out of here. But what's interesting is even though at a point I had to throw them out, I've always managed to work it out where we'd straighten things out and they'd come back. Brian and I had some problems, I didn't have to throw him out but, at a point it was "I can't work with you anymore under these circumstances." So we have to find a different way or change something, and we managed to work it out. The guys from Nothing Yet, Ryan was drinking like a fish, knocking shit over, and was out of control. And I said I can't work anymore. We split up, but we ended up working it out.

ShitEd: Who nailed their shit with the fewest takes? Who's really on it?

Mike: Gizz [of Dead Lazlo's Place and BadTown Boys] is on the money with his stuff. He knows what he wants to do, and he nails it and that's it. Very, very few overdubs. That's so rare. That's one person. Very few people...

ShitEd: The other end of it: who required way too many takes?

Mike: Usually it's with the vocals, that requires too many takes. 99th Fuck You - we spent a day for one drum track.

ShitEd: Oh my god...

Mike: Yeah, that was pretty overwhelming. Usually it's the singers though, who take the longest: take, after take, after take.

ShitEd: Sooo... [dramatic pause] Who's really in P.E.L.M.E.?

Mike: Ha, ha, ha, the big question! I have a contract on that one, so I can't really say too much on that.

ShitEd: Oh, come on! You can tell me!

Mike: You tell me how much you know about P.E.L.M.E. and I'll tell you what I know!

ShitEd: Into the recorder? [we're all busting a gut laughing by this point] I'm not under contract!

Brian: Was there ever a time when they went berserk in your studio?

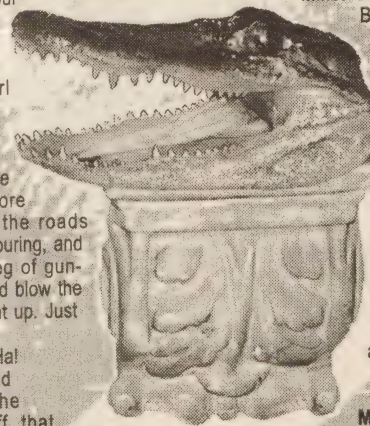
Mike: They fall asleep a lot. One of the guys. I always have to wake his ass up. I don't know what the hell he's on. Otherwise... Berserk? There was a lot of screaming.

Brian: Wasn't there an incident where they were rolling around fighting over a gun?

Mike: Possibly. I might have been on speed and may have not noticed.

ShitEd: So I hear you're a drummer. And you played in an industrial band at one point, or still do.

Mike: I guess it was kind of an industrial band. That band I sang and wrote all the stuff, and played guitar. The drumming thing comes from Montreal. Before I moved to California, for 12 or 13 years I was living there and was a



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ShitEd: What band drank the most beer in studio?

Mike: Dead Lazlo's drank over, I think we lost count after 870, or something like that during recording. The bong never got cold. Small consumption of hallucinogens at the end of recording. And a couple of quarts of vodka. That was quite legendary.

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drummer. Playing in everything from big band stuff, to punk stuff, to a bunch of bands in the jazz festival, to touring with French artists. Television commercials. Radio commercials. On people's records. That's what I did full time there.

ShitEd: So you're French-Canadian?

Mike: Yeah.

Brian: Don't people find that disgusting?

ShitEd: Do you have a green card?

Mike: Yeah. 'Till 2005.

ShitEd: How many instruments do you play?

Mike: Bass, drums, guitar, keyboards, a little harmonica...

ShitEd: As opposed to what, a big harmonica?

Mike: Micro, the nano.

ShitEd: Who's your favorite, not even anyone you've worked with, who's your favorite musician? That you respect as a musician?

Mike: Blixa from Einstürzende Neubauten. I have a lot of respect for him. He's got some good motives behind the things he does. There's always a concept behind his stuff. There's been a phenomenal progression in the stuff he's done from the beginning. Somebody like that, or at the same time, somebody like Johnny Cash who's getting up and singing simple songs... They are radically different types of artists, but I have a lot of respect for those types of people. Songwriters, too. Somebody like Hank Williams. Before he was 28, wrote tons and tons of songs and a lot of them are classics that either he recorded or other people recorded. Phenomenal songwriter. He was able to get right to the core of things and capture subtle sensations or transcendent.

ShitEd: So why do some bands refer to you as "Satan"?

Mike: I don't know, I think they have no imagination. They've always mistaken me for my stepson, perhaps?

ShitEd: What do you like to do with dead kittens?

Mike: If they're mine and they're from my cat I like to put them in formaldehyde and preserve them. It seems like such a waste putting them in the ground and not seeing them anymore. If they're kittens that are in the street they go into the garbage.

ShitEd: So you got a little bit of a collection?

Mike: Yeah. Yeah, I got The Cabinet.

ShitEd: Cool.

Mike: I've got fish now. A couple of my fish died. It used to be a little more extensive. I used to have a tongue that we had pierced by Nathan Peterson, it's phenomenal. And we had a good part of an index finger. And my roommate's son's foreskin. Still got that one.

ShitEd: I watched you work at the board, can you really do two different things at the same time?

Mike: At least. The whole thing with what I'm doing here is two jobs. It's producing and engineering. As producer it's to dislocate from technical things and listen to the overall thing that's going on and try to make some artistic judgments. As engineer it's to make sure everything technical-

ly is happening right, and everything is coming back like it's supposed to through the speakers. So those two things right now are done in one shot, but even under those two hats there's - it's like juggling a bunch of plates at the same time. Keeping an eye on everybody, making sure they're all happy. Trying to sense if anyone is unhappy with anything. They often won't mention it. You kind of have to talk to them and find out what it is, and bring it out. Try to straighten it out. Make sure all the technical things are right. Keeping your eye on the ball as to how the whole project is going and what you're doing at that minute, how that's fitting in to the whole scheme of things. The overview and the microview at the same time. It's really that.

ShitEd: Amazing. Last question: why should a band come to you rather than to, say, Westbeach?

Mike: Westbeach? The facility, I haven't been in there. I've seen pictures. The facility is magnificent. In comparison my thing is like a toilet. It depends on who you get at Westbeach. It always comes down to who you get. It doesn't matter how big the studio is, what equipment's involved. If I had to choose the place where I had to go, I wouldn't be choosing a place. I'd be choosing a person that I'd want to work with, based on previous recordings they've done. If I like that person and I feel he's dedicated to what I want to do and he's going to be there and help me out. You go to a big facility, unless you go there with your own producer/engineer guy, or unless you meet somebody there who's really into your thing, and is going to help you all the way, you really don't know what you're getting. It's a total crapshoot. It's really based on a person, not equipment at all. The equipment is very, very marginal. That's in any studio, regardless. Somebody comes here: number one, I won't do everyone. I listen to their tape and see if I like it, if musically I want to do it. And if I want to spend a month working with them. And if I can do anything with them. If I think they've done a great job and I think there's nothing I can do better, I'll tell them you did fine on your own. You're wasting your time with me. I'm going to make it worse, or just as good. So I try to work with people I can really help in the long run.

ShitEd [to Mike]: Any last, anything?

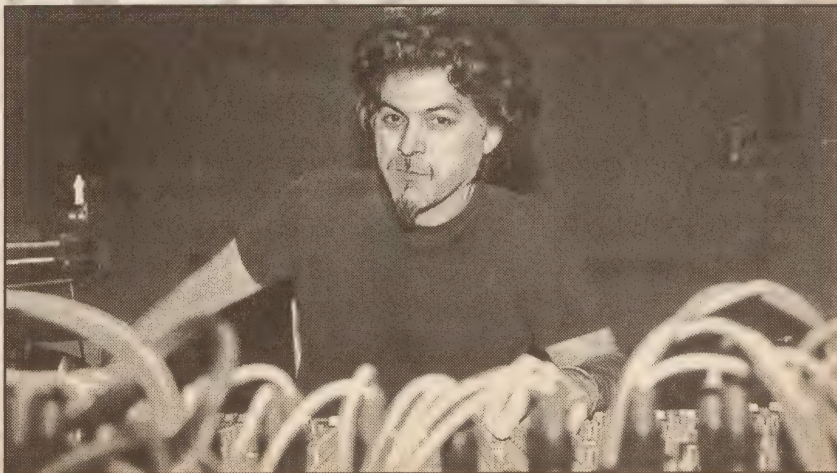
Brian: Why do you always tell people if they're lucky maybe they can eat your shit?

Mike: My sense of humor, I guess.

Brian: Where do you see yourself in 20 years, doing the same crap?

Mike: Uh, yeah. I think so. I'd like to spend more time with the person I work with so I can develop their thing all the way, until there's absolutely nothing more we can do. And the decision to stop is not based on our budget, your budget, or run out of time. It's just purely that we can work on the thing until it's the best thing we can do at any moment. Those are the only conditions I'd like different.

ShitEd: The man likes what he does. ☺





It looked like another weekend with nothing to do. When I got the call, informing me that the Quadrajets were coming to town and would like to do an interview, it was just what the doctor ordered. I showed up a little later than our prearranged 8 PM rendezvous but it worked out fine because the band was a tad later than I was. Of course, they had driven all day, from San Francisco where they had played a Bottom of the Hill gig the previous night. This coupled with the fact that they caught the tail end of our rush hour traffic and weren't 100% square on where Spaceland is, made for a dandy tardy excuse. I had spent maybe 20 minutes checking out some of the city's most promising up and coming actors and screen writers serving fine cuisine and wiping down tables when the obviously out-of-town van with rental trailer pulled in. I met Estrus honcho, Carl and the band, John (J.T.) Sharp, Chet (Cheetah) Weise, Jerome J. Jerome, Russell (Junior) Freeman and Mr. Hardwick and after they had lugged their equipment inside and determined that they had missed their sound check, we went upstairs, into the sound proof pool room to take care of business before things got too noisy. The crowd never got very large, but when the Quadrajets were on stage the excitement level was always high and they got a great response. My tape is funky in places (probably too old) but I got most of the conversation from earlier in the evening.

Interview and photos by P. Edwin Letcher
(the photo above by Marty Perez).

Edwin: First off, I've known of you guys for a few years now, and I've never bothered to look it up, but what the hell is a Quadrajet?
Chet: It's a carburetor. A four barrel carburetor.
Edwin: Is it a good one?
Jerome: Yeah, and it's named after... it's not just the throttle jets... it's like the brand name they had for their four barrel carburetor.
Chet: It was used in all the GM muscle cars for the entire muscle car era. It was actually used in the '80s also. I had a 1967 GTO that I drove in high school, and when we started to restore that, a friend of mine restored it and I helped him out a little bit. We tore it down and it had a Quadrajet carburetor and I thought it would be a really cool name and a cool logo.
Edwin: Now, does that make the car go faster or last longer or what's the deal?
Chet: The Quadrajet four barrel? It's just a high performance four barrel carb.
Jerome: It gets more gas to the engine so the car goes faster.
Edwin: OK.
Chet: Right.
Edwin: Now, do all of you guys like fast cars?
John: Yeah.
Chet: Yeah, but not very many of us have fast cars, though.
Jerome: We don't have fast cars but we like 'em.
Chet: We've had fast cars, we will have fast cars. Currently, probably because we're in this band, we can't afford to have fast cars at this point.
Edwin: Who's got the slowest car?
John: I'd say Junior doesn't have a car so his is pretty fuckin' slow.
Edwin: Do you have a bicycle?
Junior: Yeah, I have a bike.
John: Then, after him, I have two broken down cars.
Edwin: What kind of cars?
John: A Nissan station wagon and a '64 Fairlane. That's pretty slow.
Chet: That GTO I had in high school, my family still has it and they restored it and everything, it's in the garage now.

We've got a '56, canary yellow Thunderbird, too. I used to have a 455 Trans Am that I threw a rod in one night.
Edwin: OK, here's a good question for you: Why the hell do you need three guitars?
John: Why the hell not?
Chet: That's a good answer.
Jerome: Because we've got too much music to play for just two guitars.
Edwin: Is that for loudness or for...
Chet: Well, in truthfulness, the band started out as a quartet then Jason, or Jerome J. Jerome, left and then he came back and we decided to go ahead and do three guitars. Also, we thought it would be kinda neat to try and do like Led Zeppelin and Phil Spector and stuff. When they did recordings they'd use like three pianos and seven guitars and the wall of sound thing so we thought it would be good to try to do that live. It also has a lot of roots to Southern rock. Our roots. Lynyrd Skynyrd, the Outlaws, 38 Special, all those bands had three guitars.
Edwin: Where are you guys from?
John: Alabama, mostly. We all were born and raised in Alabama except for Chet who grew up in Memphis.
Chet: I grew up in Memphis, Tennessee. The band's based out of Alabama. That's where we all live.
Edwin: Did you Alabama guys know each other for quite a while before the band got started?
John: Rob, I, and J.R. actually went to middle school and high school together, so we've known each other for quite some time.
Edwin: Did you try playing together back then?
Jerome: No, I never really played with them until this band, actually.
Edwin: Did you ever have bands before this band?
Chet: That's how we all basically met, was playing music in all different bands. Bands that played the same places, the same parties. We all knew each other from the Auburn music scene.
John: We all played pinball together.
Chet: Yeah, played pinball. Auburn's small enough to where you know just about everybody that plays an instrument is in a band.
Edwin: How did you guys hook up with Long Gone John

for the Sympathy albums?

John: We sent him the tape. We recorded four songs, sent him the tape, our friends in Man or Astroman? told him to listen to the tape. We were expecting just to get a single, but he was gracious enough and liked it enough to do two full length albums with us.

Edwin: Now, was that the first thing you did, was an album with him?

Chet: Yeah, the first thing that we had to come out with was an album.

John: The single... was the album first?

Chet: Yeah, the single came out like a month or two later.

Edwin: And that's the single he put out or someone else put out?

John: Right. Long Gone John put it out.

Chet: The first record was called, "When I Lay My Burden Down."

Edwin: And you've done the album on Estrus. Do you have another album on the way?

Chet: Yes, we're going to record in December.

Edwin: Do you have the songs all together, pretty much?

Jerome: Ah... No.

Chet: We're going to... after this... We've actually been on the road, not nonstop, but constant enough to where we just haven't had a lot of time to go through the whole writing, rehearsal, learning process. We recorded some, right before this tour, for a couple of obligations and at the very end of this tour, we're going to record in Texas with Tim Kerr again for a Crust Club single. But, after this tour, we're going to take some good time off and that's when we're going to write the next album.

Edwin: How many singles have you put out? How many different labels have you been on, singles wise?

John: Sympathy, 360 Twist!, Reservation, One Louder, and Estrus.

Jerome: We've done a 10" EP on One Louder, also.

John: I think that's it for singles. There were some compilations.

Chet: Chunklet Magazine...

Jerome: That Lookout/Gearhead comp.

Chet: The 10" comp, on Solamente, a single on Carbon 14... Yeah, there's stuff of ours scattered out, scattered around enough to where I don't have it all. I don't know; maybe one of the band does have a complete discography at home. [Jerome said something about the Man's Ruin/Estrus benefit comp, but I couldn't quite understand what.]

Edwin: How many tours have you guys been on?

John: This makes our third tour, this summer.

Jerome: This is our third time out here.

Chet: I have no idea how many tours we've been on. We've played about everywhere at least once. We're not Motorhead or anything but we've been doing our time.

Edwin: Does anybody still have a job to go back to?

Jerome: Yeah, we've all got jobs.

Chet: An essential piece of the Quadrajet puzzle is to have a job to go back to.

John: Luckily, where we're all from is a college town, we all went to college there, so they're pretty used to people coming in and out and they're pretty good about it. We're all lucky; we all have good jobs. We can all eat.

Junior: Low rent.

John: We don't have to find new jobs every time we come home.

Chet: That's one reason we're still based out of Alabama, the South, is that it's very low rent.

Edwin: Do you guys all like living there or is just somewhere you've been because of your family situation?

Chet: I love living in the South.

John: Yeah, the more I travel around the country, the more I discover that I actually do love the South.

Jerome: I love living in Georgia, but I'd still prefer living in the south over just about anywhere else.

Edwin: Any other places, though, that you've been to while

traveling that seem interesting?

Chet: Oh yeah. There are a lot of places that are great.

Jerome: Chicago.

Chet: That whole New England area is cool, the Northwest is great. I mean every place. The only place that's really crept out everybody in the 'Jets is Utah. Utah really creeps us out.

Jerome: Miami was kind of weird.

Chet: It's not any kind of malevolent or badness, just weird places.

John: A couple of guys went up to Vancouver, the other day. I really like it up there. I really like it where Estrus is based out of, Bellingham, Washington. It's really nice. A small town, about the same as my home town in Alabama.

Edwin: Did you guys just kind of swing through and pick up Carl?

John: No, Carl actually came down for the tour.

Chet: Carl has started out from day one on this tour. He flew down.

John: He's been a

brave soul.

Chet: He got dropped off, was at the first show, in Huntsville, Alabama.

John: We've got two weeks left to break him in.

Edwin: How many nights a week, on average, are you playing?

Chet: We're pretty much playing seven nights a week. We've had some days off for driving, here and there. With all of our days off, it probably averages about six nights a week.

Edwin: When you're done with the tour, how long are you going to be back home?

John: We're trying to figure that out.

Chet: We probably won't go on any tour tour for a couple months but we'll be doing a few weekend things. Speaking of Lynnyrd Skynyrd, there's a chance that we may get to play with them in Colorado which would be like a fantasy, a dream come true.

Edwin: How many original members are there, like two?

Jerome: Lynnyrd Skynyrd has an original guitar player, the rhythm section, and a piano player, so there's like four.

Edwin: Four, wow.

Jerome: And the other two guys who are playing guitar are Ricky Metlock from Black Foot and I can't pronounce his name, it's like Hugo Links, or something like that. It's still very hard core Southern rock roots.

Edwin: Is there still a big interest for that kind of thing in the South?

Chet: Yeah, sure. Not so much with the punk rock crowd or whatever, but I think they're starting to come around a little bit and let the guard down, forget some of the dogma they've been taught.

Edwin: Do you guys kind get labeled Southern rock at all?

Chet: We try to. Whenever possible.

Jerome: It actually doesn't happen all that often, though.

Edwin: How about the racing thing? Like tonight, there's this big racing theme. Is that any thing that's ever happened before?

Chet: Not really. We've had songs, like I wrote a song about my Trans Am, when it blew up, basically. I wrote a song about the GTO I drove in high school. Stuff like that. That's been a part of the band, so I guess they decided it would be kind of cool to put the Quadrajets and racing together tonight. That's real cool. I hope they bring some good rides out.

Edwin: How about the song writing? Do you guys each contribute a song and work it out or is there any kind of collaboration that goes on?

John: A little bit of both.

Jerome: A little bit of both, but usually one person will pretty much have an almost but not complete song written and bring it to practice and then the process where people contribute, it gets changed around and parts get cut and added.

Chet: I think a lot of bands write the way we do, where someone just has a, "Hey, guys. Check out this cool riff," and then it just takes off.

Edwin: Does any of that kind of thing happen while you're out on the road?

Jerome: No, not really.

John: We're not good about that. We don't write songs on the road.

Jerome: We don't really have a whole lot of time to mess around with our instruments.

Chet: We're either fixing shit or like, "Sorry we made you wait, but our stuff is always on the verge of disaster." So, we're either fixing stuff, playing, sleeping, or driving. Our days off, we're usually doing all that stuff except for playing so we don't have enough time for song writing.

Edwin: Do you all have back up guitars and things?

Chet: Yeah, but those tend to get broke, also. Especially



on a long tour like this.

Edwin: Is it tougher living together on the road than it is when you're back at home where you've all got your own places and stuff? Is there a lot of tension or is it pretty easy?

John: It's pretty easy. We've all known each other long enough that we can say, "Shut the fuck up."

Chet: The 'Jets are much like a family, by now, to where there's brothers and sisters that always fight but they don't slug it out or whatever. Things are usually pretty cool but on the flip side, there are six guys traveling around in a van, seven days a week, so... but nothing bad happens.

John: If everybody just changes their socks and shit like that.

Chet: Cleanliness, that's very important to us.

John: At least socks.

Jerome: Aromas... odors... you can be dirty as long as you never smell bad.

Edwin: Do you notice any progress when you play places you've played before, like when you come back to Los Angeles, time after time, do you notice a difference in the venue you play or the response of the crowd or anything?

Chet: Yeah, definitely. Some places there's more of an improvement than others. A lot of times, if you hit it the right night or everybody decides to come out and you're playing with the right bands on the right bill, then it can be a huge success. I was really surprised when we played Portland, on this last tour, how many people showed up.

Jerome: We'd played there once before.

Chet: Yeah, the first time we played there, it was with the Nomads so that was like a sure thing.

John: But, it seems like the bigger the city, the weirder, though, because people tend to be either too cool or people like to think that they already know what's going on. People don't expect, usually, what we are.

Chet: One of our friends from Zen Guerrilla, last night, I don't know if you've ever heard of them, but they saw us in San Francisco, and Rich was saying...

Edwin: Is he the guy with big hair?

John: No, that's Marcus.

Chet: But Rich was saying, "Yeah, when people come to see you guys, it's fun to see their faces because everybody usually has their mouths open, and it's either the people who get it really get it and are really in to it, and the people who don't get it are just completely dumbfounded."

John: And, we're proud of that. We'd much rather be that than, "Well, this is OK."

Chet: I think that, coming from where we are, our whole sound and the way we've matured as a band, we've been isolated a lot from what's been going on over here, on the west coast, or the east coast or the north, up in the mid west and stuff, where most music seems to come out of, there's not a lot of... you know our scene in Auburn consists of about seven bands, total, at any given time. We're all avid music listeners but still have grown up kind of away from a bunch of influences so I think that is a plus and a minus but it definitely is some sort of recipe for uniqueness.

Edwin: Here's something totally out of left field. What do you think's going to happen, Monday, when Clinton goes in for his deposition?

John: If he's smart, he won't say a fucking word.

Chet: I haven't been keeping up with that any more.

John: I was listening to a little of that on NPR, the other day.

Edwin: What are your predictions. What do you guess is going to happen, or what do you seriously think will happen?

Chet: I think that Clinton will blame a lot of it on party politics...

John: Which is probably true.

Chet: ...and he's going to deny a lot of it. He's going to say, "Let's get on with other business."

John: I voted for Ross Perot so I really don't give a shit either way.

Chet: I haven't been too much into Clinton's presidency and if all this stuff is true, he's a disrespectful person. All the people involved in this mess don't necessarily seem to be the most outstanding role models or whatever.

John: Unlike us.

Chet: I was reading an article, the other day, that said this seems like an issue that feminists in America should be going crazy over but they've all kept silent because Lewinsky and Tripp and the whole thing aren't exactly bettering the cause for women in this either and Clinton's not exactly bettering the cause for men and as far as United

States politics goes, it's fucking hilarious that this is taking such a role.

Edwin: I personally think this is basically a status quo, up to this point, and now things are going to change. People in public life are going to have to start thinking about their private life.

John: That might be nice.

Edwin: Yeah, it might be a positive change. I don't think Clinton's as big a rascal as anybody else, he just happened to be the one on guard when the change came.

Chet: Intrigue in the White House has been pretty much the same thing, pretty much since the inception of the country.

John: The only thing is, to me, I find it funny, she's definitely not Marilyn Monroe, the woman he's chosen.

Edwin: What kind of stuff do you guys find yourselves talking about, out on the road, for hour after hour?

John: Mostly, who farted.

Chet: Who's too loud on stage. Who got sick the night before. Where are we going next. Sometimes we get pretty crazy stuff, like about politics and stuff like that.

Jerome: Actually, usually most of us just read.

John: It's nice. I find that I read a book probably every day and a half, on the road. And at home, I just don't find the time, as much as I like to read.

Edwin: What kind of stuff do you guys read?

John: I'm really into mysteries, right now, for some reason.

Chet: Right now I'm reading science fiction.

Jerome: I've been reading Elroy, James Elroy. That's it. I've been just reading this big book on baseball, labor relations.

John: Junior, what are you reading now?

Junior: I'm reading Japanese fairy tales and William F. Burroughs.

Edwin: Is it good?

Junior: Yeah.

Jerome: He's the newest member, by the way. He just started playing drums with us, this year.

John: We've got quite a little library of things.

Edwin: Junior, what did they tell you about the last drummer? How come he's not there any more?

Junior: That's a long story...

Chet: Our drummer was actually in a very bad car accident and is a paraplegic now.

Edwin: Oh, I had no idea.

Chet: Well, we want any public perception of Kevin's to listen to that record he was on and know him for his drumming, not the tragedy. He's living life fine, OK, and Junior's kicking ass.

Edwin: Did you transition pretty smoothly? Had you been drumming for a while before?

Junior: Yeah.

Chet: Junior caught on fast. We rehearsed about a month before we went on tour and we've been pretty much set since then.

John: We're solid now.

Jerome: Those first couple of tours were raw. A little turn around might get messed up or... But we're starting to get to where we can drink and drive again on stage.

Edwin: Has that ever been a problem, drinking and then trying to play?

Chet: Oh, god, yeah. Over the four years we've been playing, it's basically resulted in enough disasters to where we've been trying to keep controlled. It's OK to have a few drinks to get your head on straight and everything, but I've hit the stage a few times where I should have just given my guitar to someone in the audience and they probably could have done just as good a job. I think everybody in the band has had that happen at one time or another.

Jerome: They thought they rocked as hard, though.

Chet: Oh yeah. Those are usually what we think are our best shows when we're like that.

Edwin: Do you ever notice a cyclic thing, where you get drunk and have a bad show and then the next time you're completely sober and have a really good show so the next time you think, "We're gods, we can get drunk again"?

Chet: I don't think there's actually that much thought that goes into it.

Jerome: Actually, it's reversed. The drunker we are, the better we think the show was. When we play sober, we're all miserable.

John: It usually has to do with how long the drive was, how good the tour's going, are they giving us free liquor and so on.

Chet: And some times it's just time to party.

Junior: Everybody's got to catch a buzz.

Chet: But some times the party comes crashing over.

Jerome: I think we're all pretty spoiled. We can all play pretty well drunk.

[The tape is pretty warped through this section, but they were all talking about the relative merits and perils of drinking and playing.]

Edwin: Has any one ever passed out or thrown up on stage?

John: Yeah, J.J. threw up just the other night.

Edwin: On stage?

John: Yeah... in Fort Collins, Colorado.

Jerome: I wasn't even that drunk. I think it was the altitude.

Everybody: The altitude!

Edwin: He was standing on his tip toes while he was drinking, right?

John: Yeah... it was that rot gut shot some guy gave him.

Edwin: You have any horror stories, out there? Any horrible things happen?

Chet: We've had our share. Getting broken down on the side of the road. Gigs being canceled.

Edwin: You ever show up and be told the show isn't happening?

John: We got paid not to play one time. It was somewhere in Georgia. I got some free beer and free games of pool out of it.

Chet: They gave us \$50 and told us to go on our way.

Jerome: It was a \$100 guarantee and they said if you don't care and don't play, I'll give you fifty. And we said, OK.

Edwin: How come they wanted to pay you not to play?

John: It was a school town and school was out.

Chet: It was a little, tiny, tiny town in Georgia with a large college and someone booked a show that they shouldn't have.

John: Most of our stories that some other people would think would be horror stories, we just don't take them that way.

Junior: Cake walks.

John: We just kind of have a good time when things start to get retarded.

Junior: That's what makes it unique.

Chet: It's always an adventure.

[They round up Mr. Hardwick, the fifth member of the band and we took a few photos]

Edwin: How has it been, working with Carl?

Everybody: Great.

Edwin: Is he the main guy you work with at Estrus?

Chet: Carl is our manager... we went to school with Carl... he's a good friend.

Edwin: Is that a big part of how you got on Estrus or is that just sort of coincidental?

Chet: No, we were trying to get on Estrus for two or three years while Carl was working up there. The thing that got us on Estrus was when the Quadrajets finally played with Dave's band the Mono Men, in Chicago, and Dave finally saw us live. He was like, "OK, you guys are really good."

Jerome: He didn't like our first two records.

Chet: Yeah, he didn't like our first two records. What his problem and a lot of people's problem was that what we sounded like live and what our first two records sounded like didn't coincide so Dave helped us get Tim Kerr, who plays with the Big Boys and Lord High Fixers, to come help us produce the record, 'cause he'd seen us live a few times, and that's why this album, "Pay the Deuce," that came out on Estrus, is by far our best. There's good songs on those other two records but when it's left to ourselves, we get so anal in the studio, that we kind of end up killing what we are live.

Edwin: Yeah, I like the sound on that record.

Chet: You can't step out in front, really. It's impossible to see your own band play live. You just can't be two places at once. Tim has a great ear and a way of making it work, so when Dave saw us live, that's when he figured out what the band was about, went for it totally hook, line and sinker. He signed Tim up to help us out and did a great job. He's going to help us do this Estrus Crust Club single when we get done with this tour. He's going to be in Auburn in December to record the next album, also.

Edwin: Well, thanks guys.

All: Thank you.

Edwin: Anything else you want to kick out, anything else you have planned, besides the next album? Or have you thought that far ahead?

John: We can't divulge that.

[General laughter]



QUADRAJET'S

I was a little surprised when I read Rolling Stone's review of Mudhoney's latest release that declared "Tomorrow Hit Today" as the album that Neil Young should have made with Pearl Jam. It just amazes me that there are still rock journalists out there who consider that Mudhoney and Pearl Jam are in the same ball park musically. Hell, musically Mudhoney and Pearl Jam aren't even playing on the same field. I'd like to believe that liking Mudhoney in 1998 is the equivalent of what being into The MC5 and The Stooges was back in the early seventies. Though most of their critics still don't get them, their sold out show at the Roxy in West Hollywood confirmed, in my mind anyway, that the fans still do understand. Hours before that show Fred M., Elizabeth Hoffman II, and I had a poolside chat with Mark Arm and Steve Turner at the Roosevelt Hotel in the center of tourist-ridden Hollywood, CA.



**Bob Cantu
interviews
Mark Arm and
Steve Turner.**





"Being in a band is no great achievement in and of itself. Anyone can do it. As we've proven... There's tons of other bands that prove it daily. You don't have to have any fucking clue to start making music."

This @ Little Suzi D., all others by Bob Cantu

Bob: Was July, 1988 at the Vogue your first show as Mudhoney?

Steve: No, it would have been a couple of months before that.

Mark: Probably.

Bob: I got that date out of Clark Humphrey's book *Loser: The Real Seattle Music Story*. Is that book very accurate?

Mark: No.

Steve: There's a lot of small mistakes. But I'm sure half the things I think are mistakes someone would argue with me that they aren't mistakes. Collective memory is pretty shaky. But we definitely played before that.

Mark: We recorded in April and I'm sure that we played maybe two or three weeks after we recorded for the first time.

Bob: So, you're well past your tenth anniversary point?

Mark: Yeah.

Steve: We're coming up to Mudhoney's eleventh anniversary. January first is our official date.

Mark: Because that was the first time that we ever practiced with everyone. It was a very hung over New Year's Day. I don't even remember, but apparently it happened!

Bob: I wanted to ask you about a couple of other things in the *Loser* book. Is the account of how Mr. Epp formed accurate? According to the book, Mark and Jeff Smith used to put flyers up for this fictitious band and you guys got cornered into playing a real show...

Mark: No, no, no. The band didn't exist for several years before that. [laughter] The band was actually not existing for a couple of years before I was involved. The band was actually the figment of some friends of mine's imagination. They did a European tour when the French class went to France. I don't even think Darren was in the French class either, so Rob Goodmanson was the drummer for the European tour. I think the summer after Smitty and I graduated we decided to make it real. Darren was actually a real good drummer but the rest of us had never played an instrument in our lives. Besides piano lessons or whatever. Smitty and I went halves on a guitar. A sixty five dollar guitar and the smallest P.V. you could find at the time. It was all we could afford. We talked Darren's brother into playing bass with us. When we first started we didn't know what anybody was going to do except that Darren was going to drum. We'd been doing weird shit the whole time, making noise into tape recorders. It took us a while to become a rock band. We were very arty.

Bob: Didn't you write a letter to the *Rocket* or something saying that Mr. Epp was the most over-rated band in Seattle?

Mark: That was from the flyering period when the band existed and hadn't played yet. That was a ploy to generate some kind of interest.

Bob: People do that.

Mark: And it wasn't to the *Rocket* it was to this little magazine called *Desperate Times*. The *Rocket* wouldn't have bothered.

Bob: And Steve was in the second line up of Mr. Epp?

Steve: Well, it was the same line up and then I joined it.

Mark: This is the funniest thing about Mr. Epp - when it was the fake band this guy Peter Wick was in the band and then Peter made this announcement that he couldn't continue on anymore because he didn't want to dedicate his life to music! We were like, OK, before things get serious... And when we got to the point of playing a live show, Darren refused to play. He would have been embarrassed to play with a bunch of hacks like us. So we had this guy, Randy Ramano, play for the first one or two shows. Then shortly after that Darren said "What the fuck? I'll play."

Bob: And Steve, before you joined Mr. Epp, were you in a band called The Ducky Boys?

Steve: That was my senior year of high school. I had pretty much flunked out of my junior year. That was my punk rock year and I didn't really go to school much.

Bob: The hours were too early?

Steve: I don't know. Anarchy, y'know. For the fall of '82 I started going to a private school. An arty school called Northwest School For The Arts, Humanity & Environment. I met [future Pearl Jam member] Stone Gossard there. He was kind of a heavy metal kid and we didn't like each other much at first. There was kind of a metal vs. punk war going on. So we started hanging out a little bit and he started playing me cool music that I liked and that I'd never heard before. Like Motorhead and early Alice Cooper stuff. I turned him on to Black Flag and Bad Religion.

Mark: Stone was a big Agent Orange fan.

Steve: But I didn't turn him on to Agent Orange.

Bob: This was the early eighties?

Steve: This was '82, early '83. So then we formed this band called The Ducky Boys and we practiced in Jeff's basement. We learned two songs, basically, "Dr. Love" by Kiss and "Louie Louie." The guy who was supposed to be singing in the band would only show up occasionally and he was too embarrassed to sing in front of us. He thought he was really cool and stuff and we handed him a microphone and he chickened out. We never really got very far, but we had our one groupie. We had one groupie and two songs.

Bob: That would be a fine career for some bands. It also says in *Loser* that "Touch Me, I'm Sick" is "a note for note copy of 'The Witch' by The Sonics."

Steve: No, it's not.

Mark: Clark has his head up his ass when it comes to music.

Steve: I'm glad he wrote the book, though. It was quite an undertaking and you can't possibly get everything right.

Bob: It's a pretty extensive book.

Steve: He gave me an early manuscript and I corrected all the things that I could remember. I told him, boy, you better hand out a lot of these.

Mark: Yeah, there are a lot of mistakes. I thought about giving him my corrections but then I just said, what the fuck. "Touch Me, I'm Sick" is more like "Happenings Ten Years Time Ago" or the fast part of "I'm Sick of You" by The Stooges. Steve was trying to rip off...

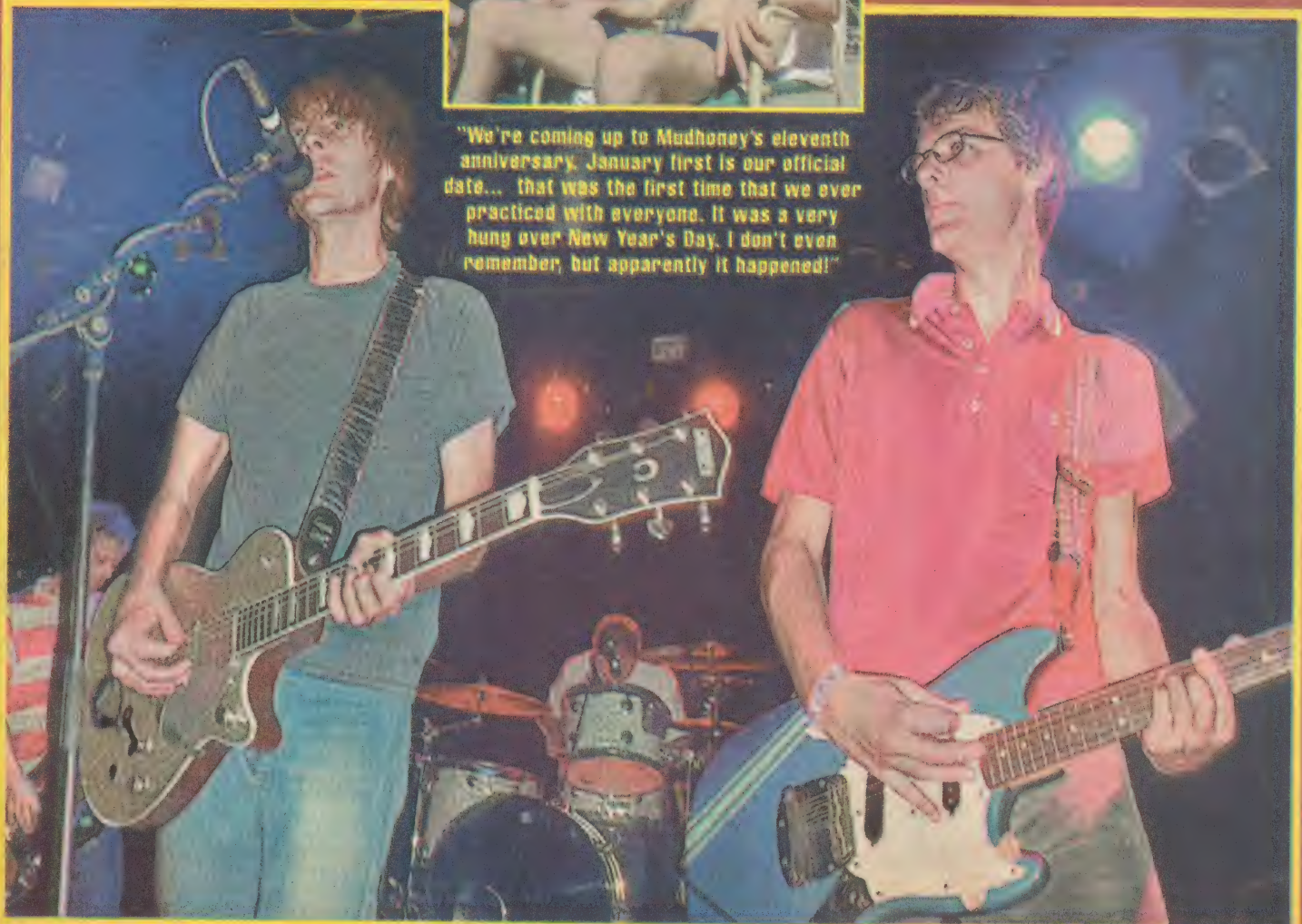
Steve: I was trying to play like Rob Vasquez of The Nights & Days.
Mark: The vocal stylings of Gerry Roslie are something that is near and dear to my heart.
Bob: That comes across. You guys got a pretty decent review in *Rolling Stone* for "Tomorrow Hit Today."
Mark: Yeah, I think that four stars is a pretty good review.
Steve: It's not bad.
Bob: What I thought was interesting was that they said that you guys are back to doing the kind of album you used to do when you did the first Mudhoney album.
Mark: They said the same thing in the *LA Weekly*. I don't really see it as a re-working of the first album. I think "My Brother the Cow" was more like that.
Steve: "My Brother the Cow" is like a good version of the first album!
Mark: Yeah.
Bob: But then you guys got a six out of ten possible points for "My Brother the Cow" in *Spin Magazine* when it first came out and the reviewer said that you guys never seem to "grow musically."
Mark: We also had that little jibe at *Spin* in "Generation Spokesmodel" which they took a little seriously.
Steve: You should read some of the English reviews. [laughter]
Mark: There's people over there who think that you're not doing anything unless you put your "antiques" - meaning guitars, drums and bass - aside and move forward.
Steve: The *London Times* actually said "If they're going to continue playing such antique instruments as guitars, bass and drums then they should at least try and do something with them."
Mark: That's totally a weird mindset. We should get some newer instruments like analog synthesizers. [laughter]
Bob: You know, I always assumed...
Mark: Don't assume.
Bob: I always thought that you guys got the name Green River from the Credence song. That's not where it's from, is it?
Mark: It's more from the serial killings from that time. I think you and I came up with that at different times.
Steve: No, it was Jeff or Alex. It wasn't me.
Mark: No, weren't you wearing Green River Community College track shorts or something?
Steve: It wasn't me. See, this is why the *Loser* book is so hotly contested!
Mark: Well, someone besides me in the band thought that Green River sounded good and fucked up and we started laughing.

Steve: We played a show in '84 with Green River, The Crucifucks and The Dead Kennedys and the *Seattle Times* guy was just disgusted with all of the names. All the article was about was how disgusting the names of the three bands were!
Mark: Now the names seem innocuous and homey and rootsy.
Bob: Is that you guys playing "Touch Me I'm Dick" as Citizen Dick in the movie "Singles"?
Steve: No.
Bob: Who is it?
Steve: Pearl Jam?
Mark: I think some form of Pearl Jam. Maybe with Matt Dillon.
Steve: No, they wanted Matt Dillon to sing but he chickened out.
Bob: Did your cover of "Pump It Up" end up in the credits of a movie? Some comedy?
Mark & Steve: "P.C.U."
Bob: Is that the one with Rodney Dangerfield?
Steve: No, David Spade. Some eighth generation knock off of Animal House.
Mark: They're calling it "the Animal House of the '90s."
Bob: I just saw the credits in the video store.
Steve: Not one of our higher moments.
Mark: It's probably one of my least favorite things that we've done.
Steve: I don't mind it that much.
Mark: I think it's bad.
Bob: I thought it was kinda cool at the time.
Mark: We had a perfectly good eight track version of it that we did for this benefit compilation "Freedom Of Choice." It's all New Wave covers and it was for Planned Parenthood and it was perfectly fine. And then this guy, Ralph Saul, was that his name? - we may as well let people know who it was - he was putting together the soundtrack to this movie. He had this brainstorm, why don't you guys do "Pump It Up"? We're like, we already did

it. So, he takes us into this studio and he's got two twenty four tracks slaved. We're on forty eight tracks here and we're doing a song that we've already done on eight track! Me, Steve and Matt did like, what?
Steve: Twelve different tracks of backing vocals!
Mark: I just had this horrible feeling, like, I should just go now. So instead what we did was we went into the back room and watched the Playboy Channel while this guy did whatever he did in that other room.
Steve: We didn't care anymore.
Mark: It's out of our hands. It's nothing I want to be a part of. It's too late. The damage is done.
Bob: Is it on the "P.C.U." soundtrack, if there is such a thing?
Mark: Yeah.
Steve: There's a single of it.
Mark: With George Clinton's P Funk All Stars on the other side.
Bob: How did that happen?
Steve: It's one of our stranger split singles!
Bob: Often the best collectable items are really someone else's mistakes.
Steve: Yep. But they paid well for it. It's forgotten.
Bob: Do you get a little something every time it runs on cable?
Mark: An angry call! "What the fuck were you thinking!" Click.
Steve: I gotta change my number again! They must be showing "P.C.U." again. Damn it!
Bob: I heard a rumor that when you were making the "Five Dollar Bob's Mock Cooter Show" EP that...
Mark: That I was breaking out in hives? That's true.
Steve: I believe that it had something to do with too much MSG.
Bob: Well, what I had heard was that Reprise was either disappointed or confused by the finished product because it didn't turn out the way they thought it would.
Steve: It was a bad idea, basically. It was the label's idea to do this EP real fast.
Mark: Just to put something out because it was going to be a while before the next album but we had four or five new songs.
Steve: I like it, but it was a mistake at the time.
Bob: Really? You still think so?
Steve: In terms of what their theory of it was, it was completely wrong. Basically, they don't promote EPs, which the people who suggested to us that we do an EP didn't know until it was too late. They don't waste their time on an EP so why did we do it?



"We're coming up to Mudhoney's eleventh anniversary. January first is our official date... that was the first time that we ever practiced with everyone. It was a very hung over New Year's Day. I don't even remember, but apparently it happened!"



Mark: If we were on Drag City or something that EP would have gotten some promotion.

Bob: Well, I like it.

Steve: Yeah, I like it too.

Bob: I encourage everyone who likes you guys to dig around the used bin at their record store and find that copy with the hole punched out in the corner.

Steve: You can get it pretty cheap.

Bob: \$3.99! You guys have a video compilation available called "Number One Video In America This Week" and there's a lot of interesting stuff going on between the videos, mostly involving Dan Peters and Matt Lukin. Wasn't the pyromaniac on the video your manager Bob Whittaker?

Mark: Right.

Steve: The guy who lit Dan on fire! [laughter] The naked guy is Curtis Clark.

Mark: That little section is better than any of the song videos.

Steve: I like the sandwich eating scene.

Bob: Is that behavior typical of a Mudhoney tour? How often does Bob Whittaker...

Steve: He's here.

Bob: Lighting fires?

Mark: No. He's staying at [Reprise A&R guy] Dave Katznelson's so he might be lighting fires there!

Steve: He's more curious about threesomes on this tour. That's his big concern. That was the "Fire Tour." This is the "Ain't Gettin' None" tour.

Bob: "Tomorrow Hit Today" was produced by Jim Dickinson, who's this big Memphis guy who produced the last Claw Hammer CD and has worked with The Rolling Stones, right?

Mark: Big. He's not that tall, but he's big.

Steve: Portly. He's a big ol' biker. Snaggletooth earring in one ear, long hair, leather jacket.

Mark: Leather jacket, like the long flowing kind.

Steve: He has a motorcycle one, too.

Bob: He played on The Rolling Stones "Sticky Fingers" album.

Mark: Right, he played on "Wild Horses" because Ian Stewart refused to play minor chords. Ian Stewart was there but that song starts off with a minor chord and for some reason he had this idea that minor chords are evil and bad and so Jim Dickinson played. He said that the Stones would never tune to a real tuner, they would just sort of tune to each other. It was never exactly standard tuning. And there was this old upright in the studio that was totally dusty and hadn't been played forever and it was in the same out of whack tuning that the band was in.

Bob: I wonder if they started using electronic tuners after "Some Girls"? It seems like something changed.

Mark: Or "Black And Blue."

Steve: I like "Emotional Rescue."

Mark: I like "Some Girls" better than I do "Black And Blue."

Steve: Yeah, "Black And Blue" is weak.

Bob: So working with Jim Dickinson was a good experience?

Mark: It was great.

Steve: We didn't mix the album with him.

Mark: We mixed it with David Bianca who's an LA boy.

Steve: We did the basic stuff with Dickinson in Seattle and in Memphis for a couple of weeks and then mixed it out here with out Jim.

Mark: Dickinson has this heavy LA phobia. He used to come out here in the early '70s working on Ry Cooder records and stuff. He worked a lot with Lenny Waronker who used to be president or whatever of Warner Bros. Somewhere along the line he just grew to hate the industry in LA. He was out here doing a Texas Tornado record and he had some minor freak out the first week or two of the recording. He doesn't dig the scene here.

Steve: He didn't like Seattle much either. We were in the middle of a snow storm when he was out there.

Mark: He liked it fine but you could tell that his whole demeanor changed once we were in his home turf. I thought everything was fine once we got into Seattle but when we got to Memphis he was really pleased.

Steve: Happier. Much happier.

Mark: Not that he was unpleasant but it was a whole new side of Jim that we hadn't seen before.

Steve: Since we didn't really know him to begin with.

Bob: Why did you decide to work with him?

Steve: Basically from Claw Hammer working with him. We knew we wanted to work with somebody who wasn't Jack Endino or Conrad Uno. To do something different after ten years.

Mark: And we didn't want to work with some producer who was just going to like...

Steve: We were really afraid of the term "producer." Like, LA guy...

Mark: The kind of guy that's got that "rock sound."

Steve: But to be fair, David Bianca was one of those guys and he was really great.

Mark: But he's not one of those guys who has a certain sound that all bands conform to.

Steve: But he's a big wig Hollywood guy.

Mark: He did an amazing job mixing the record. I think we were very lucky to have worked with both those people. It wouldn't be

the record it is without either of them.

Bob: For this part of the tour you've got The Urinals and Super Electro Recording artists The Kent 3.

Steve: We're taking The Kent 3 all the way around the country.

Bob: Did you guys ask for The Urinals?

Mark: We played with The Urinals....

Steve: In Seattle.

Mark: Was that a Beneath the Valley of the Underdog show?

Steve: Yes, it was.

Mark: We did a couple of shows before recording the record under the name Beneath The Valley of the Underdog just so we could play all the songs.

Steve: That was like last October.

Mark: About a year ago.

Steve: Bumpershoot weekend.

Mark: The Urinals just happened to be in town around that time and the people at the Crocodile were like, "Would you like The Urinals? Fuck yeah!"

Steve: That was our only possible chance to see The Urinals.

Mark: And that night Well Water Conspiracy played and I think that was like their only show. So that was kind of a weird one-of-a-kind show.

Steve: Where we got to see bands we never thought we'd see.

Mark: In Texas we hook up with Nebula, are you familiar with Nebula? It's Eddie Glass, he used to drum in another band with O. Bob: Olive Lawn?

Mark: Yeah. He then went on to play guitar in Fu Manchu and now it's him and two other guys that were in Fu Manchu. Basically, Nebula is more Fu Manchu than Fu Manchu is at this point. And they start out at the same place: Blue Cheer, Black Sabbath, but it's way more psychedelic. They're fuckin' amazing.

Steve: We're only playing with three piece bands on this tour.

Bob: The headlining band should be bigger.

Mark: We get one more. We have to do a whole tour with like Resin Eaters, Leather Men and The Bass Holes, all two man bills.

Bob: How's Super Electro doing? What's Dave Holmes from The Fallouts new band called?

Steve: Wiretaps. They just finished recording a whole album, actually. I don't know if Super Electro is going to put it out or not. We might take it somewhere else just because I don't have any money right now to put out a long player. Supposedly, The Fallouts are back together and have a bass player.

Bob: Really? That's cool.

Mark: It's about time.

Bob: The last Fallouts album that you put out was cool.

Steve: Dave had a bunch of new songs two years ago, with any luck, he has one or two more. They supposedly have a bass player and they're going to do something again. They've been on a break for over two years. They've had a longer break than we had.

Bob: You guys had a long break between "Every Good Boy Deserves Fudge" and the self-titled album.

Mark: I can't remember if that was before or after. Around that

"...we wanted to work with somebody who wasn't Jack Endino or Conrad Uno... do something different after ten years. We were really afraid of the term "producer." Like, LA guy... the kind of guy that's got that "rock sound"... one of those guys who has a certain sound that all bands conform to."

time there were rumors flying around that we were breaking up.

Steve: It was kind of weird. We toured and then we made the record and I went back to school. But during the time that I was back in school we were making the record and we were making the Monkey Wrench record. So it was a really busy time for being time off. We just didn't tour during that time.

Mark: Dan was touring with The Screaming Trees at that time.

Steve: We were pretty busy doing other stuff. This time it was a full solid year break where we didn't practice or do anything.

Mark: We didn't speak to each other or nothing.

Steve: We had our lawyers talk. [laughter] We sent faxes to our lawyers occasionally, but that was about it.

Bob: Weren't you doing Bloodloss during that time?

Mark: That year we took off? I did two full U.S. tours and one West

Coast tour. That last west coast tour was a bitch! The van fried!

Bob: Where?

Mark: It actually limped back into Seattle but we were pouring massive amounts of oil into it. We'd blown a cylinder going somewhere over the Grapevine. So we made it into the LA area and played Downey and Fullerton. We stayed around here for a week and went to Fresno on a Monday night. The saving grace of that tour was playing Chico. It was a small place but it was a lot of fun. Sierra Nevada. Everyone was smiling.

Steve: Two things that don't happen on a Mudhoney tour.

Mark: [laughter] Actually, it happens almost every night on a Mudhoney tour but it didn't happen very much on that Bloodloss tour!

Bob: So what happens after this tour? Another long break?

Steve: We're going to tour again.

Mark: We're going to Australia in January.

Steve: We might get some shows opening for somebody, we're not sure about that yet. We're going to tour a little bit more than we did for "My Brother the Cow." For that we did one European tour and one U.S. tour. This time we might not even make it to Europe. We went over to London for one show a few weeks ago. Just out of curiosity, to see what it was like.

Bob: How did you manage that?

Steve: We did a bunch of east coast dates with Pearl Jam and a few of our own. We were in New York and you can fly to London pretty easily from there. We wanted to do one show and do some press just to see what it's like over there because it changes so quickly. Last time it was good but this time it was a living nightmare!

Mark: The show was great, but the press...! We used to go over there and have a full day of talking to the *Melody Maker* and whatnot. This time we got one phone interview from the *Melody Maker* with someone who had not heard the record. "Why are you doing this? If you don't give a shit enough to listen to the record than why are you talking to me," you know what I mean?

Bob: Wow! Everett True didn't even show up?

Mark: He lives in Seattle now!

Steve: He's the music editor of *The Stranger* now. He was kicked out of England! What is the worst possible place you can send an English journalist? Seattle! The home of all things that we revile!

Bob: Was that his punishment for bringing grunge over to England in the first place?

Steve: I think so. They finally managed to get rid of Everett. They sent him to Siberia.

Bob: Do you see him much?

Steve: Yeah. I like Everett a lot.

Mark: He's writing all these reviews of local bands and just panning them. All these power pop bands trying to make it, he just rakes 'em over the coals and there are so many angry people. It's really good. It's about time.

Steve: He's trying to make up, I think, for starting something that actually made people think that they could go to Seattle and get a record deal.

Mark: It's time to clean house.

Bob: Mark, did you ever write for *Maximum Rock 'n Roll*?

Mark: Huh?

Bob: They published an obituary of Tim Yohannon in *Spiral* and it mentioned all these luminaries that wrote for *Maximum* and your name was among them.

Mark: I think I did maybe a scene report under an assumed name so I could slag local bands that I didn't like without getting killed at their shows.

Fred: I've got a question, you used to play a Silver Jet, right?

Mark: Still do.

Fred: Are you going to play it tonight?

Mark: Hell yeah.

Fred: I'm a huge Gretsch fan.

Steve: It's one of the re-issues.

Fred: Is it? I have a re-issue too.

Mark: Right on re-issues!

Fred: It's one of the early ones, right?

Mark: It's like a '91, I think.

Fred: The new re-issues are different.

Mark: There was one in this guitar shop a couple of years before that, when I finally had enough money to spend on a guitar of my choosing. I'd been looking at it for a while and when I finally had the money together I went in and it was gone. That was actually an old one. I'm kind of glad I got the re-issue 'cause I don't think the old one had the Bigsby [tremolo] on it.

Steve: Did you have to special order the Bigsby?

Mark: No, it came on it.

Bob: You were an English literature major and you got your degree, right Mark?

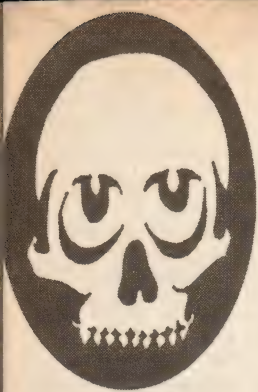
Mark: Uh huh.

Bob: And doing bands the whole time. That's pretty cool.

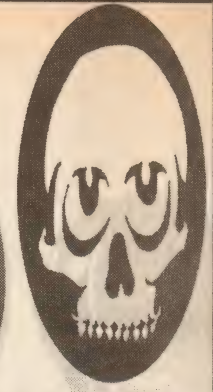
Steve: I dropped out of four schools, does that count?

Mark: It's pretty easy. Hey, you wanna play some tunes? OK! Being in a band is no great achievement in and of itself. Anyone can do it. As we've proven. [laughter] Mr. Epp proved that. There's tons of other bands that prove it daily. You don't have to have any fucking clue to start making music.

Steve: It's often better not to. ☺



Grand Theft Audio



Interview by Holly and Todd

photos by Todd

Original Artwork by
Brian GTA

Brian GTA does what every two-bit DIY-suckin'-nipple punk wishes, whines, and hopes for while kicking back a cool forty and waxing dimestore philosophic - what if there was a label that focused on hardcore that picked up and cleaned the best remnants of past decades which didn't suck or rip you off - the type of label that put as much mother-scratching music on a CD as technologically possible, that it was almost busting at the seams with full 16-page booklets, fairly priced. This ain't a fairy tale. Brian is working hard to bring you the real fucking deal, undiluted, as clear as possible. Holly and I brought our guns. With 9mm rings being impressed on his temple, this is what we talked about, real nice and genteel-like.

Todd: Major malfunction?

Brian: Can that mean dysfunctional? I am.

Holly: What's in the most violent thing you did as a youngster?

Brian: In high school this guy said a lot of really rotten, disgusting stuff about me that was totally untrue and I cornered him at friend's house. I put two meat and cutting knives to his throat. He freaked out and peed his pants.

Todd: How did the label start? Did you fashion it after anybody?

Brian: Not really. There were a lot of different labels I was into and luckily it all just kind of worked out. I had this weird idea that I would do ten CDs in row - like a total D-Day invasion. My first CD came out good and everything, but there were definitely cool things that got screwed up and I ended up paying a lot more and if I'd done ten, I'd of really screwed up price-wise.

Todd: What was your first release?

Brian: RFT.

Holly: When and how did you become involved with music, namely hardcore?

Brian: I got kicked out of all the other music scenes. Disco, classical, polka - I went for obscure native musics and they threw me out of their scenes. Punk was the only place left that would allow a loser like me.

Todd: How many releases do you have now?

Brian: Thirty-eight.

Todd: What was the last one?

Brian: Fallout from Australia. They're a new hardcore band as opposed to old has-beens who need liver transplants that I usually put out.

Holly: What did you think you could bring to the music label scene that wasn't already there?

Brian: Sleaziness - wait a minute, there's too much of that there. There was a plot to annihilate every other label and kill every distributor that would eventually be owing me money anyway... No big plot besides putting out music I liked that nobody else was putting out.

Todd: What's the best selling title?

Brian: Oh, man, there's just so many. [sarcasm] I dunno. It's usually the title where nobody remembers it. Their fans are all dead from overdoses and nobody cares - those are usually the best selling ones but I'll go out on a limb here and say it's Agnostic Front.

Holly: Which one of your albums are you the most proud of for getting out due to the sheer obstacles you had to overcome in the process of releasing that record?

Brian: Probably the one I worked on the most was the Roger Miret [Agnostic Front] benefit CD because I had to deal with forty-eight different people for one CD. My throat went sore from being on the phone all of the time and I got some major hand crampage writing all of the text [sideline - Brian does not use a computer in any way, shape, or form. He refers to them as "shiny boxes that confuse and perplex me."]. I got it done pretty quick though I ran up a \$700 phone bill in just a couple of weeks just pestering people.

Todd: When was the first time you saw Agnostic Front?

Brian: This may sound kind of far fetched, but there I was, popping out of the womb, and they were playing... I was there first, man... Probably some time in the late eighties and all of these dudes showed up and goosestepping down the street yelling "What do we want? White power!" There was a huge bloodbath fight inside... the band didn't want those people but they came along anyway.

Holly: Describe what it's like - in one sentence - what it's like to have a conversation with Rob Kabula [Agnostic Front].

Brian: Rob's a philosopher of life. You can talk to him for a long time. He can tell you about "dis" and "dat." He knows it all.

Todd: What do you think of the new Agnostic Front ["Something's Gotta Give"]?

Brian: It's actually pretty cool. I like it a lot. They're basically carrying the torch for hardcore. They're good guys. I'm glad they're on a good label finally. [laughter]

Holly: What were you doing before you started GTA?

Brian: For a lot of years, I trained...

Todd: Shetland ponies?...

Brian: To do weird fucking, creepy shit. Actually, I used to work out 7 days a week, at least 3 hours a day. I could do all types of amazing feats like middle finger pull ups and eat 17 egg whites in one sitting before I went to work out and not actually throw up.

Todd: So did it pay well?

Brian: No. I couldn't get any endorsements. I went to the egg council, and went "Hey, look, I can shovel 17 of these white, boiled pieces of tire-like crap down my throat, c'mon man, doesn't that appeal to somebody?" And they said, "No. That's disgusting."

Todd: How much can you bench press?

Brian: More than you'd care to know.

Todd: What are we talking? A Bug? A Chevy truck?

Holly: Or Todd's Mom?

Brian and Todd: Jesus.

Holly: I'm sorry... I didn't mean that, Mrs. Todd's Mom. Why don't we use my mom?

Brian: Next you'll be picking on the handicapped... what've you got? I'll bench press it.

Holly: What were the top three albums you were the proudest of owning as a young, little Brian GTA?

Brian: I got the Christian Death record for Christmas from my brother. I was maybe 14 or something like that.

Todd: If you could have a slogan/philosophy behind running GTA, what would it be?

Brian: "If you can't beat 'em, beat 'em to death." Or "If you can't beat 'em, rob 'em blind." I've got a million of 'em. They're all to do with hostility.

Holly: What was a preconceived notion that was proved false after you started your label?

Brian: That the rails of cocaine would stretch from here to tomorrow and that people would be so tickled pink to blow me at a drop of a hat. And I wouldn't even have to drive myself. Part of that dream came true today when Holly drove me to get pizza... I thought it was going to be a lot of

hard work, I thought that some people would be into it, some people wouldn't, and that I pretty much wouldn't like most of the record industry, and those have held true.

Todd: Do you think that you're living in the past?

Brian: As opposed to... the future that everybody else is living in?

Todd: Except from the Fallout and the P.E.L.M.E., why '80s hardcore and little else?

Brian: It's not all '80s hardcore. I did '70s stuff. Human Hands were an arty late '70s band that had members that went on to Wall of Voodoo and Dream Syndicate. I've got other stuff that's coming out that's pretty offbeat. I like all kinds of stuff. I'd put out new stuff if people were doing something interesting. Most people live in the past but they think they're actually recreating it.

Holly: Name the first band that comes to mind when I name the genre... Industrial.

Brian: Einsturzende Neubaten. One of the best bands I've ever seen live.

Holly: Classical.

Brian: The Carpenters. They're just so classic.

Holly: Bad eighties.

Brian: Wow, gee. Corey Heart.

Holly: Good eighties.

Brian: Billy Idol.

Holly: Artpunk.

Brian: A guy I went to highschool with. He'd drink anything for a quarter.

Holly: Poppunk.

Brian: Mostly crap.

Holly: Death rock.

Brian: People who overdose and die who used to rock.

Holly: OK, that's not a band.

Brian: Christian Death.

Holly: Hardcore.

Brian: Mike Thrashhead and Agnostic Front.

Holly: Norwegian death metal.

Brian: Warrant.

Holly: Hair metal.

Brian: Rob Halford.

Holly: Best indie gone major.

Brian: I don't think Joy Division were technically on an indie... The Jam... How about major on major?

Holly: A band that was awful before they signed to a major and sounded pretty good once they were on one?

Brian: Winger.

Holly: Emo.

Brian: People who are easy to beat the shit out of.

Holly: New wave.

Brian: People who are easy to beat the shit out of.

Holly: R and B.

Brian: I dunno. The term "R and B" usually brings to mind a bunch of goofy white guys can't handle soul.

Holly: Blues.

Brian: GG Allin.



shittiest part about running a label? Having to collect money.

Holly: What's the process and measures you take against someone who is screwing you in the finance department? How do you deal with it?

Brian: Probably not very well. I tend to blow my stack pretty bad.

Holly: Are you a threatener?

Brian: Not to steal anybody else's corporate logo or anything. There's a lot of weasels out there. They give you lame excuses. Some people are just slow, some people just lie to you. It gets annoying to hear "check's in the mail" 5,000 times.

Holly: How can you tell if someone's being truthful with you in your business dealings?

Brian: I call around and get references. That always doesn't work. Sometimes people are chickenshit and they won't tell you the truth about somebody, but I usually figure it out in the end. I've not been stiffed by anyone yet but I'm just a fucker.

Holly: Have you ever been completely wrong with your instincts to trust someone?

Brian: I just wait for these magnetic waves to come through the air or certain scents and then I know when to start growling or biting people... or whether to lick their genitals.

Todd: Have any bands overestimated their self worth when they've come to you with a proposition for an asinine amount of money?

Brian: Oh yeah, I've heard some good ones. I'll just say that as soon as someone starts exhibiting these stupid rockstar ideas, I go "My label isn't big enough for you and I think you should go with a better label. My label can't do anything for you." I've had some band which thought their first pressing was going to be 50,000 to 100,000 and that subsequent pressings would be 50,000 and the funny thing is that they went to another label and they sold a whopping total of 2,000. But I didn't want them on my label because they'd either be looking at me either 1.) "Boy, you really fucked up," or 2.) "Hey, this guy's really cheating us."

Todd: So what's a normal or average pressing for GTA?

Brian: I'm not the average pressing kind of guy.

Todd: OK, inaverage, unaverage, sporadic, monkey left nut-verage. I want a fucking total.

Brian: I don't know, man. As much Silly Puddy as I can carry until my arms tire out.

Todd: So you're not going to answer?

Brian: No.

Holly: What obscure country do you think you could visit and find a handful of excellent bands that haven't been discovered by the rest of the world?

Brian: Togo Land? There's good stuff everywhere. Tell you the truth, I'm sure I could find some natives banging on rocks and enjoy it for what it is. I'm not too hard to please.

Todd: Is it true that some bands on your label are being paid for the first time - by you - even though they have been on other labels?

Brian: Sure, all the time. I'm not sure if they were huger labels than me but they were definitely huger in their own minds - they thought that way and talked that way and seemed to have a lot of hot air and not a lot of royalty checks...

Todd: Posh Boy?

Brian: Have I put out any of his bands stuff?

Todd: Shattered Faith.

Brian: Well that just came out. Shattered Faith still got more from me and I haven't even sold that many yet. Isn't that pathetic... There's bands that were on bigger labels who, percentage-wise and sales-wise, yeah they got more from me, definitely. And there are some bands that are on my label that never got anything from their other label. There were some bands that had their own labels but they got really screwed by distributors. The funny one that I heard from my friend was that this one distributor - long gone, and their label - long gone, but the distributor sold their record, after they didn't pay the band, at a cut-rate price to another newer distributor, and now that distributor is now demanding to sell back the records to the original label saying "We bought these off of you at full price and we want our money back." And they never even bought them from the label. Business as usual.

Holly: Has anyone you signed to your label that wanted off?

Brian: It's kinda hard to leave my label when your band isn't even going any more.

Holly: Name the top five fanzines out there right now.

Brian: That's kind of a shitty question because if I don't name one, they'll get bitchy and won't want to review my records any more.

Todd: Do you always avoid any question directly posed to you?

Brian: I'll tell you five zines I really like. I like Suburban Voice a lot. It's good. It's regular. Al's a great guy. I like Flipside. I have to, at least for the interview. I should like Maximum since I write for them, so I'll say that. The people running it are nice people as long as they don't kick me out, then I'll hate them. I like this teenie, tiny one out of France called Rad Party. It's very cool. Censor This and Angry Thoreauan.

Todd: What are your top five favorite hardcore records of all time?

Brian: Five isn't enough. Black Flag "Damaged": TSOL "Dance with Me": Germs "Gi": Blitz "Voice of a Generation": Discharge "Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing."

Holly: Is there a common thread to all of your releases that make them GTA?

Brian: I try to put a lot of work into them, and the fact that when you hold them there's actually gel on them - like the gel that's around Spam. You can actually feel that. It's placenta-al. Actually, I try to put really nice booklets in. A CD



can actually carry 74 minutes of music...

Todd: What's the most a CD can carry?

Brian: The trouble is that recordable CDs only carry 74 minutes. A lot of clients want 74. But if you transfer from a DAT [digital audio tape], you can go 78 or something like that. I've done a 76 or 77 minute CD. I just try to give people a lot for their money because sometimes the price gets jacked up high [by the distro that bought from a distro or the store]. With the exception of one CDEP, "Atrocity Government," I try to make it so you get a double album's worth of material.

Holly: What about the actual bands?

Brian: Yeah, it's all stuff that pretty uncompromising and it's stuff that I like.

Todd: What was the most creative threat you've posed to somebody that had a positive financial effect?

Brian: I tend to be pretty uncreative. I usually find if you threaten a creep with an ass kicking, that's like bully stuff - shit they were hearing in school, you know. You have to be a little more hardcore than that and they have to know you're serious about shit... People who are really fucking nuts don't threaten to kick your ass.

Todd: Have you ever traveled to another state to re-emphasize the urgency of payment?

Brian: So far, I haven't had to. It almost came down to me traveling to another country to be at some guy's house. It was business related to the label. I heard a really good one. This guy in a band threatened to sodomize somebody if they didn't pay 'em.

Holly: What's a subject you'd like to learn more about?

Brian: Why I'm so fucked up. Are you really my mom and dad? Why am I so tormented inside? How old is this cheese food in this fuckin' refrigerator? Why are you following me?

Todd: Do you ever think that people are taping you... you know, when you're threatening them, and release a 7" like Hickey did to the Voodoo Glow Skulls?

Brian: I don't threaten anybody. What are you talking about? I plead the Fifth.

Holly: What's the best punk music video you've ever seen?

Brian: Isn't that an oxymoron?

Todd: Black Flag's "TV Party" is pretty snappy.

Brian: OK, that's a good one. That is pretty goofy. What's the one where they show all of their sleazy, low-life friends in Hermosa Beach with long hair? "Slip It In." That was pretty good. The original pressing of Flipside videos. [These are long gone and unavailable due to the fact that most of the bands don't own their own fuckin' songs. Don't ask for them. -Todd]

Todd: What's the most creative reply that someone has given for not paying you?

Brian: They're not creative. Most of these people give me lame excuses. They usually treat you so shitty and lie to you, you have no sympathy for them.

Holly: Have you ever refused to fill someone's order?

Brian: With CDs, yes. With bombs... well. There are loads of people that I won't do business with. Individuals, distros because I knew they were creeps and scumbags. I knew they were going to try to jerk me, bounce checks, stuff like that. Or I just didn't like their ethics.

Todd: Give me a fact about yourself that would seem contradictory to the perceptions that you think people have of you.

Brian: I make high, squeaky noises at my pet bird that would curdle even the stomachs of the Care Bears.

Holly: How and when did you get involved writing The Scumbag File for Maximum Rockroll?

Brian: I think I just suggested it to Tim. People were always asking me how to do stuff or how to avoid getting ripped off. I just decided to write a column so I wouldn't have to tell people all of the time.

Holly: What role did Tim play in your life?

Todd: A friend. I could ask him stuff, I could talk to him. He was somebody that I knew, liked, and looked up to. I definitely didn't hold the same politics as him. He was somebody who I respected that shot straight for the most part and tried to practice what he preached. He had a good sense of humor. He'd laugh at some pretty uncorrect shit I'd say to him. I remember I told him one time that I wanted to cut somebody's throat. Then he said, "Oh, Brian, you threaten to cut everybody's throat."

Todd: Why did you stop writing record reviews for Flipside and start a column for Maximum?

Brian: Because I felt that record reviews weren't helping people much. There were a lot of records that I dug... I mean, I keep on taking records and obviously selling them for protein pills. The bottom line is that I spent a lot of time doing reviews and I don't think it was doing much good. I'd rather write stuff that will help people to do stuff.

Todd: So why not a column for Flipside and not Maximum?

Brian: Honestly? At the time, a large portion of Flipside was being geared towards Do It For Me instead of Do It Yourself and so I figured I wanted to hit the most people possible with the things I was saying and Maximum had the most people reading it who were totally intent on doing things themselves. Unfortunately, there are a lot of bands that get into Flipside, and people who read it, who are coming more from a traditional rock'n'roll angle of "let's get on a label and have them wipe our ass" and people reading Maximum aren't as into that. They're like, "Hey, I want to start my own label." What I'm saying is that people who read Maximum would be more into wiping their own asses if they actually did it.

Holly: Have you ever spit on anyone on purpose?

Brian: Oh, yeah. I'm not big into spit nowadays. Spit carries nasty stuff. I think that guy Jesse - the guy who ran Gilman Street and was in the band Blatz [now he's in the Criminals], he spit in my eye one time. He opened his mouth to yell something and I hocked a loogie right down his throat.

Todd: Name three bands that immediately come to mind that Circle One could squish with their musical butt cheeks.

Brian: Who couldn't they crush. They were one of the most ferocious fucking bands ever. I think it's one of the best

hardcore albums ever. The reason I didn't mention it in my top five is that I think it would be cheesy to mention stuff that I put out on my own label. But, god, almost all of today's shitty little pop punk bands, for sure. Goldfinger, for sure. Boy Sets Fire because I read an interview that people were complaining that they weren't the standard hardcore and their explanation was that it's not 1982 any more. And I was thinking, fuck you, man. You had no idea what it was like in 1982. If you were around in 1982 and you realized that there's a whole lot of shit going on then than the narrow-minded fucking shit that's going on now for what people can sound like. There was way, way more variety then. Learn something about history before you open your mouth.

Holly: What's the best way one can educate themselves about the music label biz?

Brian: Secret mafia files of the FBI. The RICO laws... Just try to look behind the shit people are throwing at you and read between the lines. If somebody's telling you that something's great, it usually means that it's shit. If people are telling you over and over again that something's wonderful then it's probably shit.

Holly: Are there any books?

Brian: Unfortunately enough, I learned by doing. That's the best way to do things, but on the down side, you lose a lot of money and you fuck up a lot. Luckily, I haven't fucked up too much.

Todd: Has anyone ever tried to pawn off counterfeit tapes

the bottom line problem.

Holly: Are you surviving?

Brian: Yeah, I'm breathing, here, right now.

Todd: How many checks a year do you get made out to Grand Theft Auto?

Brian: Well, I don't get checks made out to that, but fuck if I don't get shitloads of mail. I have to write back and tell people that I steal music not cars.

Todd: Do people think that you're just a high-profile, fuck 'em bootlegger? Do they get the irony that you're actually paying bands and being upfront?

Brian: I actually had a rumor spread about me - by a dick-head competitor - but everybody knows they're legitimate releases.

Holly: Who would you nominate as the punk president?

Brian: GG's dead. El Duce's dead. Who's left? I guess somebody with bad white guy hair and who gets head when he shouldn't. Isn't that what a president is supposed to be?

Holly: Who would you like to see Mrs. Clinton have an affair with?

Brian: Hillary, if you're ever in Glendale, I'll take you to a really crappy restaurant, I'll slip on paying the bill, and I'll try to have sex with you.

Todd: What's the gnarliest fight you've ever seen?

Brian: I seen people get stabbed in the throat. I've seen people get hit with baseball bats... that was me and my grandmother spending quality time.

Holly: Have you ever witnessed anybody's death?

Todd: How did you get the funding to start your label?

Brian: Through the national endowment of the arts. On the side, I do ballet presentations to help kids say no to drugs and violence... various odd jobs.

Holly: If you could trade in your label and everything you've worked so hard for, what would you trade it in for?

Brian: Fuck, right now I'd trade it for enough money so I could buy it all back and have a buck left over so I could buy a salad over at Carl's Jr. Right now, I'm doing what I want to do.

Holly: What's the number one thing you find yourself in a heated argument about?

Brian: The usual stuff. "Hey, that's my parking space, fuckhead." "I saw that penny first." "Just because you're a toddler doesn't mean I won't punch you."

Todd: What's the best Halloween costume you've ever worn?

Brian: The worst one was when I went out as a Ku Klux Klan member. I was like 12 and my parents probably just looked at me and shook their head said, "Whatever. That's Brian being a fucking asshole as usual." One of the first house I trick or treated, there was some black people coming out the door. And they just looked at me and kinda shrugged. They didn't think it was like a midget cross-burning act, you know... I've also done some uncreative stuff. I put on sunglasses one year and said that I was a spy. Usually, I just did terrorist shit.

Todd: Like slash bags?

Brian: We had what we called the "grab crap bag" because I know how greedy people are. We'd hang a bag from their door with a sign that said "Just take a couple." And we'd put a thin layer of candy on top and a whole lot of dog shit in the bottom and wait for people to dump the whole thing in their bag.

Holly: What was the first job you ever had?

Brian: Overseeing the failure of mankind. My father the beastmaster gave it to me. I used to draw pictures and use Bugs Bunny coloring books. There's this really good one where a balloon had exploded and Porky Pig was freaking out with his arms flailing in the air - it looked totally wild and he's got this look in his eyes. I drew zig-zaggy lines in his eyes and I drew handfuls quaaludes flying out of his hands and I drew Bugs Bunny with a hippy head band and long hair with a syringe shooting up when I was in grammar school. And then I would sell them for a quarter to other kids. People thought I was a grammar school junkie or drug kingpin.

Todd: How much does your label make?

Brian: If I tell you, I'll have to tell the IRS.

Todd: Answer me. How much is your standard run? 2,000? 1,000?

Brian: It depends. Anywhere from 1,000 to thousands. It's so fucking random. I can't tell you.

Holly: What's the number one reason that you label has thrived?

Brian: You call this thriving? I've always got stuff coming out. I just put out stuff I like and other people like it, too. I can't tell you how it's stayed afloat. I can tell you at least that I'm not a complete fucking idiot. I watch where my money is going. What I panic on having - as far as a cushion of cash that I won't touch - other people would spend like that. Things like I pay the bands first before I pay myself, always making sure my bills are paid. And that keeps people wanting to deal with you, so it makes things go smooth. A lot of people blow a ton of money thinking that they'll get rich overnight, and if they hold off on paying their bills, they're gonna get big and most of them go down the toilet.

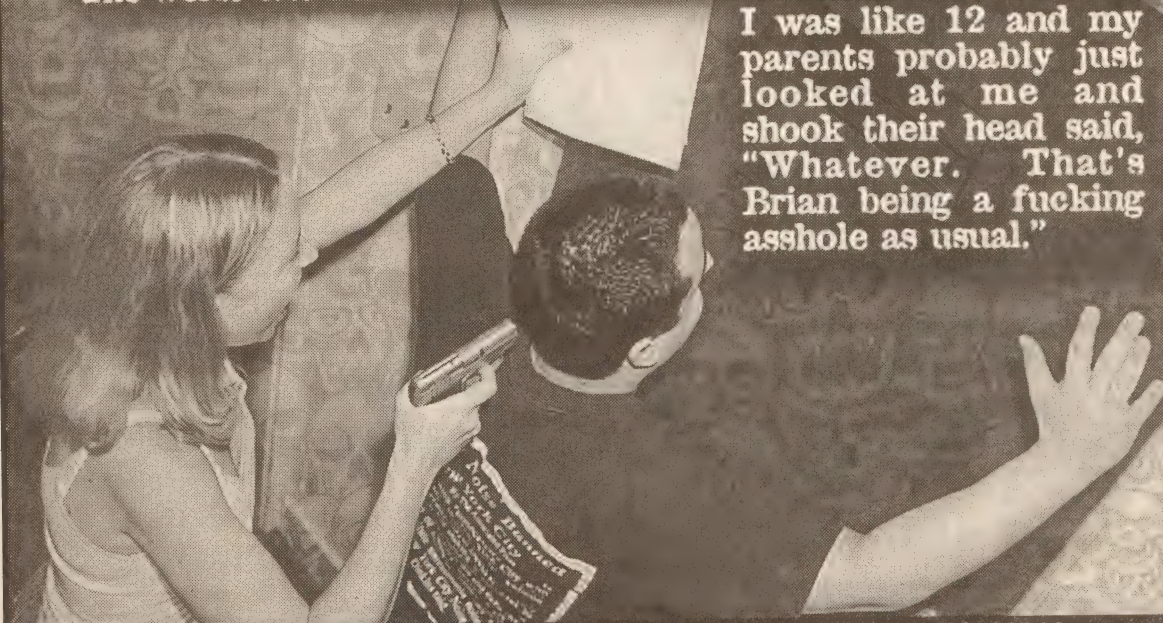
Holly: Why are you so cool, Mr. GTA?

Brian: I was just born with it. I'm just like some kind of punk rock Fonzie.

What's the best Halloween costume you've ever worn?

The worst one was when I went out as a Ku Klux Klan member.

I was like 12 and my parents probably just looked at me and shook their head said, "Whatever. That's Brian being a fucking asshole as usual."



Grand Theft Audio, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202

on you?

Brian: There was one label overseas that was trying to sell me these tapes for \$3,000. He had a real dodgy thing where he didn't want me to talk to the band members and I was talking to other people who knew about this band and they were telling me that there were no other tapes and that this guy was probably going to go into the studio for \$3,000 and mix the fuckin' old tapes. He started pushing on me really hard and I just said, "You're pushing on me like a bad used car salesman." He said, "Other people are looking at it and I want you to get it first." I said, "Good, why don't you let the other people get it first because I think you've got a drug problem." The funny thing is that the tapes the guy was talking about never showed up on any release anywhere.

Holly: Since you have so many dealings with European bands, how high is your phone bill each month?

Brian: At least \$500. I've run bills up to \$800 or \$900.

Todd: Do you think you're breaking even with your label or are you just slowly breaking yourself?

Brian: I think you named it. Depends. The trouble is that money can always go out faster than it can come in. That's

Brian: I've seen people get pretty fucking mauled. They might have died. I didn't check. I've seen people shoot into parties. I've been at parties where people have been shot.

Holly: Have you ever protested?

Brian: Yeah, against protests.

Holly: Were there any twists of fate that brought you to you are with your label?

Brian: I couldn't just get along with bosses and other people so I decided to do my own work. I thought I could make millions, just like Al Flipside - have a limo with a seahorse on it and smoke all of the PCP I want and have these young kid flunkies working for me while I sit at home and smoke angel dust with super models. How was I to know that Circle One wouldn't sell as well as Abe Lincoln Story?

Holly: Do you have a dream project other than running a label?

Brian: I used to want to be a weight lifting instructor or a competitive body builder or captain of the universe. Now I'll settle for furor of planet earth.

Holly: If the letters GTA could stand for anything else, what would they stand for?

Brian: [Immediately] God. The Almighty.



Nardwuar the Human Serviette vs. Henry Rollins

Yes, I admit it! I once stared at Henry Rollins as he walked into a frame shop on Hollywood's Sunset Strip! No words were exchanged between us, however Henry seemed mad (I later learned he broke a windshield over my "superfan" staring).

It's been over two years since the frame shop "incident," but I'm happy to say, I finally had a chance to speak with Henry when he showed up in Vancouver to film "Welcome to Paradox" for the Sci-Fi Channel. And it goes a little like this...

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Henry Rollins: My name is Henry Rollins.

Nardwuar: Henry, I think I know you.

Rollins: Oh, I see. You're a character now.

Nardwuar: No, I'm not a character. Actually I ran into you in Los Angeles outside of the Guitar Center. I think you were returning a frame. You were in a Karmann Ghia with a beautiful woman and I saw you go into a frame shop on Sunset. Do you remember that at all?

Rollins: Was that the one where I punched the windshield out?

Nardwuar: No, you didn't punch out the windshield, but you did jam on the dashboard.

Rollins: Yeah, um...

Nardwuar: Did you remember seeing me, or does that happen a lot of times?

Rollins: No, that was the incident where I, uh, punched the windshield because this person kept staring at me and I got frustrated and I actually broke that windshield and had to pay for it and drop another one in. That was my friend Peggy.

Nardwuar: Well, I'm sorry if I caused that to happen, but I was just like looking through the corner of the window...

Rollins: Yes, I know.

Nardwuar: I was at Guitar Center and I did not expect to see... what were you getting framed there, Henry?

Rollins: Uh, I forget.

Nardwuar: It was a picture or something?

Rollins: Yeah.

Nardwuar: So what are you doing here?

Like I can see in Los Angeles, that's kind of like a freak show to meet you there in Los Angeles, but what are you doing here in Vancouver, in my town, Vancouver, BC, Canada?

Rollins: I, uh, came here to meet you.

Nardwuar: So Henry, you're doing "Welcome to Paradox." What is "Welcome to Paradox" all about?

Rollins: Isn't the show called "Betaville"?

Nardwuar: No, I think it's called "Welcome to Paradox."

Rollins: OK. Well, they offered me this nice part in one episode and I looked at the script and I liked it and they said I could have the part so I said, "OK."

Nardwuar: This particular episode is titled "All Our Sins Forgotten."

Rollins: Right.

Nardwuar: And do you realize that Ron Reyes lives in Vancouver?

Rollins: Yes.

Nardwuar: He's one of the original Black Flag singers, like yourself, and he's a born again Christian!

Rollins: Well, we all end up something.



Nardwuar: But I thought that was kinda neat, "All Sins Forgotten," and Ron Reyes and you're in Vancouver, BC! **Rollins:** You know, the way you can put it all together like that is just amazing 'cause I never would have been able to piece it together like that.

Nardwuar: Well Henry, also you were in the movie Johnny N...

Rollins: Johnny N.

Nardwuar: Mon... "Johnny Mnemonic," written by William...

Rollins: Right.

Nardwuar: ...Gibson. A Canadian! Who lives in Vancouver, BC, Canada.

Rollins: Right.

Nardwuar: And in that movie what did you play?

Rollins: I played a scientist.

Nardwuar: And what are you playing in this particular production?

Rollins: Scientist.

Nardwuar: And what have you played also? It's either a cop or a scientist isn't it? Scientist or doctor, for a lot of the roles?

Rollins: Cops and scientists and thugs.

Nardwuar: And in Vancouver, BC, there's the Rollins Trucks. There's Rollins Trucks.

Now why did you name yourself Rollins? It wasn't for Rollins Trucks at all, was it, Henry?

Rollins: Actually it was Rollins Trucks and Security Systems. Because I like mobility and I like

security.

Nardwuar: Why do you think that people think you hate Vancouver or Winnipeg, because people think you hate Vancouver or Winnipeg. People think that you hate Vancouver or Winnipeg.

Rollins: 'Cause I used to very much. 'Cause I would come up here and you guys would be a shitty, spitting, heroin-shooting, equipment-stealing audience who we weren't allowed to kill. So, after I got out of Black Flag and I didn't have to come here anymore, when I became the boss of the system, I stopped coming here so I didn't have to get spat on and have my equipment ripped off by, by idiotic punk rock junkies. So I gave the city about seven years to cool off, and came back and found it to be a very wonderful place.

Nardwuar: So it's no longer "Drunkville" to you?

Rollins: No.

Nardwuar: 'Cause some of the media was quite harsh on you, I noticed in Vancouver, I picked this up a 'zine from 1985 called Generic Drivel [Nardwuar shows Rollins Generic Drivel], and in it is something called the "Black Flag

Score Card," and it was a like a little score card here, where it says, like, "the Audience vs. Black Flag," middle fingers for punks. Insults, objects thrown, mean faces, general ridicule. Like, they were kinda insulting. Did this happen a lot? Like, fanzines of the time kinda making fun of Black Flag gigs? 'Cause I thought maybe this is what helped add to your Vancouver hatred?

Rollins: I never read any of the fanzines really.

Nardwuar: So you never saw any? There's no other "Black Flag Score Cards" about then? [Nardwuar shows Rollins the Black Flag scorecard]

Rollins: Wow, I've never even seen that photo. You know why I had my wrist wrapped up like that?

Nardwuar: No.

Rollins: That's from punching a guy.

[long silent pause].

Nardwuar: There's also some quotes from the stage listed in Generic Drivel, where you said from the stage, "If I got a penny for every time you little boys beat off I could buy this fucking country." Is that one of your lines, do you think?

Rollins: I don't know.

Nardwuar: And, Henry, Winnipeg - did you hate Winnipeg as well?

Rollins: Yeah, yeah, 'cause the promoter ripped us off, and uh, we actually had to go to his house to get paid and also some of our equipment got ripped off, and at one point someone poured a beer into our soundboard which we really...

Nardwuar: Did it have like a Madonna tape? I heard somewhere that someone stole your personal tape deck or pissed on it and it had like a Madonna tape in it.

Rollins: I don't remember any of that.

Nardwuar: So it was going to the promoter's house and people like trying to destroy the equipment. Have you been back to Winnipeg? Have they survived the seven year ban, Henry Rollins?

Rollins: I don't know Nardwuar, I can't remember. I'd have to look.

Nardwuar: Edmonton was pretty cool, wasn't it? Like, the two 7-11s right across from each other, what can you say about that?

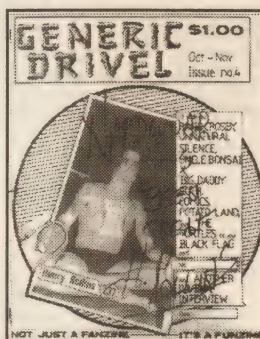
Rollins: I'll go anywhere where the people are cool, but if the crowd's gonna be a drag, why should I return, you know? And those two Canadian cities were just a drag. I mean, the people were idiots, and um, you're just lucky no one was hurt worse. I mean, the promoter, he eventually got all his four front teeth knocked out by another Canadian fellow who came to the aid of a band he was trying to rip

off. So you had a fellow, I forget his name, a very good guy, young man, who knocked the guy's teeth out.

Nardwuar: It was cool though, two 7-11s right across the street. You wrote about that in *Spin*, I'll never forget that. Like in Edmonton, wasn't it?

Rollins: Yeah, it was great. How many more questions do you have?

Nardwuar: Oh, just a few. Henry, you have a brand new



No fun for Nardwuar

Then Nardwuar got stuck without his faithful video camera when he ran into Rollins in L.A. recently. Nardwuar and his band the Evaporators were playing all-ages gigs to promote their new *United Empire Loyalists* LP, when they decided to go looking for a music store. Along came Rollins in the passenger seat of a beautiful blue Karmann Ghia, driven by a gorgeous dark-haired woman. When confronted by Nardwuar and his friends, Rollins slammed his beefy hands hard on the dash of the car, walked up to them, glared and went into a frame shop. The usually relentless Nardwuar retreated. "My friends say I was pathetic," he says with glee. "But how great, to see Henry Rollins in a beautiful blue Karmann Ghia, driven by what could have been a *Friends* cast member, and going into a frame shop."

Sun Jan 9 '97

— Kerry Gold

THE BLACK FLAG SCORE CARD!

Next time - why not make your own?

AUG. 17 - BLACK FLAG VS. AUDIENCE
NEW YORK THEATRE, VANCOUVER

	HOME	VISITORS
Middle Fingers (for real punks)		0
Insults		
Objects Thrown		
Mean Faces		
General Ridicule		

"...I, uh, punched the windshield because this person kept staring at me and I got frustrated and I actually broke that windshield..."

"I'll go anywhere where the people are cool, but if the crowd's gonna be a drag, why should I return, you know?"

record out here...

Rollins: You have to hurry.

Nardwuar: You have a brand new record out here...

Rollins: You're really boring me.

Nardwuar: You have a brand new record out here, "War." You know, you do a version of "War."

Rollins: Uh huh.

Nardwuar: Now, who else does "War"?

Rollins: With me on the track?

Nardwuar: D.O.A. also do "War!" Vancouverites.

Rollins: Mmm hmm.

Nardwuar: Now with the song "War," Chuck Biscuits, being from Vancouver, there's legends that he played in D.O.A., Circle Jerks, AND Black Flag all in one night. Do you ever remember that happening, him playing in all three bands, Chuck doing that?

Rollins: Uh... not to my experience, no.

Nardwuar: What about Victoria, do you remember playing Victoria?

Rollins: Sure.

Nardwuar: What do you remember about Victoria?

My friend has a great picture of you playing there, putting your finger to your head.

Rollins: Um... I remember it being really nice, and uh, the best time was when we played with NoMeansNo, and they were really good, and uh, I think we stayed at the bass player's house after the show, and they fed us very nice, very well, and I think that's maybe where I met Ron, was actually ...

Nardwuar: Ron?

Rollins: Ron Reyes.

Nardwuar: Ron Reyes. What about the Canadian Subhumans? Do you remember them at all?

Rollins: Sure, I used to put them up at my house, my apartment rather, before I was in Black Flag, when I was living in D.C., they were on tour with D.O.A., they all stayed on my floor for a couple of nights.

Nardwuar: Would you ever consider putting Chixdiggit up? You know they have that song "Henry Rollins is no Fun." More Canadian content here with Henry Rollins, speaking to me, Nardwuar the Human Serviette. Because they have that song "Henry Rollins is No Fun," and they've been known to prank-call Social Distortion using your name!

Rollins: Well, I think that Mike Ness would know that I would never call him without a real reason, so that doesn't worry me.

Nardwuar: Apparently he's been fooled three times that it's you.

Rollins: Well, maybe Mike will have to straighten me out someday, in some parking lot somewhere in America.

Nardwuar: Have you had problems with that, you know like people just trying to hassle you? Like, there's a new "zine out called Stone Grass, and they talk about this girl from Washington, DC, that said she had sex with you and that your cock is shaped like a soup can. You know, another rumor, a "soup can cock" for Henry Rollins.

Rollins: The last girl I fucked in DC was this idiotic stripper chick who called herself "Aura," but I fucked her really good, so I don't know...

Nardwuar: Well, when you fuck somebody for 45 minutes straight without ejaculation, as you have in some of your books...

Rollins: I've never been able to do that. 45 minutes?

Nardwuar: But I thought that you went 45, maybe 35 minutes without ejaculation.

Rollins: Did I write that?

Nardwuar: Yup. Yeah, you did.

Rollins: Can you quote me on that?

Nardwuar: Umm... somewhere in the book, in *Get in the Van*, when you and Joe Cole were at some girl's house, and Joe Cole - and in the morning when the girl left she had some sticky stuff in her hair.

Rollins: Oh yeah, that's when that girl all of a sudden got freaked out at me. It was the funniest thing, like I ran into her again a few years ago, and she hit on me. I'm like, "I remember you. No, we're not going there again!" Yeah, I came in her hair and then went to the van and slept the rest of the time before we had to leave.

Nardwuar: What sort of girl are you looking for? Like, you really like Aimee Mann, don't you? Aimee Mann and Diamanda Galas? When Black Flag played in Vancouver a few years ago, Aimee Mann opened for...

Rollins: Why are you so stuck... how old are you?

Nardwuar: How old do you want me to be?

Rollins: How old are you?

Nardwuar: Well, for all intensive purposes I'm whatever age you want me to be, Henry. But I'm just curious in 19...

Rollins: Are you able to tell me the truth, or...?

Nardwuar: I am thirty years old, born July 5th, 1968.

Rollins: So you're thirty? So...

Nardwuar: One of the first gigs I remember, not going to, but hearing about, was you guys playing the New York Theatre, and that same night Aimee Mann opened up for Rick Springfield...

Rollins: I know. I went and saw the gig.

Nardwuar: So what sort of woman are you looking for? Is it

Aimee Mann/Diamanda Galas?

Rollins: Well, my question to you is why are you asking me about all this stuff from... thirteen years ago?

Nardwuar: Because we're just working up here, because I was wondering if...

Rollins: You only have like two more questions until we're done, so you gotta make it good. So, pick the next two questions you're gonna do, come up with them... So pick your two best shots, because we're not gonna sit here and jack off all day.

Nardwuar: Well, I was curious about Twink actually, and the song "Do It," because Twink lives in Vancouver, he originally did the song.

Rollins: I saw Twink last time I was in Vancouver.

Nardwuar: And I looked on the record and saw that there was no credit to Twink on the Texas Hotel release, Henry.

Rollins: Well, we gave them their publishing...

Nardwuar: But I didn't notice it on the actual record, I really like the version, I like Twink's version, but...

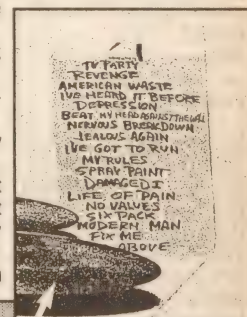
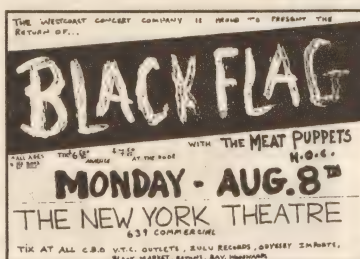
Rollins: It says "Pink Fairies."

Nardwuar: Not on the version I saw, on Texas Hotel.

Rollins: But it certainly doesn't say "Rollins."

Nardwuar: No, it doesn't say "Rollins," and it doesn't say "Twink." It doesn't say anything actually.

Rollins: That's probably a



"...I stopped coming here so I didn't have to get spat on and have my equipment ripped off by, by idiotic punk rock junkies. So I gave the city about seven years to cool off and came back and found it to be a very wonderful place."

...I started living in that shed or study or whatever in a sleeping bag underneath the desk... I was the only one in Black Flag who had his own place to live. Everyone else would, like, sleep in the practice room. So I had it pretty good."

typo. But on the legal documentation it would say.

Nardwuar: Did you recently fire your band through email at all, Henry?

Rollins: No.

Nardwuar: Because I heard that you've hired this new band called Mother Superior.

Rollins: No, I'm doing.... Now, remember, you're on your last question. Is that the one you want to ask?

Nardwuar: No, well actually, why don't we run through this one right here for a second. The "Raw Power" master tapes... actually, you can put this in my ball court, how about I put this into yours! I'll put a whole bunch of questions on the table and you can pick the one you like: It can be like multiple choice there Henry, how about that?

Rollins: OK.

Nardwuar: OK, here's the remaining questions for Henry Rollins. A fan gave you the master tapes to Iggy Pop's "Raw Power," that I thought was pretty bizarre. Which Thin Lizzy song do you like better, "Running Back," or "South Bound"? In Punk Planet, you always talk about how you lived in a shed, but Greg Ginn says it is the "study." I was just curious about that. I was curious about your S.O.A. demos and whether or not those were going to be released. I was also curious about the best way to bulk up, because a lot of salad bars have been shut down in a lot of places because of the e-coli poisoning. And I was also wondering if you've ever worked out with Roky Erickson at all. And I'm also wondering what new tattoos you've got, Henry. And I'm also

Nardwuar: Wow, so a fan gave you the "Raw Power" tapes. That's wild!

Rollins: No, no, no, no. They were in a studio and we heard about it, and we were in Holland at the time, and our guitar player contacted a friend in Belgium who knew where the location of the tapes were, and we had someone bring them down, and we blue-labeled them back to America, and we gave them back to Iggy in New York. 'Cause they shouldn't be stolen, they're his, you know, they're with him... uh, let's see, SOA demos, nothing would ever happen with that stuff. I don't even know where those tapes are...

Nardwuar: 'Cause some of them have been bootlegged.

Rollins: Sure, well, let the bootleggers have it... Roky Erickson? I couldn't "work out" with Roky Erickson. No plans to

get any more tattoos... Let's see...

Nardwuar: The shed with Greg Ginn? 'Cause it was in Punk Planet 'zine right here. [Nardwuar puts Punk Planet 'zine in Henry's lap, and his hand gets pretty close to...] Oh sorry for touching you there...

Rollins: It's pretty close to the "goodies" there!

Nardwuar: It was! It was! I'm sorry!

Rollins: You're touching my "soup can," buddy!

Nardwuar: I'm sorry about that, Henry Rollins! But it said, "It's constructed like a house." "It used to be my father's study," Greg Ginn says in this Punk Planet expose.

Rollins: Yeah it's a small, cubical square and was stacked up with Mr. Ginn's paintings and his manuscripts and lots of books and his paintbrushes. And it had a door hinged to one of the walls that would fold down into a table that could be pushed back up again. I just called it "the shed," you know. It was just kind of this plaster-stucco-moist space. It's still there.

Nardwuar: It is kind of a study then.

Rollins: Yeah, you know, I just called it "the shed." I never called it a toolshed or anything. But it was where Mr. Ginn used to sit and write I guess, and do his paintings. And when I was working on the Ginn's house, me and D. Boon were building a house for the Ginn's on Awasso Street. Since I was doing so much construction work they said, we'll just like, "You can sleep in there," 'cause I had to walk to the site every day and go to band practice. So I started living in that shed or study or whatever in a sleeping bag underneath the desk. And I ended up living in there on or off

for a couple of years and it was... I was the only one in Black Flag who had his own place to live. Everyone else would, like, sleep in the practice room. So I had it pretty good.

Nardwuar: What about the Monks? Have they been deleted from your label, Infinite Zero? What's going on with the Monks? The great German beat-band, The Monks, Americans - you put them on your label, which was one of the coolest things. What happened to the record? Has it been deleted now? What's going on with your record label?

Rollins: Well, it has been deleted, because Warners dropped the label. But we're re-releasing it on another label.

Nardwuar: Do you think The Monks will ever come out as a movie, 'cause I heard it was optioned as a movie, and you'd be great in that movie Henry, don't you think?

Rollins: I think you'd be really good in that movie,

Nardwuar:

Nardwuar: Maybe as Gary Burger doing "Monk Stomp" or something like that?

Rollins: I, you know, I think you could play any one of those guys. You know you have a certain charisma, which is undoubtable. No doubt you have a lot of charisma. I like the character that you're playing. I like it how you can turn it on and turn it off. It's cute. And, um, your closing question?

Nardwuar: Closing question: Fear. Were you there that night they played on "Saturday Night Live"? Were you ever approached to do "Saturday Night Live"? You've been on "The Dennis Miller Show" tons of times.

Rollins: Well, yes actually. Um...

Nardwuar: 'Cause how did Belushi - I was just curious, 'cause using your knowledge, using your "Sit on My Face,

Stevie Nicks" knowledge, like how did Belushi hook up with Fear?

Rollins: What kind of knowledge do I have?

Nardwuar: The Rotters? That was an allusion to The Rotters.

Rollins: You're not being disrespectful to me are you?

Nardwuar: No, I was using the Rotters record "Sit on My Face Stevie Nicks." Tom Holliston of NoMeansNo actually knows one of the guys. He's a big fan of them.

Rollins: Mmm hmm. OK. Do I get to answer the question or do you want to just talk?

Nardwuar: No, go ahead Henry.

Rollins: You should just interview yourself.... Umm, Belushi lined up Fear and Black Flag to play on "Saturday Night Live." And I was in Los Angeles, working on the "Damaged" record when my friends from Washington went up there to kind of "disrupt" the proceedings at SNL. And after Lorne Michaels saw what Fear did, they immediately canceled our slot on "Saturday Night Live." So we never got a chance to go. But Belushi was a fan of ours. And he was a big supporter of both bands, especially Fear. But he liked us, too. And he tried to get us on there, 'cause he had a lot of pull there, 'cause him being who he is. But, it was not to be.

Nardwuar: And finally Henry Rollins, what do you like better, "Boys Next Door," the movie by Penelope Spheeris, or Boys Next Door, the band starring Nick Cave?

Rollins: I prefer the band.

Nardwuar: Alright! Well keep on rocking in the free world, Henry! Anything else you'd like add to the people out there at all?

Rollins: It was wonderful talking to you, and the next time we do an interview, I'd prefer it if you'd flossed and brush your teeth, 'cause your breath is really intense.

Nardwuar: Actually I ate at McDonalds this morning. That's perhaps what's doing that.

Rollins: Thank you for thinking of me.

Nardwuar: Well, you like coffee don't you? Does coffee help you "poop" at all? Henry?

Rollins: I have no idea.

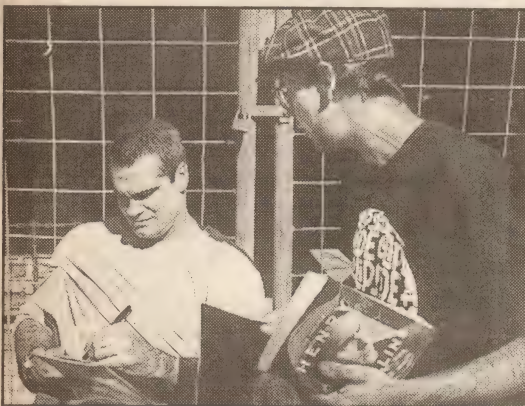
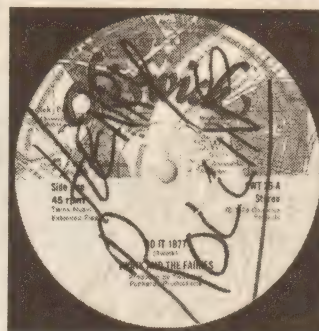
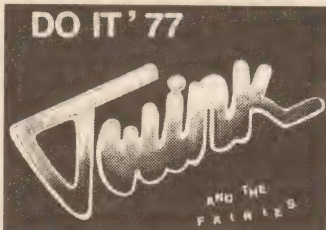
Nardwuar: And doot doola doot doo...

Rollins: [silence]

Nardwuar: Henry? Doot doola doot doo...

Rollins: [bangs the mike twice against his head]... ☺

To hear Nardwuar vs. Henry Rollins check out <http://www.nardwuar.com>



wondering if you get bigger, if it's a possibility that you'll be able to get more tattoos actually on your body. So those are the questions that are up there against Henry Rollins, because you say that I only have one question and maybe perhaps you can pick the ones that you enjoyed most, or I can recite them again to you, Henry Rollins, here in Vancouver, BC, Canada.

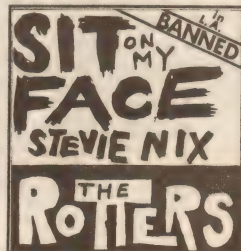
Rollins: Well, you know, I think you've got a lot of energy, and the fact that you put all of that together, I've got to respect the effort.

Nardwuar: And here's a Powerbar for you! [Nardwuar gives Henry Rollins a Powerbar.]

Rollins: No thanks.

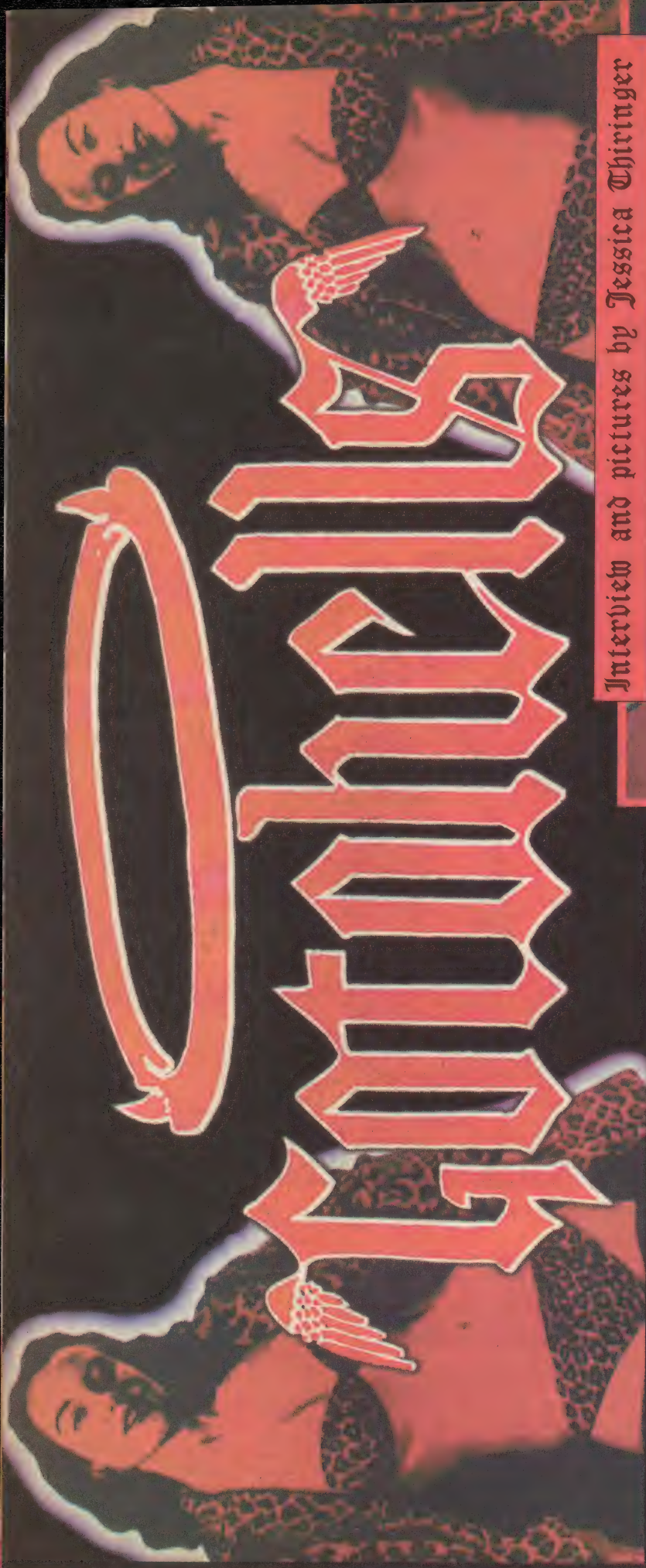
Nardwuar: OK.

Rollins: But um, I respect that you put in all the time so I'll try and address some of it. The "Raw Power" tapes were stolen, and we recovered them for Iggy, in Belgium, through friends, and we returned the tape to New York and gave it back to Jim...



...well, let the bootleggers have it (SOA demos)... Roky Erickson? I couldn't "work out" with Roky Erickson. No plans to get any more tattoos..."





Interview and pictures by Jessica Thiringer



First, all of you who took the time to show up fashionably late at the Gotohells, Throwrag, Necessary Evils and Cheater Slicks show at the Fold in LA got the short end of the stick. Although their set was short and they were mistakenly billed as "From Japan: The Grand Wizards of Garage Rock," the Gotohells were the best band on that stage. If you missed these boys anywhere on their recent "Burning Bridges" album tour, you missed a punch-in-the-gut, knock-down-drag-out rock'n'roll band. And, if you did miss them, you can rectify the situation by catching them on tour with the Queers this spring. Agreeably, the Gotohells are "pure rock'n'roll - drunk, greasy, loud and completely irresistible." Fueled only partially by the likes of the Devil Dogs, Gas Huffer, Flat Duo Jets, Junkyard Dogs, Rocket from the Crypt and many, many others, these boys smoke. These guys know what's going on. They've put out three CDs, six 7"s, and have recorded for three comps. They've toured with Nashville Pussy, the Supersuckers and too many more to be named here; they walk softly (sort of) but carry big sticks. And they know just how and when to use them. Gene, although not present for the interview, explained it this way: "The fact that we're not all a bunch of greasers adds contrast. It shows we're in it for the music, to play, to do what we do best."



Edo: I'd rather live in Nome, Alaska.
Timmy: Easy livin'... easy livin' platter.

Jessica: Is everyone pleased with the new album?

Edo: We're so proud. Oh yeah. I say too many things about girls to show it to my mother, but I'm still proud. My grandmother just about had a stroke when she heard it. There's some words and some material, some subject matter that grandmothers don't really appreciate.

Jessica: How is this album different?

Hunter: It's on a real label. We were really pleased to be recorded by Vagrant. They have their act together. Stiff Pole [previous label] is more of a hobby label. They don't really have the time or the energy to put into it. Whereas with Vagrant... it's a very, very, very good relationship.

Edo: We wanted to be involved with LA, with the movers and shakers.

Timmy: Hookers and blow.

Jeff: Cheeseburgers.

Timmy: Ninety-nine cents.

Jessica: Ninety-nine

cent hookers?

Timmy: Ninety-

nine cent

hookers?

H o l y

smoke! Do

that's a lot. It means a lot. They gave us so much they had two guys helping us out, helping us think straight, to get things right. It really shows, versus twenty cases of beer in the garage.

Jessica: Favorite part of the album...

Timmy: I like "Toast of the Town."

Hunter: There's three or four songs I really like. A lot. For different reasons. The really, really good ones. It's obvious which ones those are.

Timmy: You want to know why I like "Toast of the Town?"

Jessica: Why do you like "Toast of the Town" so much, Timmy?

Timmy: 'Cause when we went into the studio I didn't know how to play it. I had to take a day off from the studio and go home and play it over and over and over to finally, well, almost get it.

Edo [rolling eyes]: It was a long day.

Timmy: Mike [who produced the album] was like, "Why don't I make you a copy and you can go home and practice?" All right.

Jessica: Does that happen often?

Timmy [laughing]: Two or three times a week.

Jessica: Do you guys have any practice rules?

Timmy: Well, the rule is, if you're not bringing any beer with you, you may as well not show up.

Edo: If you don't show up to practice, you're out of the band. We take that shit seriously. It's the least you can do for eight dollars an hour.

Timmy: Practice is pretty casual, once everything's ready to go.

Jessica: How does the equipment you use contribute to your sound? Is that what makes you as loud as a firm spanking?

Edo: Equipment? Yeah, it always plays a major role. We use Marshalls and Gibsons. All around, always.

Jessica: Are there other places you'd like to play that you haven't been before?

Edo: Oh man, yeah.

Timmy: Japan.

Hunter: Looking forward to Japan. It's been getting more possible. We were just in Columbus, Ohio, a little while ago, asking the New Bomb Turks whether we should plan on going to Europe soon or what. They said to blow off Europe and go to Japan. I think his point was in Europe, it's all techno-dance crap. Japan totally digs the rock'n'roll. [heads nod in solemn agreement]

Timmy: Well, I'm just not going to play in a room full of bubbles, that's for sure.

Jessica: Where else is left to play on this tour? Any places you're anticipating?

Edo: Seattle. We know a lot of people there.

Jeff: Hopefully the Supersuckers won't be on tour.

Edo: We've never been to Frisco before.

Jeff: Muncie, Indiana.

Timmy: Denver. Hopefully the Nobodys will be home!

Jessica: Places you've been that stand out and why?

Edo & Timmy [laughter]: Good or bad? Both?

Timmy: New York City. Been both good and bad. I can't really go into the details, though. I always like playing Chicago. It's

clean. We have great shows there.

Jessica: So you've put almost 150,000 miles on the van. You've got to have some tour rituals.

Hunter: Whenever Lynyrd Skynyrd comes on the radio, everybody has to take their hat off. That it absolutely no joke.

Timmy: Yeah. Whenever Depeche Mode comes on the radio, we have to change the station.

Jeff: Checking the van for various leaks. That's important. It was leaking pretty bad tonight. It was leaking Timmy.

Jessica: What do you do when you're not touring?

Timmy: I drink. I work in a liquor store, so it's very convenient. Edo works.

Jeff: I worked in an auto parts store for eight years, now I'm unemployed.

Edo: Lingerie model.

Hunter: I'm a volunteer at a handicapped children's center. [Entire table erupts with laughter]

Timmy: Edo wants to tell you about his waiter job.

Edo: I'm a waiter at a beach resort. Fine dining, bow tie, all

Jessica: So where's Gene?

Timmy [rapidly raising and lowering his eyebrows]: Gene picked up a girl tonight.

Jessica: Well, I guess we have to cover the basics, just to ensure everyone knows who you guys are, although they already should. So Gene's the newest addition to the band?

Timmy: Yeah, well, we got Gene about a year ago. The band's been together for five years. We were looking for a second guitar player and I just happened to come across Gene's phone number. So I called him up. I didn't really say anything, but he knew about the Gotohells project. He's like, "So what are you guys doing?" I said, "Actually we're looking for a second guitar player." He said, "Do you mind if I try out?" Here he is!

Jessica: Do you guys have a unifying factor, or common belief about the band that keeps you guys going?

Hunter: We are so pro-Monica Lewinsky. I think we all wanna...

Edo: Those lips! I don't really care about the cigar thing, just the elevated blow job.

Timmy [trying to sound disappointed]: I thought we found common ground with George Michael.

Jessica: Who writes what?

Edo: We all do.

Timmy: That's the beauty of it. We all do.

Edo: Someone will have a pretty close to finished product and everybody kind of irons it out. It could take a day or so to get a song down.

Timmy [clapping firmly]: Good answer, good answer!

Edo: Big money...

Jessica: Where's everyone consider home?

Hunter: St. Petersburg, Florida, USA.

Timmy & Edo: St. Pete's.

Timmy: It's a cool place.

Jeff: Do you think so?

Timmy: No, but, you know... I like it.



you have those here? Forget the band. Ninety-nine cent hookers all around!

Jeff: This is the real deal.

Timmy: It differs in the respect that our last CD cost us only 500 bucks to make. With that budget, it's not too hard to figure out.

Jessica: So you agree that if you put more money into it that you end up with a better CD?

Bartender: Listen up, ladies and gents! Last call! Last call for al-co-hol!

Jeff: Well, you definitely end up with a better end product.

Edo: We moved from a garage and twenty cases of beer to a real studio with a producer who told us not to drink so much.

Hunter: It was a much more comfortable atmosphere. It had a lot to do with personnel and surroundings. They gave a shit and cared enough to take the time to do it right.

Jessica: So Vagrant was able to elicit more from you as a group? Get you to do it better and harder and faster?

Edo: Well, they gave us money and time. Money and time,

John: Vagrant Records

Jeff:
roadie/driver/merch
guy, Commander, King
of Sighs and all-
around Gentleman

Gene: guitar.
The Pensive
Virtuoso

Timmy: bass.
The Charismatic Charmer

Hunter: drums. (Only Seemingly) The Shy Innocent

Edo: guitar/vocals. (Only Seemingly) The Silent Observer

that shit.

Jessica: So you boys love the women? [all boys pause, exchange odious looks, then exclaim loudly and in unison, "OH YES!"]

Edo: We love women. We write about women, we write about sex...

Timmy: We did this interview yesterday and they asked what we want more of... beer or sex.

Edo: I said 'Beer 'cause you don't have to talk to it.'

Timmy: Yeah!

Hunter: Well, you'll get your money's worth.

Jessica: Most offensive thing you've been witness to at a show?

Jeff: Most of the bands they're playing with!

Timmy: Some of our opening acts.

Hunter: Some of our following acts.

Edo: I'm going with the following acts. Especially after tonight.

Timmy: Tell her about the ten bucks.

Edo: Oh no. I can't.

Timmy: Oh come on. It's true!

Edo: Well, I'm not naming bands, but toward the end of the show, this guy came out of the bar and said, "I paid ten bucks and this band sucks too!"

[laughter all around]

Timmy: Who was that band right after us? I liked them. They were really good!

Jessica: What's the nicest unexpected thing someone has done for you on tour?

Edo: Oral sex. No, really though... John [who co-wrote Vagrant] fed us for two days. That's probably the nicest thing. We've eaten better the last

couple of days than on any tour.

Timmy: Tonight we were in Beverly Hills at some pizza restaurant. I really felt out of my element.

Hunter: We walked out and some people said, "Why are you all dressed like the '50s?" Johnny walked up to them and said, "There's a rock'n'roll band in town tonight. They're called the Gotohells." They didn't believe us.

Jessica: Anything that's really pissed you off on tour?

Edo: Skat! [loud hoots, hollers, cheers and clapping all around] After that, swing. Ska is the enemy of rock'n' roll.

Jeff: There's never been a ska band with a good guitar sound. Ever.

Jessica: Pet peeves about each other on the road?

Edo: We don't have enough time to talk about that right now.

Timmy: Gene keeps stealing my girlfriends.

Hunter: He succeeded tonight.

Edo: The only thing is that they're all on paper.

Jeff: Oh yeah, magazines.

Timmy: You don't have to talk to them, either!

Jeff: But it's OK if you do...

Jessica: Who gets maddest the most?

Jeff: Either Edo or me.

Edo: I don't know about what, though.

Timmy: For the record, we're getting visited by the bartender. [introductions are made]

Jessica: What's your favorite form of punishment?

Edo: The cooler. [laughter]

Jeff: Riding on the cooler in the van because it's very unstable.

Edo: Anybody's who's been a jerk has to sit on the cooler.

Jessica: Who has to sit on the cooler the most?

Edo: I don't think we should get into that...

Jeff: By the time we get where we have to be you're exhausted. You're sore, you're tired, you're crabby. It just moves around so much with the van.

Edo: If you're smart enough, like me, you can take advantage of it and lie on the floor and go to sleep.

Timmy: You don't get great sleep 'cause someone's always whacking on your feet 'cause they wanna get in the cooler.

Jeff: We need water, we need beer.

Jessica: Favorite pick up lines?

Hunter: "What's up, sluts?"

Jessica: Does that work? What sort of high-quality girls do you get with that?

Edo: Let's put it this way. If you were in Death Valley and you needed to get from one point to the other, and you were just in a boat, you'd call on Tim. Tim would lay down in the desert and start pissing and pissing and fill the whole desert. Your boat would probably get deep into Mexico.

Jeff: Urine Man. A big "U" on his chest.



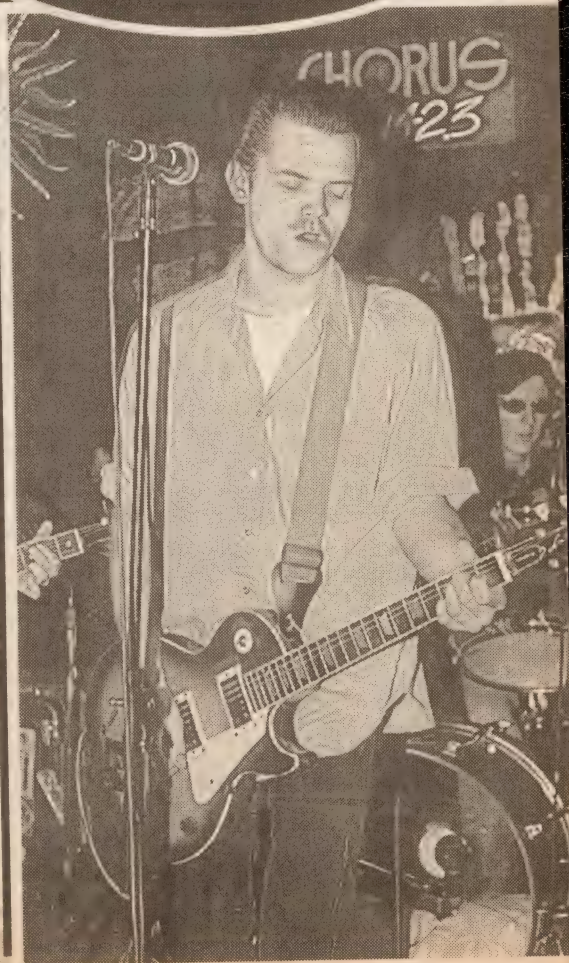
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drinking. And who loves oral sex.
Timmy: I love nurses. For real.
Jeff: Yeah he does.
Jessica: Hunter?
Hunter: Um, no thanks.
I'm fine. Thanks for asking,
though.
Timmy: Do you want the joke
answer or the real answer?
Jessica: Which one did I just get?

Jeff: You got the one he gives us all the time.
Whether that's true or not, we don't know.
Edo: I don't usually like being with girls who have been
with other men, but Monica Lewinsky... Ohh...
Jessica: Not again!
Edo [with half-closed eyes and an "only I know what I'm
thinking" smirk]: Those lips! She's a dirty girl. A dirty girl.
Jessica: Are Southern gentlemen really more gentle-
menly? More polite? More manners-minded?
Timmy: Depends on how many drinks you have in you.
Jeff: Disregarding the last question, yes.
Hunter: Definitely.
Edo: Fuck yeah! Baby, you just come down to Florida
and make me some grits. I'll show you a southern gentle-
man.
Well, the shirts are extra-roomy (Girls, there are little
tank tops, too), the stickers are slick and the CD does
kick ass. ☼

Hunter: It's worked for Timmy and me occasionally.
Edo: A couple of my favorites are "Excuse me" and "I'm
sorry." It works like this: the girls say, "Oh, he said
'Excuse me.' He must be nice."
Timmy: Girls are afraid of me. I don't know why.
Jeff: Maybe it's the binoculars and the hair. [referring to
the almost always fashionable Buddy Holly glasses and
pomade- once again, laughter erupts]
Timmy: I got my money on that! Damn!
Jessica: First record you ever bought yourselves?
Timmy: Bay City Rollers, "Saturday Night..." 45.
Hunter: The Cars. It was a 45 with "Shake It Up" and
"Let's Go."
Edo: J. Geils, "House Party."
Jeff: AC/DC, "Back in Black."
Jessica: Most recent album?
Hunter: The new double live Jason & the Scorchers.
Edo: Georgia Satellites, "In the Land of Salvation & Sin."
It was four bucks! That's a bargain!
Hunter [to Timmy]: You just got Billy Bragg, Wilco & BR5-
49.
Timmy: Yeah, those are all so good!
Jeff: Hanson II.
Timmy: No, I got a Hanson poster. I like the one in the
middle. The keyboard chick. She's cute.
Jessica: Anything you think everyone should own?
[Everyone is so excited about this one that they all start
shouting random names all at once, causing so much
racket that the following are the only decipherable things
said.]
Timmy: Devil Dogs! All the Replacements records and
"Exile on Main Street."
Hunter: Our records!
Jessica: What did you boys grow up listening to? [same
scenario as above]
Hunter: The Beach Boys.
Timmy: The "American Graffiti" soundtrack. Over and
over and over.
Jessica: If you were a classic car, what would you be?
Timmy: A '65 GTO.
Edo: A '76 Pinto. That's what I feel like right now. My
seat's a-crackin'. [At this point, Edo has been up for at
least 40 hours straight, having played in Vegas the night
before. He hangs his head and slowly shakes it.]
Bartender: OK guys. You guys are the only ones left. I'm
sorry, but I to have to ask you to leave. It's after two. [He
has been very accommodating, so we drain the life out of
our remaining drinks and head out to the parking lot to
wrap up and end up talking until about 3:30. The following

is a shortened version of the remain-
der of the evening.]
Jeff: Gene plays the fuckin' shit out
of his guitar. He's such a great player.
Edo: This album was written to kick
ass. Our goal was to make a really
strong record. We wrote specifically to do
just that. It turned out just right. It kicks ass.
Jessica: Timmy was saying that you guys were
compared to the Devil Dogs.
Hunter: The exact quote was "reminiscent of the
Devil Dogs but every other lyric isn't 'suck my
dick, bitch.'"
Edo: Yeah, but when Andy says, "Suck my dick,
bitch," it sounds like, "Baby, here's a rose for
you." Something about the tone of his voice. It's
all in his delivery. All the girls say, "Oh, he's so
nice." And there's nothing nice about it. When I
say it, I get in trouble.
Jessica: What idiosyncrasy do you possess that
you could personify into a super hero?
Timmy: Alcoholism?
Jeff [pointing at Timmy] Yeah, Super Drunk.
Right there.
Jessica: What would your outfit be?
Timmy: Birthday suit, baby. Birthday suit. Maybe
a bib. Yeah, definitely a bib. And my birthday suit.
Edo: Let's put it this way. If you were in Death
Valley and you needed to get from one point to
the other, and you were just in a boat, you'd call
on Tim. Tim would lay down in the desert and
start pissing and pissing and fill the whole desert.
Your boat would probably get deep into Mexico.
Jeff: Urine Man. A big "U" on his chest.
Timmy: A big "U" on my bib! Yeah! [At this point,
conversation turns to goggle-eyed animal-head g-
strings and other similar things.]
Edo: Well, my superhero trick would be that I
could probably schmooze all the women in a
headhunting colony to stop them from killing us...
"But baby, listen, this isn't the head you want!"
Timmy: Come on! Let's talk more shit!
Jessica: What are you looking for in a woman?
[For the first time all night, there is silence, chin-
stroking, head-scratching, distant looks, faint
smiles, thoughtful 'ahhhs' and sighs.] What? Are
you afraid to say?
Timmy: I just think it would be wrong to say.
Edo: I'm looking for a girl who won't bitch about

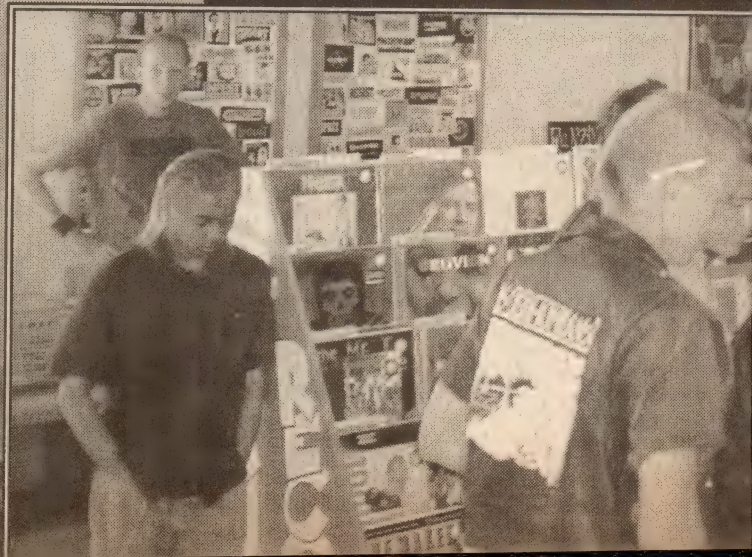


On this page: A whole lotta Bill: Bill's old driver's license; Bill in Vice Squad jacket "'85 ish?"; and an "'84, on his way to see Minor Threat" Bill magically placed inside the Dr. Strange store, 1988.

**So read on and learn more
about the nicer labels out there.**

Interview by Brian/ G.T.A.

On this page: A whole lotta Bill: Bill's old driver's license; Bill in Vice Squad jacket "85 ish?"; and an "'84, on his way to see Minor Threat" Bill magically placed inside the Dr. Strange store, 1988.



DR. STRANGE RECORDS

—“I tried to get across the point of being a “family” with everyone on the label. Yeah, I know that sounds corny but it really is the truth.”—

Brian: When did you get your first introduction to punk rock and what made it more attractive to you than say, classic rock or polka?

Bill: To tell you the truth, for the most part, I wasn't even into music until I started listening to new wave and then punk. I mean, as a kid (early '70s) I liked the normal radio type stuff like the Jackson 5, Sonny and Cher. I remember the first record I ever bought was when I was 7. It was a Jackson 5 LP at Thrifty's Jr. (probably cost \$2.99 or so). But anyway, like I said I was into bands like Blondie, Devo (great band!), Flying Lizards, Cheap Trick, Oingo Boingo, and XTC. That was when I was about 14 to 15. The first real “punk” band I got into was probably The Dickies or Stiff Little Fingers. The Dickies were the first gig I ever saw, at The Whisky. It was all down hill after that for me! They were amazing! It was a whole new world. You kind of had the feeling you were doing something “wrong” you know? I miss feeling like that nowadays.

Brian: At what point did you decide that doing a mailorder wasn't enough work, and that you wanted to start your own label? Was there anyone special that inspired you?

Bill: I honestly had no plan of starting a label. All I really wanted to do was to put out just one record, just to say I did it, and continue with the mailorder. It's weird how one thing can become so much more than you intended. I had fun with the first one - Manson Youth, so I did another, and another... and now it's 9 years later and I'm still having fun doing it. As long as I enjoy it, I'll keep it up.

Brian: Did you find that some bands were more reluctant to work with your label early on because you hadn't really established a “name” for yourself? How did you hook up with some of the bands you've worked with and are there any interesting stories behind some of them?

Bill: No, I can't really say any were reluctant. Why should they be after

all? I was paying for everything so they had nothing to lose. Plus, believe it or not, a few years ago bands were actually happy just to have someone like them enough to put out their record! There was a day when “punk” bands didn't have to have contracts, or care about your distribution, or how many “units” they would sell. Sometimes things don't get better with time, huh? The way that most of those bands got on the label was from me seeing them at gigs. Only a couple of them back then - 12 Pack Pretty and Jobbernowl sent in demo tapes.

Brian: Are there any projects you were all set to work on when they fell thru, that you were glad never made it on your label? Are there any that you wish had fallen thru? Come on, give us a hint!

Bill: Actually, yes. Dr. Strange Records #13 (cursed from the start?) was supposed to be The Bolsheviks LP/CD “The Party's Over.” It's all recorded (good recording too, by the way) but never saw the light of day. I'm not sure why. I think they broke up right around that time and I didn't have any money either. But it's a really good record. As a matter of fact, if ANY of them read this, please call me at the store. (I no longer have their #'s). I'd still like to release it. They have the original tapes so without those it can't happen. As far as releasing something I wasn't too happy with.

Well, no not really. I can honestly say I like ALL the records I've done and that I'm proud of each one. Of course I like some better than others but I do like them ALL!

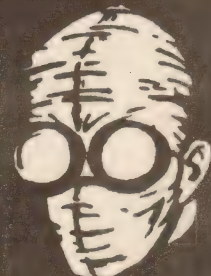
Brian: What criteria do you use in choosing the bands that you would like to work with? Is there a certain Dr. Strange sound?

Bill: It's pretty easy, really. If I think they sound good and they're cool people, that's it! Simple, huh? As far as Dr. Strange having a certain sound, well, yeah, I think I do. A lot of people would say it's a pop-punk (that's a term I hate) label but I

really don't see it like that. Maybe some but not all. I would like to think that the stuff I put out is somewhat diverse but also similar, meaning that if you like one of the bands the odds are good you'll like another on the label. But there is a lot of diversity between say The Bollweevils, Zoinks!, Skankin' Pickle, and Cock Sparrer.

Brian: Seeing as how bands went on to enjoy a certain amount of popularity after being on Dr. Strange, has this attracted any insincere bands that feel your label would be a first step on their quest towards “bigger and better” things? How do you try to weed thru these types of bands? Do you think things got all of a sudden too big too fast so as to attract said latch ons?

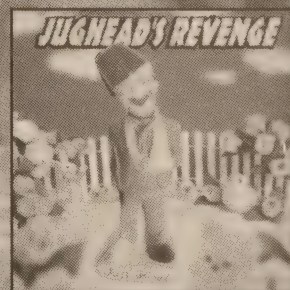
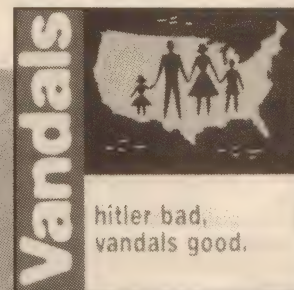
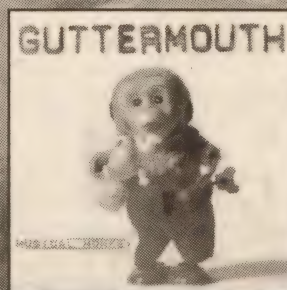
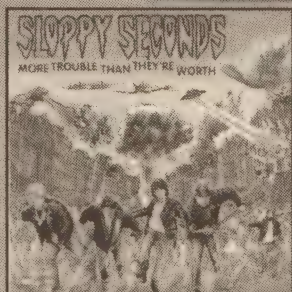
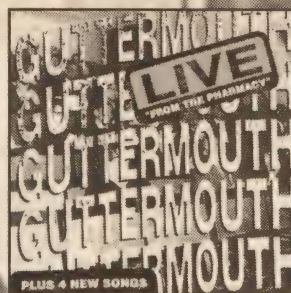
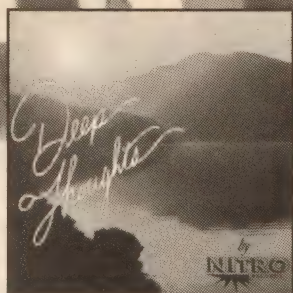
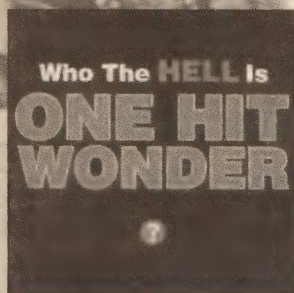
Bill: Fuck yeah! Not so much anymore but a couple years ago or so when punk rock was “cool.” In most cases you can tell those idiot poseur wanna be rockstars from a mile away. Other times it's not so easy, but it's only a matter of time until they make their true motives known. Those “types” of bands are better off going with the MANY labels that are only concerned about selling “units” instead of records. The bands that I sign up are thought of as friends before they're thought of as a band. It's VERY important to me never to forget that. The worst thing of all is having a band on your label that starts out being sincere and is “corrupted” by greed; either greed for money, or popularity, or their egos. That really sucks. One of the bands that used to be on the label; Face to Face a.k.a. Victoria Manor, actually said to me, “It's nothing personal Bill, it's just business.” Can you believe it?! Unfortunately, I do believe it because that happened to me more than once. But it's like ANYTHING in life. We can't let those 10% of idiots ruin every-



“our disease is spreading”



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I GOT MY FIX AT DR. STRANGE RECORDS



There's a saying I put on my leather jacket a long time ago, "Be what you want to be. Not what you're pressured to be. Live your life by the day; Don't plan for tomorrow, it may never come." (that's from Social Unrest by the way). That still pretty much holds true now.

thing for us. You just have to go on and be the best person YOU can be. I'm really happy with all the bands on the label right now. I tried to get across the point of being a "family" with everyone on the label. Yeah, I know that sounds corny but it really is the truth.

Brian: From the very get go you never really had to worry about distribution. Do you ever feel lucky/spoiled that you've been able to cheat the whole distributor nightmare that many labels had to go thru?

Bill: Brian, YOU personally know what a drag it can be dealing with that whole mess of distribution. I'm convinced that without Mordam's distribution I wouldn't have continued with the label. I would have done my one release and said that's it. It's so hard to find people that are in it for the RIGHT reasons and who are honest. I've had about 4 friends with labels (good labels, good music) call it quits because they couldn't stand all the headaches with A LOT of these distributors out there. It's a shame because without them, a lot of really cool bands won't be heard now.

Brian: Dr. Strange has a pretty busy release schedule from what I've noticed, are there any bands that you would have liked to work with but neither had the time nor resources to do that you feel people should be paying more attention to and why?

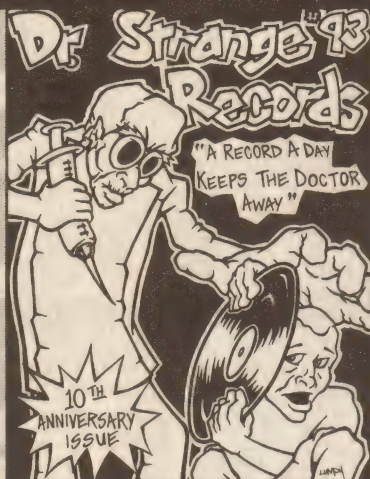
Bill: Yeah, there's a few bands I would have loved to have done something/anything with: Pegboy, Big Drill Car, The Dickies, and Stiff Little Fingers. But for one reason or another, probably because they would say, "Dr. What? Who the hell is that?!" But that's OK. I've been able to work with some awesome new bands as well as some of the older greats: Peter and The Test Tube Babies, Cock Sparrer, The Freeze, Ill Repute, and upcoming, Mad Parade. So I've been really lucky so far.

Brian: After seeing so many bands and befriending so many bands, did you ever get the itch to start your own band or just the opposite?

Bill: Maybe back in high school I would have liked to have had my own band, but not now. Well, if I actually had the time maybe but doing the label fills that "fix" for me.

Brian: What things have happened since you started your label to make you say, "Boy, am I glad I decided to do this?" Anything happen to make you feel the contrary?

Bill: Honestly, I think the best thing about the label is the feeling of accomplishment after each release (even still). It's a great feeling to work so hard on something, staying up for hours, going through all the headaches and then finally getting a record (or CD) in your hands. It's a big payoff. Same with the mailorder catalog. I've been able to make and meet new friends from all over the world. If it all ended right now I couldn't complain. I was able to do something I truly love for 10 years now. True, I gave a lot but I gained so much more. As far as feeling the opposite, sure there have been times when I was fed up with things but not very often. Those feeling usually come



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from overwork and I snap out of it in a few days.

Brian: I helped to run two different record stores and sometimes the people you deal with can be a real pain. What made you decide to open one and how is it doing? Didn't you have enough to deal with between the label and mailorder? Are you some sort of masochist?

Bill: For the most part, the people that come to the store are all pretty cool. We only sell punk rock stuff (records, CDs, bondage pants, studs, creepers, etc...) so most of the people that come are basically cool. The thing I hate are the daily phone calls from boneheads trying to sell you something. Records, phone service, internet, magazines, anything and everything. But on the other hand, it can be a lot of fun to fuck with those people, too. As far as why I wanted to do this. Well, having a record store is something I've wanted to do since high school. I just always thought it would be cool. I think (know) it's important in life to at least try, meaning, don't just talk about what you're going to do. Do what you're talking about.

There's a saying I put on my leather jacket a long time ago, "Be what you want to be. Not what you're pressured to be. Live your life by the day; Don't plan for tomorrow, it may never come." (that's from Social Unrest by the way). That still pretty much holds true now. Except I do plan for tomorrow but you get the

point, (I hope?) I would hate to die saying "I wish I would have..." As far as being a masochist goes, yeah, it's like I have three full time jobs! If it wasn't for the BIG, BIG help from my wife Crystal and my FRIENDS that work at Dr. Strange: Hot Dog Boy, Kuckoo and Lumpy I would have died of a heart attack years ago. Also special thanks to Jeff Caudill and Kerby for all their help: ads, record layouts, and mailorder catalog. But in all honesty, for some weird reason I still love it! Having passion for what you do gives you the will to tackle anything.

Brian: What have you got up your sleeve and can we look forward to from Dr. Strange in the near future? Monogram pet towels? A tacky fifties styled diner with a giant sized likeness of yourself out front? Strange flavored chewing gum?

Bill: As far as the label goes, I have a ton planned. Depending on when this issue comes out, I would have JUST put out or will next month: The Bollweevils LP/CD "The History of the Bollweevils Part 2" and The Tank LP/CD "There Is No 'I' in Band" (both very limited for us collectors). After that I have: Man Dingo/Oblivion LP/CD, Gameface LP/CD "Good" (reissue), The Freeze LP/CD, The Marshes LP/CD, Sinkhole CD, Underhand CD, Mad Parade LP/CD (their first one), and some 7"s. I've been laying low on the label because I've been spending ALL my time and money at the store but I'm finally ready to get things out again. Unless I take you up on your chewing gum idea. I have some ideas on a flavor but I don't think the F.D.A. will allow it.

Brian: Stuff to add?

Bill: If at all possible I wouldn't mind letting them how to get in touch with me and how to get a catalog and (free) sticker. If you can, please let them know if they want the newest mailorder catalog (65 pages of pure punk!) and a free sticker please send me 3 stamps or a \$1.00 to the address on this page. ☺



Mad Parade doing an in-store 8/16/88

"At times the pressure of being inside such an authoritarian place while being a committed anti-authoritarian are really heavy. This place is my version of hell - it is everything I hate in one ball of wax - but it keeps me active and busy."

UNITED ANARCHIST FRONT

*Interview with
Chris Plummer*

*conducted through
the mail
in Spring, 1998*

Chris Plummer is an anti-racist anarchist political prisoner serving time in the Texas prison system for his role in helping to build an anti-fascist movement that could confront white supremacists on all fronts - "legal" and "illegal" alike. Since his arrest, he has been surrounded by controversy in the anarchist and political prisoner support movements. He was convicted in 1993 for his part in an action carried out on a Nazi skinhead house in Houston, TX. Police found Chris' fingerprints at the scene and he was arrested later that year.

This interview was conducted by members of the Claustrophobia collective. We can be reached at PO Box 1721, Baltimore, MD 21203. (email: fclaustr@charm.net) Claustrophobia on-line at <http://www.charm.net/#claustrofl>. Among other activities, we publish a zine (about once a year) dealing with people's struggles against authority, boredom, and dehumanization - on the streets, at work, in prison, in schools, wherever we happen to find ourselves. Write for a copy.

Claus: You're in prison in Texas - Gatesville's Alfred Hughes Unit at the moment. How did you get there? How long is your sentence?

Christopher: The road here was a long one, but in short it comes down to my being involved in the United Anarchist Front and my continued actions since my imprisonment... The specific action that led to my arrest was a raid by the UAF on a house used by Nazi boneheads - not just as a place to live, but to disperse their literature of hate, as well as a central organizing place. The action resulted in the destruction of literature and the expropriation of weapons. Later I was charged with all sorts of crazy shit, but in the end I was charged only with breaking into the place and auto theft - and ended up being sentenced to 15 years.

Claus: Tell us some about the United Anarchist Front. What is its history, its program, and philosophy?

Christopher: The UAF is a very close knit group, it was

formed in Boston by myself and a few others in the late '80s. As to the organized structure of the group, it was similar to the ALF (Animal Liberation Front), focused on direct action. As far as a program or philosophy, that's just it - we didn't really accept any one idea of what anarchism is or is not. One comrade was an anarchist individualist, another anarcho-communist. The philosophy was basically "shut up and act," to think about what can be done to effect change and to do it.

Claus: Plenty of people who fight the Nazis make alliances with the police to do so, but the UAF made the police its target as well as the Nazis. Why did you do this?

Christopher: See, that's another mistake the "activist" folks make. Recently, a big group in Canada actually assisted the mounties in rounding up boneheads, the whole time this very same city's mounties (pigs) were beating and killing minorities left and fucking right. They failed to see that the system and the "racist fringe" are the same; both are racist and both want control, a deadly mix. The biggest gang in the world are the cops. They are the protectors of the rich.

Claus: Let me mix it up here, this is Flipside, right? So why don't I ask you something about music. What's the most revolutionary record you've heard lately, however you want to define that.

Christopher: Right now I'm in ad-seg so I haven't heard a song in over a year, but for me the list of "revolutionary" music is long. Anything by the DKs, Crass, Conflict, and Subhumans. But right now I'd have to say that Culture Shock album with the blue and orange sunburst on the cover - that was a great album to play on the way to an action. I've always been a big fan of the Dicks.

Claus: By virtue of the actions for which you are imprisoned you are a political prisoner and prisoner of war. What has this meant in your daily life as far as your relations to other prisoners, the guards and administration, and to folks outside?

Christopher: It's a pain in the fucking ass actually, (I

may live to regret these words as it will surely cause a long, boring debate) the prisoners, well, they either love you for it, hate you for it, or they dismiss you as a nutcase. But with the prison administrators it's problematic. They scrutinize everything I do, and retaliate when they can. To them I am the real enemy. Texas Department of Criminal Justice considers me "dangerous and a high security risk" to the point where they have placed me in segregation, where I'm not allowed any contact with the general populace. To the outside, well, in most cases, I find that folks are supportive and understanding. But as with everything there are exceptions to the rule.

Claus: If you didn't have the title of "political prisoner," a lot of people wouldn't want to hear anything you had to say. But if you're a PP then what you say is very important, at least to some. In both cases you are reduced to what THE LAW has said about you, which is something we should reject thoroughly. A prisoner is simply one who is confined to a cage and when we accept the state's logic behind this caging then we've chained ourselves - particularly if you are working class, which is who the cages are meant for.

Christopher: Yeah, I get really agitated by some folks ideas on political prisoners. I mean, to me, all crimes (or 99.9%) are political. If a person "steals" food 'cause he's hungry, I think that's definitely political. I feel that a woman that blows the brains out of her abusive husband is a political prisoner. Most crimes challenge the authority of the state (that's why they are crimes). By definition, anyone who fights the state's authority in pursuit of autonomy is a political prisoner. Anyone who disagrees is an elitist in my mind. I am a political prisoner, but in my mind, it doesn't make any difference to the vast majority of prisoners of the state.

Claus: How have your three years of imprisonment affected your perspective?

Christopher: Actually, it's been about four and a half. In a lot of ways I still have the same outlook but I'm more realistic about the struggle today. At times the pressure of being inside such an authoritarian place while being a committed anti-authoritarian are really heavy. This place is my version of hell - it is everything I hate in one ball of wax - but it keeps me active and busy.

Claus: What's the background of other people there? Who's getting locked up in Texas? In what ways do people get together inside? Along what lines do people divide up? Who gets the shit end of the stick, and who gets an easier time of it from the authorities?

Christopher: POOR! That's the background. Poor people, folks not enough aware of the system to fight it in the courts. They, for the most part, are in for petty property crimes or drugs. In all actuality, violent offenders are the minority. Who gets locked up in Texas? Shit! Anyone, and in Texas they give out HUGE sentences for really dumb shit. Here you'll see a dude who had like 35 years for some crime that wouldn't have even gotten him six months on Rikers' Island (NYC). Everyone gets victimized here. The pigs create that kind of environment and encourage it. If someone goes to the pigs and says "Hey, I just got raped," they'll say "So what? Get back to your cell!" If you say "Look, me and my cellmate don't get along," they say "So what, go back to your cell." Eventually someone gets hurt. As far as generalizations go, young whites have a hard time but they get treated better by the pigs, who are mostly redneck whites.

Claus: You've been attacked a number of times by members of the Aryan Brotherhood (a white power prisoner organization) and they currently have a hit put out on you. The AB is the most prominent white prisoner organization, if I'm not wrong. From what you've seen, what percentage of whites join AB as committed racists as opposed to just needing a crew to get with? Are there any other organizations that white prisoners can get with beside AB?

Christopher: I've had run-ins with most of the white gangs, even a few others. But the AB is the most common one. Next to them is AC (Aryan Circle), the White Knights, and KKK. There's about 10 different groups. The AB are responsible for many murders, both inside and outside the prisons. In here you couldn't pick a worse enemy. As far as how many whites join - just a few, but 99% of them might as well join. They share the same ideas. Prisons are organized by race, so any gang is pretty much racially based. That's what I've been working on stopping, and that's why I'm so damn

unpopular!

Claus: What possibilities do you see of an anti-racist prisoner movement overcoming the racial polarization in prisons, and in particular the organization of whites around a white supremacist group? What could the anti-racist movement do to support this?

Christopher: There are very real possibilities to build an anti-racist prisoner movement. I've been working towards that for a while, but it would require a lot of outside help. No one wants to put their neck on the line in here if they don't have the backup when the shit hits the fan. There are a lot of prisoners who would love to see the racist shit get broken up, or would love to have the option of not joining up with them at least.

Claus: I asked you earlier about why the UAF fought against the police as well as white supremacists. It occurs to me that the answer can be found in your present situation where as a revolutionary, an anarchist, an anti-racist, you are attacked by both the Nazis and the guards and administration. Not only did guards assault you, but the administration was trying to frame you up on

some bullshit about smuggling guns into the prison, and subjected you to their own bureaucratic style of violence: sleep deprivation, strip searches, and more.

Christopher: Yeah, any time a prisoner steps out of the accepted role of the victim the pigs will go all out to squash the life out of them and use extreme tactics: frame-ups, beatings, you name it, they've done it.

Claus: You used to squat up in New York in the early '90s, right? What type of shit was going on at that time?

Christopher: In the mid '80s to early '90s I was in and out of NYC a lot. All of that time was spent in the Lower East Side of Manhattan around the squats. If it was happening anywhere, it was happening there. You name it, it was going on. I was also spending a lot of time in Boston at the time. The activist scene there was good also.

Claus: What are you working on now? What is the Texas Prisoners Revolutionary Federation and what are its goals?

Christopher: A lot of things are going on with me right now. I'm trying to organize vegans and vegetarians in

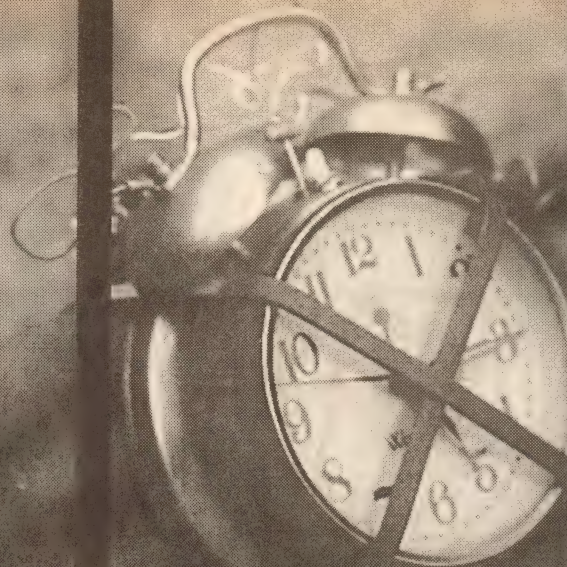


"The only music made where I'm at is when folks beat on the steel doors but that sounds like a bad Current 93 album!"



"Punk in itself is not revolutionary, but there is revolutionary punk, just as there is revolutionary reggae or jazz, folk, and rap. It's pretty cool to see so many punks getting into the more political bands after hearing the bubblegum punk bands."

"I've always thought the Butthole Surfers were pretty fucking revolutionary in their own way. I mean anyone who can smoke a joint, lay back, and listen to their early stuff, and walk away unchanged is just not human!"



© Rusty Sanchez

"To me the only real rule of anarchism is anti-authoritarianism. Each person has their own ideas on what that means, but for me it means a lot of love for my fellow humans, a lot of love for the other animals, a lot of love for the earth and a willingness to act to stop those things that act against that love."

Texas prisons and working on revolutionary alternatives to how the prisons are run but the Texas Revolutionary Prisoners Federation and the anarchist lending library get most of my attention. The TRPF is basically a group who has come together to "watch each others backs." We pool our contacts and resources so that when one of us has a problem, we can all respond to be sure the problem is resolved or doesn't happen again, as well as educate and politicize others.

Claus: What are some of the struggles going on there, of prisoners seizing what can be seized against the dehumanizing power of the prison?

Christopher: Sadly, Texas prisons are notorious for their lethargy. There isn't much happening on a mass scale.

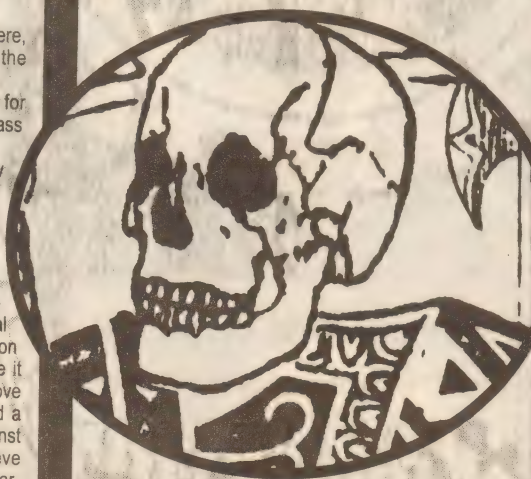
Claus: What does anarchism mean for you? How has it influenced your course of action now and over the years?

Christopher: Boy that's a loaded question. I don't want to trivialize what anarchism is and what it isn't, 'cause that's a big problem, but I don't want to place limits on what anarchism can be. I've no real set ideology. I'm real flexible, not rigid. To me the only real rule of anarchism is anti-authoritarianism. Each person has their own ideas on what that means, but for me it means a lot of love for my fellow humans, a lot of love for the other animals, a lot of love for the earth and a willingness to act to stop those things that act against that love. I don't know if you will agree but I believe anarchism is the base of humanity. We are born anarchist. The rest of the shit is learned behavior that needs to be dismantled! The effect anarchism has had on my life? It's opened me up to others, taught me acceptance, understanding, and given me a healthy dose of humility.

Claus: How have your experiences with the Rainbow Family and the time you lived in Africa influenced your ideas about anarchism?

Christopher: The years I spent in Africa when I was younger are very important to me and played a big part in how I see the world. They taught me a deep appreciation for all things natural, as well as many other, more subtle things. For example, in many parts of Tanzania there is no law to speak of yet things go smoothly. Part of that is due to Tanzania's history of giving autonomy to tribes. And as a white person in Africa I was taught a lot about racism, both in our society at large and in myself. The Rainbow Family is something very close to my heart, but also very frustrating. Most of that frustration is due to the overwhelming headline pacifist influence. It's very hard to see Rainbows stand up and take control

over their own destiny, but by and large I have learned a lot from just being around them. Shit, anytime you can get thousands of folks to hang out together and be open with each other despite race and creed, you've got something special. Above all, they have created their own culture, their own economics, all without the authoritarian shit.



Claus: A comrade of ours locked up here in Maryland was "lucky" enough to get access to equipment and he's got a band with a demo coming out. I don't imagine there's very many opportunities for that. What type of music gets made where you're at? What role does the music people are listening to inside play in people's culture and politics?

Christopher: The only music made where I'm at is when folks beat on the steel doors but that sounds like a bad Current 93 album! But the role music plays is important. Music can play a huge part in the formation of revolutionary ideas and movements: Punk in itself is not revolutionary, but there is revolutionary punk, just as there is revolutionary reggae or jazz, folk, and rap. It's pretty cool to see so many punks getting into the more political bands after hearing the bubblegum punk bands. But music isn't just for politics, it's meant for fun too. Me, I've always thought the Butthole Surfers were pretty fucking revolutionary in their own way. I mean anyone who can smoke a joint, lay back, and listen to their early stuff, and walk

away unchanged is just not human!

Claus: How can people support your struggle and the struggle of prisoners in general?

Christopher: Get in touch with a prisoner, support the ones who are fighting, who are struggling for change, write them, get to know them from real relationships with them, work together. Realize you could be in the same boat, that you are no different except for a few minor circumstances. Get in touch with a prisoners' rights group, learn about the prisons and their role in maintaining the "status quo," then do everything you can to fight it. If I could ask anything of you folks out there, I'd ask that when you lay down tonight, think about how you can change the world or your community, then in the morning make a real effort to do it. Refuse, resist, exist! ✊

We also recommend the following zines by prisoners in our area:

The Spirit
c/o Shaka N'Zinga (Wiggins)
#196-612
PO Box 549 (MCI-J)
Jessup, MD 20794

Inhumane
c/o Frank J. Calabrese
#248-351 (ECI)
30420 Revells Neck Rd.
Westover, MD 21890

**UNITED
ANARCHIST
FRONT**

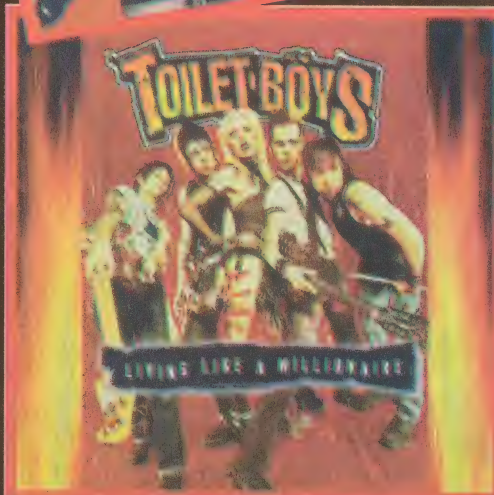
Chris's address:

**Chris Plummer W677345
Rt. 2 Box 4400
Gatesville, TX 76557**

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Chicken Hawks
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All RAFR titles available through
Bomp! mailorder: PO Box 7112
Burbank, CA 91510
CD - \$10ppd. (\$13 foreign)
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original design concept: Ron Schnier

Contact these fine distributors: Outsider (revolution@outsiderrecords.com), Ground Zero (1-888-HEY PUNK), Get Hip, Revolver USA, Subterranean, Nail, Choke, Sounds of California, F.A.B. (Canada), Green Hell (Germany), Rotz, Mean Street



MISCONDUCT



I recently reviewed Misconduct's "Signed In Blood" EP from Bad Taste Records, and was pretty impressed. The music was energetic hardcore with a combination of both old and new influences. I've listened to their previous releases afterwards, and while they were also good, I have to say these guys are headed in a great direction as indicated by their latest EP. I was thinking it would be cool to see something about these guys in the pages of this here publication, maybe shed a little light on this band. You know how it works out, when you hear a band and like what you hear, you just have to know more.

So here it is. -Matt Average

Misconduct interview conducted by Jens Nordström, and answered by Fredrick Olsson.
Large photos by Jens Nordström and two small group shots by Panna.



"It's always fun when there is a lot of positive 'moshing' and a lot of 'youth crew' singalongs. That's the kind of things that really make us feel alive. My personal opinion is that to get the most out of hardcore music you have to see the band live and really feel the music the way it was meant to sound - ENERGETIC!"

Jens: Tell me the Misconduct story.

Fredrick: Misconduct was formed 1995 by Ollo, Mort, Andeschon & J.C. in a little town called Kristinehamn which is located in the middle of Sweden. In the beginning it was just for fun and because of our need to play fast old school hardcore. After a while we started to rehearse more often and we made better songs so we decided to enter a recording studio to record a demo tape. The demo turned out really good so we shipped it all over the world and after some months we got our first offer for a record deal. After a numerous offers from different labels we finally decided to sign with Bad Taste Records, and we haven't regretted it for a second. In December 1996 we recorded our first MCD "A Change" in Studio Underground Vasteras, which was released in early February 1997. Late in February 1997 we went on our first European tour along with 59 Times The Pain. After mostly playing live and making new songs we returned to Studio Underground in July '97 to record our first full-length CD. The new CD got the name "Another Time" and it was released in September '97. The response on the CD was very good and we got a lot of great reviews on it. Right after the release of the album we went on a new European tour along with Intensity and the response on the tour was great for both bands.

Jens: You recently released a 7", how come? Do you prefer vinyls?

Fredrick: It's more fun with vinyls. Punk rock and hardcore is a lot better on vinyl. The vinyl sound is more suitable for our kind of music, more punk! You can make a vinyl release more "personal," both according to the cover and the label print. It's pretty hard to make a limited edition with a colored CD.

Jens: The music on the 7" is quite different if you compare it with your earlier stuff. The music has become more "punk rock." I think that you sort of have developed your own style within "hardcore" frames. Do you agree?

Fredrick: I totally agree because when we made the first record there were still a lot of influences from other bands, and then on our second record we took a step towards our own style, but still a touch of classic hardcore. With the seven inch I think, just like you said, that we have sort of chosen our own path towards the music "we" call hardcore.

Jens: Do you have any plans for a new album? What do you think it will sound like?

Fredrick: Yes, as a matter of fact we are in the middle of a creative process, writing a lot of songs for our forthcoming album which will be recorded in early December this year. According to the plans it will be released in February '99. I think the album will sound a lot like the 7" but it will be even more punk with a lot of melodic singalongs but still straight on, honest hardcore.

Jens: What influences your songwriting? As the music from Misconduct has changed, the influences must have been changed as well, or...?

Fredrick: In the beginning it was mostly classical subjects that almost every hardcore band has ever written about, but they were still important. Nowadays it's more personal and more honest subjects, but still I think that a lot of people can reflect their own problems and opinions in mine.

Jens: Do you think of yourself as a political band?

Fredrick: We have some political lyrics, since we have political opinions. But no, I don't think we're really what people would call a political band.

Jens: What about the musical influences?

Fredrick: In the beginning it was mostly bands like Gorilla Biscuits, Minor Threat, Youth Of Today, etc. But nowadays we listen to all kinds of music. We are not in any special "genre" anymore. We produce music we enjoy listening to ourselves.

Jens: At least in Europe you're known as an "energetic" live

band. What "turns you on" and motivates you on stage?

Fredrick: For us, the best live shows are when there's lots of personal contact with the audience, like when you're playing in a small club packed with people who really are into hardcore. It's always fun when there is a lot of positive "moshing" and a lot of "youth crew" singalongs. That's the kind of things that really make us feel alive. My personal opinion is that to get the most out of hardcore music you have to see the band live and really feel the music the way it was meant to sound - ENERGETIC!

Jens: You've been good at touring, any new tours coming up?

Fredrick: Yeah, sure! In October we're going for our first British tour and we're looking forward to it. Together with our new album there'll of course be a complete European tour.

Jens: You made a European tour earlier this summer with some concerts in the former Eastern countries. Was there a difference compared to the rest of Europe where you have performed so far?

Fredrick: The big difference is that Western European countries are more spoiled when it comes to concerts, but in countries like Poland live concerts are more appreciated. I think a lot of bands are making a big mistake when they choose not to play in the Eastern parts. It's a stupid reason not to play because there's less money involved. GO THERE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

Jens: OK, I guess this is it. Finish this off so that I can grab another beer?

Fredrick: Thanks a lot my dear friend for this interview and to all you guys out there who like our music, SEE YOU IN THE PIT! ☺

**Write to Misconduct (send and IRC):
Misconduct
Box 20, 681 21 Kristinehamn,
Sweden**

SUBSONICS

Jim Hayes here, me and my lovely girlfriend, Ms. Ana Balka got a chance to sit down with the best band in Atlanta, The Sub Sonics, on Labor Day in a crowded coffee shop. We put on the tape recorder and let it go. The Sub Sonics play a ferocious mix of three chord tuneage that doesn't stop, they can write songs, they can look cool and they can move me. Their song "Ten Dollars" is the best description of junk addiction I've ever heard. So before you plunk your hard earned dollars on anybody else check out their new LP on Get Hip "Follow Me Down"...

by Jim Hayes
and Ana Balka

Photos by Ching and Tony Finley.

Monday, 7 September 98 7:30 PM, Atlanta

Buffy mentioned that she didn't bring a Lust CD cos of my friends Stool Sample beating up one of their members. I explained the mighty Stool Sample to Christy...

"We're gonna keep plugging at this and plunking until all the hair is gone. We're gonna plug until we can afford electrolysis. We're gonna keep plucking until we get popular and then we'll break up."

Jim: They've got songs like "Suck My Dick While I take a Shit," they're very, very rude.
Christy: Yeeeah.
Clay: Maybe they should learn some manners. Is the tape recorder on?
Jim: Yes it is.
Clay: Good.
Jim: You played Chapel Hill last night - how'd that go?
Clay: It was great.
Jim: Did you get much of a response?
Clay: No. No response, that was the great thing about it. [deleted items: National Security]
Jim: So you opened up for Mudhoney - did the crowd respond to you well?
Buffy: It was alright, y'know? It was weird y'know, a weird scene. We played with them Saturday night, in Athens at the 40 Watt, and it was better. Like a lot more - the sound was better and the response was better.
Clay: It's the difference between Chapel Hill and Athens: Chapel Hill, of course it's Chapel Hill, they're sort of Christians and Athens they're into Pagan mythology.
Buffy: Right.
Jim: Excellent. You got a lot of fans that are Pagans?
Clay: Pagans in Vegas. [or Vegans, I'm not sure which]
Jim: Excellent. How often do you folks rehearse?
Clay: Never.
Buffy: Never. Now we're going to start practicing more, we're on the new...
Ana: I feel like we're at a meeting! [laughter]
Clay: When we're trying to write songs we practice 'em.
Jim: Well who writes the songs?
Clay: We all do, yeah.
Jim: Well I noticed when you played that you didn't have a set list.
Clay: No we don't have a set list.
Jim: It was just one song right after the other. How many songs do you have, like fifty?
Clay: Seventy.
Buffy: Seventy?
Clay: Yeah, that's not counting covers.

[Menu discussion, deleted, National Security]
Jim: Uhhh, the band's been together what two years now?
Clay: Five.
Buffy: Six.
Clay: Six. Wait a minute, what year is this?
Jim: '98.
Clay: Uh, that would be six. Six.
Jim: Six years and what's it like three CDs out now?
Clay: Four.
Buffy: Four and what - five or six singles?
Jim: Wow. How long you guys gonna keep plugging at this, I mean is it gonna reach a plateau...
Clay: We're gonna keep plugging at this and plunking until all the hair is gone. We're gonna plugging until we can afford electrolysis. We're gonna keep plucking until we get popular and then we'll break up.
Jim: That's cool. Have you gone around the country at all?
Clay: Oh yeah, about 12 times.
Jim: What's your favorite place to play?
Buffy: It's hard to say.
Christy & Buffy: New York.
Christy: San Francisco.
Jim: Where'd you play in New York?
Clay: Everywhere.
Buffy: All different places: Under Acme, Coney Island High, Continental.
Clay: Brownies.
Christy: CBGB's.
Jim: Who'd you play with up there?
Clay: Everyone.
Buffy: Usually Speedball Baby. That's a friend's band. We're going up there at the end of the month to play with the Makers. We played with the Swinging Neckbreakers.
Buffy: Cordel Jackson.
Clay: The Avons.
Jim: Let's just say that New York City became too expensive for me on a daily level to live there anymore.
Clay: It's getting really expensive now that they're getting rid of all the methadone clinics.
Jim: Do people interview you a lot, do you meet a lot of people?
Clay: Um, oh, I don't know.
Jim: So, uh I was trying to think about what to ask you, I was trying to think about folks that haven't seen you before and it's just like y'know you guys just have so much energy such a ferocious set I couldn't believe that you didn't stop, I mean what, do you have like a set amount of gigs that you wanna play every month, do you guys work or...
Clay: No. Yeah, we just work. Uh.



Buffy: What was the question?
Christy: We drink a lot of coffee.
Buffy: What was the question?
Clay: I'm not sure, I think it was three questions.
Buffy: Three questions.
Clay: Three questions. I didn't pick one yet.
Buffy: Touring, who we played in NY with, I missed the other question...

Christy: You're feeling us out.
Jim: Pardon me?
Christy: You're feeling us out.
Jim: Well I don't know. I'm trying to figure out what I should ask you guys. It's like, are you happy with doing this, is it going the way you want it so far?
Buffy: Sometimes it goes the way you want. Y'know it's a mixed bag. I think that there are times when it's like fucking great when you're like "Ah, I'm gonna do this for the rest of my life. I don't care if I make any money or not," and then there's times when you're like "I'm not making any money."
Jim: Yeah, yeah.

Buffy: And I'm doing this a 180 days a year, y'know? I think now we've got to the point where we're trying to make tours more worthwhile and I don't mean necessarily money as opposed to like trying to make our tours more strategic. The first couple of years we were together we just toured non-stop and played like, fuckin', the punk rock show in the basement like all the time. That can be fun once in awhile but when you're stranded in New Mexico like we ended up being with a broken down van...

Jim: What happened?
Buffy: I mean just several times when we run out of money.

Ana: Where do you go? Do you have a booking agent?

Buffy: We have a booking agent

Clay: We do now, yeah, Buffy and a manager. But at that time we didn't. We're trying to be more like strategic. Setting some goals and making it...

Jim: Have you made it on over to Europe yet?

Clay: Yeah, yeah. We made it to Spain twice last year and we're going back at the end of the month.

Buffy: Hopefully to France and England this time.

Ana: That's great.

Jim: So Get Hip, do you have any contact with them?

Clay: Yeah. We have contact with them. We bug their offices and we tap their phones. We have a lotta contact with them.

Jim: Do you guys get a choice of covers and stuff like that?

Buffy: Nah, we do whatever we want.

Clay: We have to get Brill Building songwriters to pick...

Jim: The Brill Building is empty now.

Clay: He asked us earlier what covers we're doing.

Buffy: Oh. "MaryAnn" by Ray Charles, we do a Link Wray version, as opposed to a Ray Charles version. "Fire Engine" by the 13th Floor Elevators.

Jim: That's a good song.

Buffy: It's a great song. Sometimes we do "I Can't Explain" by the Who. We do "Love Comes In Spurts," Richard Hell. "Windup Doll" by Little Peggy March.

Jim: I never heard that. That's like early sixties pop?

Clay: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Buffy: Yeah. We're trying to do "Love Is Strange" by Mickey & Sylvia. Again, we used to do that.

Jim: That's a weird song to do.

Buffy: It's great. I love that - what else?

Clay: "Brown Eyed Handsome Man."

Buffy: "I'd Much Rather Be with the Boys." Rolling Stones... Oh uh, "Then He Kissed Me." Who's that? The Crystals?

Clay: I think so.

Jim: I think so. Did you always want to be musicians or were you art students or anything like that? Any art students in the house?

Clay: I've been an art student.

Christy: I've been a student.

Jim: Students are all right, art students y'know, they get pretty questionable. They wonder about their "motivation" - I don't know if you people loved records and wanted to make records, or just...

Buffy: Okay, okay I was an art student.

Jim: Cool cool, what kind of an art student were you?

Buffy: I was photography and then I transferred to the sculpture department, which is actually a lot of fun.

Jim: Yeah?

Buffy: Yeah. It was a lot of fun and I've been in bands for years. I never wanted to be a musician. I just wanted to be in a band. And I still feel that way.



Jim: Did you ever look for any of the "Paul is Dead" clues? Ever play any Beatles records backwards?

Clay: No but I heard all the stories when I was a kid.

Jim: I found this "Tom Petty is dead" web page that said he was dead and replaced by a body double.

Clay: "Musician." Just such a negative connotation.

Christy: Yeah the whole "musician" thing is like... bad.

Jim: Can any of you read music?

Clay: No.

Buffy: Vaguely.

Jim: Excellent, excellent. So what kinda records were you into when you were a kid?

Clay: Y'know Popeye, the Flintstones.

Jim: I got a really nice Scooby Doo record where they're out in the mystery machine solving crimes...

Clay: Batman. The first rock record I got was "Magical Mystery Tour."

Jim: Oh really? That's not a bad one, with the booklet in it and everything?

Clay: Yeah, yeah.



Christy: Four years.

Buffy: The other one that our friend is doing now, that is sorta moving a little faster

Jim: Cos I found you through the Get Hip website. Is there going to be real audio on your site so folks can listen to you?

Clay and Buffy: I don't know.

Christy: Wow.

Clay: He's on that island with Tupac Shakur.

Christy: Yeah! He's on the...

Jim: Are you folks interested in the Internet? Do you have a website?

Christy: Oh yeah, yeah. The Internet is actually really, really, great, especially for a band such as us, y'know it's really an accessible, easy way to find information.

Ana: Do you have a website?

All: Yeah.

Ana: Great. Did you [Jim] look it up?

Jim: I didn't know they had one...

Buffy: We actually have two but both of which are kind of uhhh, under construction. One has been under construction for about...



Jim: No I haven't.

Buffy: Man, if you guys are ever up that way, because they have a lotta like cool, cool shit.

Christy: I don't even know what that book's called, the sixties book that had the Velvet Underground...

Jim: The first book was called "Aspen Magazine."

Clay: Yeah, it had a flexidisc.

Jim: We went to a museum in Birmingham and they had that flexi in there.

Ana: [To Jim] Is that the flexi?

Jim: No no! I'll tell that - there's this other Andy Warhol book called "Index."

Clay: Yeah, "Index," I've seen that.

Jim: Yeah, well to get that flexi out of the store I had to fold it so I have this rare Velvet's flexi that I ruined.

Buffy: Ruined.

Jim: I haven't been to Pittsburgh in years. Greg of Get Hip used

to work at this record store.

Buffy: Eides.

Jim: Yeah. He once marked down all these T Rex records I was buying. I have the t-shirt from the Cynics second show. Are you from Pittsburgh?

Buffy: No. Just from going on up there to record and do stuff.

Jim: You recorded up there?

Buffy: One time, yeah.

Clay: We did a single there.

Buffy: Yeah y'know, one time hanging out. I love Pittsburgh. I think it's a great town.

Ana: Really?

Buffy: Yeah, it's very industrial. The Warhol museum is great, the art museum is great. There's a lot of cool shit there. We went to a demolition derby there that was great.

Jim: Where are you from?

Buffy: Tampa, Florida.

Jim: Where are you from Christy?

Christy: I was born in New York, lived there for a bit [Indecipherable]

Jim: Clay?

"Sometimes it goes the way you want. Y'know it's a mixed bag. I think that there are times when it's like fucking great when you're like "Ah, I'm gonna do this for the rest of my life. I don't care if I make any money or not," and then there's times when you're like "I'm not making any money."

Clay: Florida.

Jim: And just migrated on up to Atlanta. How'd you get together?

Buffy: Through an ad in the paper.

Jim: Wow, that's sorta like the Monkees in a way.

Buffy: Yeah, it was like years ago. We had like the same ad in the paper for a long time.

Jim: Who started the band?

Christy: No, I've been in the band for about a year and a half more like two years.

Buffy: So Clay had this ad out and it was me and him and [couldn't get name] a bass player and then me and him and another bass player.

Clay: Yeah.

Buffy: And another bass player and another bass player and then we found Christy.

Jim: Wow.

Clay: All our bass players joined the French Foreign Legion. They've got a whole squad of our ex-bass players.

Jim: Did any of them ever go on to do anything, or since they left the Sub Sonics?

Clay: No they're in the French Foreign Legion.

Jim: So you put an ad in the paper and just started jamming?

Buffy: We had a bunch of songs.

Clay: I had a bunch of songs. Actually I put an ad in the paper, oh never mind.

Buffy: Long story. Basically we started playing and then our bass player got arrested, got his girlfriend pregnant, so we had to get another bass player. And that was right when we made our first record.

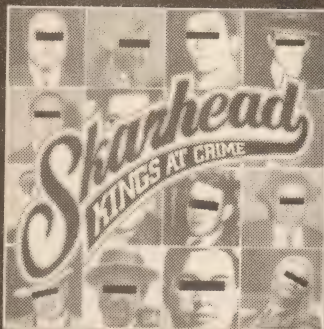
Clay: And he had to leave the country.

Buffy: And then we had this guy Ron for a couple of years and then we had Mark for about a year and a half or something like that.

Clay: Yes.

RUNNING THE SHOW SINCE 1989

VICTORY RECORDS



SKARHEAD

Kings At Crime
VR89 (CD.LP.CS)

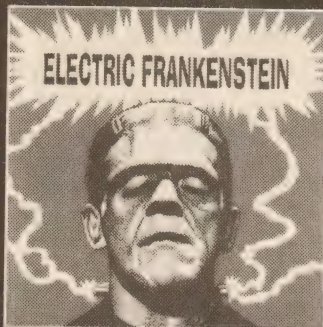
Spawned from the ashes of Crown of Thornz, Skarhead is ready to crack the punk/hardcore scene between the eyes with their two fisted, streetwise style. Take what Lord Eze (lead vocalist) says to heart when describing Skarhead: "This is how we live. We don't give a shit what you think. If you don't like it then get the fuck out of our way."



STRIFE

Truth Through Defiance
VR92 (CD.LP.CS)

STRIFE were one of the bands that laid the foundation for where Victory Records is today. This release is a seventeen track anthology from the West coast's undisputed kings of hardcore. Outstanding unreleased, live and rare recordings including the much sought after "Untitled". They may have disbanded but they'll never lose the crown.



ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

I'm Not Your Nothing
VR93 (CDS.7")

Three tracks of pure raging punk to set you up for their full length on Victory in '99. "following in the dishonorable tradition of such New York guttersnipe legends as the Ramones, The Dictators, and the New York Dolls, EF know what R-n-R should be about." - Kerrang "Everything Punk should be but rarely is. This is the shit, man." - Flipside



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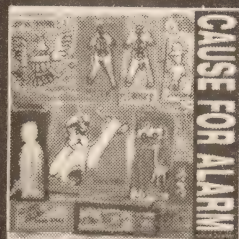
BUILT TO LAST
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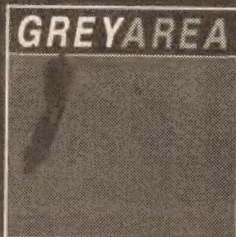
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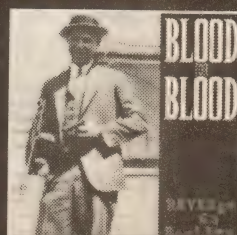
CAUSE FOR ALARM
Beneath The Wheel
VR88 (CD.LP.CS)



GREYAREA
Self Titled VR90 (CD.LP.CS)



ALL OUT WAR
For Those Who Were Crucified VR85 (CD.LP.CS)



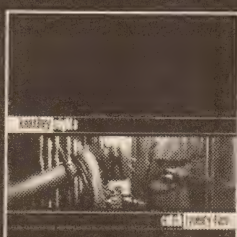
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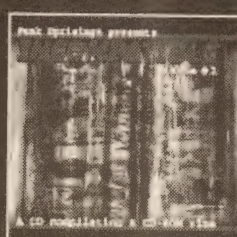
VICTORY
Various Artists
VICTORY STYLE III
VR87 (CD)



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Satisfaction Is The Death Of Desire VR63 (CD.LP.CS)



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Keasbey Nights VR73 (CD.LP.CS)



Punk Uprising Presents
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VD09 (CD+ CD-ROM ZINE)

Jim: Is this the longest stable lineup you've had?

Buffy: No, uhh.

Clay: Yes.

Jim: So Christy are you in any other bands?

Christy: I was in the Vendettas.

Jim: The Vendettas still exist. That's another band that you're in...

Ana: I was going to ask how that fit in, any conflict, time wise?

Buffy: Sometimes. It depends, I mean we don't really tour. We did a tour one time. It's more like, the other girl that's in my other band The Vendettas is also in Lust, so y'know it's more like just a fun thing. We're trying to make some singles now so it's been crazy, y'know what's that's like. There's spurts, periods of being really busy and periods of being slack. I think that's how we've been able to stay together for so long - we have periods off and we have periods when we're really busy.

Jim: Exactly! Clay, do you have any side projects or is the Sub Sonics your main gig?

Clay: I've got a side project, a Siamese twin but I had it removed.

Jim: Cool. Have you been to Philadelphia?

Buffy: Yeah.

Jim: Have you been to the Mutter Museum?

All: Yeah!

Jim: Did you see the Siamese twin there?

Buffy: The liver!

Clay: They have the liver.

Buffy: Very amazing.

Christy: A-mazing.

Jim: So the bass player's in the Foreign Legion, your brother's up in a museum in Philly... Are you interested in producing anybody?

Buffy: He produced the Vendettas records.

Clay: I produced the Vendettas records. It's less production and more reduction.

Jim: Do you do any overdubs or do you record all at one time?

Clay: Yeah, we do overdubs to make up for the overflubs.

Jim: Do you ever do any improv-feedback jams? I noticed that all your songs are two minutes long. Do you ever do any of that improv shit?

Clay: Yeah, but I have to think really fast.

Buffy: No not really. I can't think of any.

Clay: Nah, we don't have any time for that, it's boring.

Buffy: Yeah. We're not into the long song thing. I guess conceptually there are people who have done that that I think are cool.

Clay: Jimi Hendrix.

Buffy: I just don't have the patience or the attention span.

Clay: I would say that the songwriting process is sort of off the top of our heads in that sense, but then you know it's edited. So it's not boring.

Buffy: That way if you don't like something, it's over.

Clay: Yeah, it's over.

Buffy: And there's something new right after that.

Clay: It's like having a remote control with your TV.

Jim: I'm such a groupie. I was looking for a set list.

Buffy: Sometimes we have set lists - at this point we sometimes just play the same songs anyway. I mean not always, but maybe we'll get into a groove. We have so many songs - y'know if it looks like it's going to be a quiet night, we play the quiet set.

Jim: You have a quiet set?

Clay: Yeah. If you want a set list you'll have to hypnotize us.

Jim: Do you try and play once a month?

Clay: We play less than once a month, once maybe every three or four months. Three or four times a year is really what we try and play around here.

Buffy: The more you play around here the less people will come and see you. The first couple of years we were together we played like fucking twice a week. And it was like if you play twice a week maybe a few of your friends who love you will come and then if you play twice a week people will get in their heads the

"We're not into the long song thing. I guess conceptually there are people who have done that that I think are cool. I just don't have the patience or the attention span... if you don't like something, it's over."

idea "Oh, I can see them any time," even if they haven't actually come to see you it's like cos they see your flyers all the time, it's not a special event. So we kind of like really try to pare it down. So when we do play we try and make a big deal out of it and make nice posters and all that crap.

Jim: You should have played the Million Man March with Jesse Jackson and Louis Farrakhan. That would have been awesome.

Buffy: We could get him to play some of his calypso songs.

Christy: Yeah.

Jim: That's good stuff, "A white man's heaven is black man's hell."

Clay: We could do a cover of that.

Buffy: I got this great James Brown record that I got for Christmas or my birthday or something: "James Brown and Hell." It's so funny, every song is called, like: "Working is Hell", "Love is Hell", "When You're Broke and Living in the Gutter, It's Hell." [laughter]

Jim: Speaking about being broke and living in the gutter, do you know anything about Georgia eviction laws? I mean how much time to they gotta give you?

Buffy: I thought it was thirty days.

Clay: I think it's a month.

Ana: A couple of official notices, right?

Jim: Cos I only got one official notice so far.

Clay: I think that's all you get.

Buffy: I would call City Hall.

Jim: Well, I'm gonna pay it Friday, so I'm in the clear here.

Buffy: Still, you don't want somebody throwing your shit out.

Clay: Yeah, cos they'll throw your shit out. You can give them the money when they show up to throw your stuff out and it'll be OK. That's what [blank] did.

Buffy: Our friend almost got evicted a couple of months ago.

Jim: Who was the most famous person that you've met so far that you've wanted to meet?

Buffy: Jane County.

Clay: I met Fess Parker once.

Buffy: Christy met Richard Hell.

Jim: [to Clay] You're kidding?!

Clay: Mr. Greenjeans.

Jim: Did you really meet Fess Parker?

Clay: Yeah.

Jim: In my new column I quote Fess Parker, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." How did you meet Fess Parker?

Clay: Uh, he was making a personal appearance at this old west town.

Buffy: How long ago was that, like a million years ago right?

Clay: It was like '66 or something.

Jim: Wow, that's fucking great. And you met Jayne County.

Buffy: We met her in NY but Christy met her in Atlanta.

Jim: What she doing in Atlanta?

Christy: Well she's from here, or outside of it.

Clay: Dallas [note: Dallas, Georgia - a beautiful place].

Christy: She was visiting her family.

Buffy: Clay met James Brown.

Jim: How was James?

Clay: Just like you think. [laughter]

Buffy: Clay saw him parking his car and he wasn't sure so he looked in his car and he had this white bible with his name in gold letters.

Clay: Yeah, James Brown. It was on his dashboard.

Jim: Yeah, God does that for James Brown. He letters the bibles for him.

Clay: I met Annie Sprinkle in a men's room and uh...

Jim: Cool. So uhh, do you have any final thoughts or whatever.

Buffy: Yeah, buy our records.

Clay: Yeah, uh my final one is I don't think this interview has gone so well.

Jim: What do you mean?!

Clay: I'm just kidding.

Jim: We can fix that! What do you want to talk about? I'm a participatory journalist, whatever you wanna talk about, what's on your mind? Uh, where would you like your life to be in a year?

Clay: Uhhh, yeahhh.

Buffy: Plastic surgery is definitely on the agenda.

Clay: Yeah, plastic surgery.

Ana: Which parts of the anatomy would like to fix?

Clay: Everyone. Of course I have this Siamese twin scar I have to get taken off. ☹





"Then I took
out my razor
blade/Then I
did what God
forbade/Now
the cops are
after me/But
I proved that
I'm no sissy"

Dee Dee Ramone

Not only has Dee Dee Ramone proved himself no sissy to the punk community for 25 years - a community HE helped build by the way - but he has endured life itself while a lot of his musical counterparts have sadly bit the dust or have grown apart and disconnected. Guess what? Not Dee Dee. Talking with him recently, I can clearly see that he's got PLENTY more going on to burn the midnight oil with, and he plans to enjoy every moment of it. Being one of the most biggest Ramones freaks on planet earth, I was more than flipped out to interview Dee Dee, to say the least... Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Dee Dee Ramone...

Dale: One of the things I had noticed when I was checking out your CD for the first time was that Daniel Rey not only produced but played some guitar on it as well. Has Daniel been an ongoing contributor as far as your solo work?

Dee Dee: Daniel started working in the Ramones' circle a long time ago - with Joey on the "Dangers of Love" track [from the "Too Tough to Die" LP] and he became very useful for the band so we could keep up with the volume we were working at, songwriting in particular. I got used to getting together with Daniel to prepare albums and he's really good to work with, really fluid at it. I don't know how we could have got along without him in the Ramones, ya know? But I've kind of outgrown him now, and what I'm doing now is going backwards. I'm writing a... like a retro-Ramones kind of album, the first kinda punk rock album, and that's what I was hoping for with Daniel, but the feeling was like not to make records anymore and just write songs for people, and that's what I'd like to do more than anything than making an album, but somehow it ended up an album! Some of the songs on it were written for Joey Ramone, whose past songs inspired me to write some for him. I've done this in the past, where I write songs for him and they never made it to being recorded and I think that Daniel felt that Joey was never gonna record 'em and he was sick of the songs getting overlooked. Then somehow, all the sudden, I had an album out... Oh, yeah, what also came to my advantage was that I was trying to get a book deal - put out an autobiography - workin' really, really, bad to get book deal. It was hard.

Dale: Here in the states or in the U.K.?

Dee Dee: I got it in England. I never got a book deal in the states. The publisher over there wanted an album for promotion, so that saved me, and I was able to maneuver getting the book deal. It got me a start, ya know, to write another book, which is going very well. And that's why I wanna write songs - I was checking out the possibility of recording five Ramones songs I'm writing to keep in the bag for the future, for like soundtracks or movies or whatever. But right now, what I think I'm doing is writing my new book, doing the paintings with my wife, Barbara, and demoing some new stuff on a four track that's just punk rock now, 'cause if I'm gonna do an album I really don't want to worry about a lot of the details other than it's got to sound the right way. And I want to make that album that the Ramones felt the fans always wanted. The reason I think I'm able to do this is

because the happiest memories of my life were back in the '60s living in Berlin with rock and roll - seeing all those bands - they were really wonderful times. So I always wish I could re-create those days. All I'm tryin' to do is make myself happy, not worrying about anything else, except how cool it is. Not worrying if it's got the right songs or whatever, ya know, 'cause I like a lot of different kinds of music.

Dale: Which was a main factor in the Ramones - all of your different influences rolled into one. When it boiled down to you and Joey, both of your writing for the band was unmistakably trademark, some which a lot of bands to this day like to cop.

Dee Dee: Well, I wish Joey would make an album with me, ya know?, have him singing on it - I'd be really happy, but we've just started to talk recently, so who knows. He said he wanted to get together pretty soon, so we'll see. I hadn't actually talked with them for a long time, ya know? - everyone upset with me and each other, but we don't hate each other, I know I don't. The best thing I was in was The Remains, with C.J., Marky, me and Barbara...

Dale: I was talking with C.J. not too long ago and he was telling me that being onstage with Dee Dee was one of the high points in his life.

Dee Dee: Well, he's such a great guitar player - he's very pleasant to be around. I hope, what I really hope will happen, is that we make a Ramones retro-album, and I guess I would do it...

Dale: Would this be with the other Ramones, Dee Dee?

Dee Dee: I hope so... this probably won't happen, it's what I wish would happen. I tried to instigate it. But things like Joey has been sick lately, although I don't think it's all that bad. I really wish him well. I don't dislike him... but all this, ya know, leaves the reality of the situation - well, is there really a Ramones? Possibility? I doubt it, so that's why I'm just tryin' to shake everybody off my back - I just wanna do something. I just wanna do punk rock albums - maybe. And if they wanted an album, they missed the boat now 'cause they're too sick and crazy. But I really wished they could've recorded a few more songs. I don't think they'll even do that, to tell you the truth.

Dale: It's funny you mention that, 'cause when I ran into Johnny [Ramone] a few months after the final Ramones show, I asked him if it's possible for a Ramones reunion gig and he said, "Yeah, but they gotta find another guitar player to do it, 'cause the Ramones are finished as far as I'm concerned."

Dee Dee: [laughing] I'm the same way, though. I did it for years, up into about last January. I've been playing over in Europe every year until then.

Dale: How was Europe for you, playing and all?

Dee Dee: HELL. I did it just so I could get a resident permit and live in Holland. And the worst people were the Ramones fan club and the Ramones arguments - ohhhhhh... I just wanted to play the guitar. What I really wanted to do was learn the Rolling Stones songs like "I Just Want to Make Love to You" and "Carol" and then learn all the old stuff like "Knock on Wood," "Midnight Hour," and all those songs. After figurin' it all out, I wanted Joey to play "Midnight Hour" with me and we had a big argument and I ended up not doin' the show. I felt he shoulda done or tried a new one. I don't know, maybe he's right, but I had always did what they wanted to do. There's nobody better than I am at punk rock, probably, so I should keep playing. I saw Motorhead in Brixton and it was pretty good - seeing Lemmy and all - pretty touching. Lately I've been getting together with Paul Castavie who has been fantastic. It's been going really well with Paul, 'cause he's more of the disciplined type in the studio, and I think what I'm blabbin' on about is that if I was to go into production with Paul on an album, it would be great, he'd keep good continuity for a horror punk album...

Dale: Your next possible release?

Dee Dee: Yeah, like songs "I Don't Wanna Die in the Basement," "38th & 8th," "Now I Wanna Be Sedated," "Hop Around," and "Rock And Roll Vacation in L.A." Now that I've finally found the right combination, like with Paul, things feel alright. It'd be nice to come to LA and play but we haven't found a drummer yet. I'm stranded here in the country [upstate NY] now, so I better stay here! [laughs]

Dale: How did you hook up with Paul? Doesn't he play guitar in Psychotica?

Dee Dee: I did the artwork for one of his records. His brother Mark is an artist as well.

Dale: I remember talking to you earlier and you said you and Barabara live upstate NY now. How's it workin' out up there? Doesn't Tommy Erdelyi [original Ramones drummer] live out there by you?

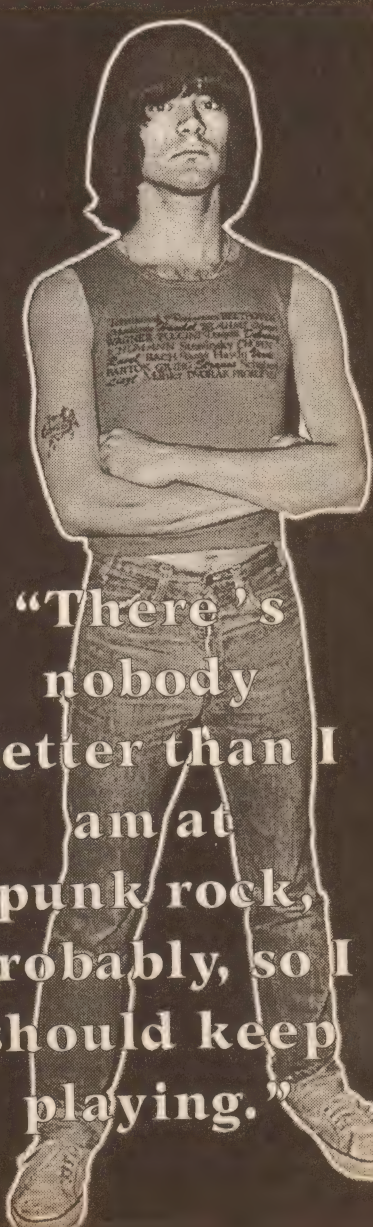
Dee Dee: It's really good up here, especially for Banfield, my dog. The city's just not a good place for dogs... it's like, I've lived in Europe, had an apartment in Barcelona, and I'm tired of livin' like that, ya know? The next move I'd like would be a nice, big colonial house somewhere with a lot of land... I've tried getting in touch with Tom, but I don't even know where he is up here - we did get a nice card from him at Christmas, though. I was even thinkin' of havin' Tom on drums for me on some of these songs or others but I wouldn't even wanna ask - the whole situation and all seems difficult. I do like it up here, though, 'cause I feel like I'm being really creative right now, ya know? Not worrying about the schemes of the city - just concentrating on my work.

Dale: Speaking of your work, besides your new songs, how's the second book coming along? I gotta ask!

Dee Dee: My second book, *Chelsea Horror Hotel*, is going great. With the paintings that I'm doing with it, I'm hoping to plan a promotional gallery tour and like do signings and have paintings for sale. And play a show. At first, I was thinking of an acoustical set, but then I didn't want that at all. Something more of a rock show with a 35-65 watt amp and that's why I was thinkin' of a place like the Viper Room for LA with the way it's layed out an' all, not somewhere huge like the Palladium: more intimate, ya know?

Dale: Ya won't have to twist THIS guy's arm - I'll be there with fucking bells! Look forward to this happenin' out here, Dee Dee. Endless thanks for the time for this interview.

Dee Dee: OK! No problem! Bye. ☺



"There's nobody better than I am at punk rock, probably, so I should keep playing."

Interview
by
Designated
Dale

MIGHTY JOE SEZ - WHEN YOU ARE THRU FUCKING AROUND...



Wretch Like Me - New Ways To Fall - CD

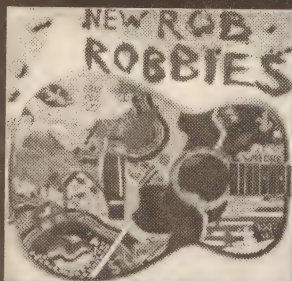
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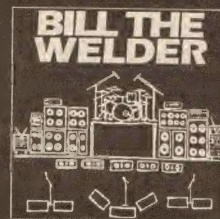
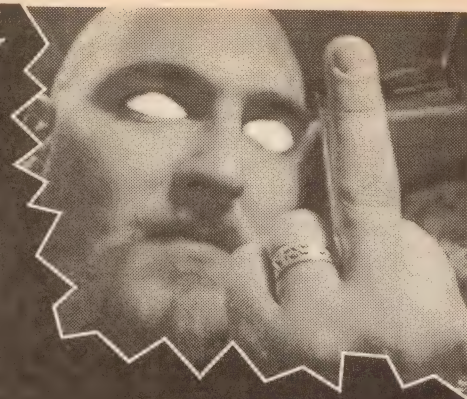
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Texas. Fucking Texas, man. So hot in the summer that people die and ass freezingly icy in the winter. The sound of bugs everywhere and the last time I was there I had to walk from one end of the incredibly long Dallas/Ft.Worth airport because some genius fucked up my flight. Driving down the highways, I've never made eye contact with so many people who looked like they'd kill me at even the slightest provocation. Texas has also given us the most fucked-up people playing the most frightening music on the planet. People like Gary Floyd, Gibby Haynes and Randy Biscuits. People like Speedealer, The Fuckemos and Poison 13. Texas scares me. The band is Roller and they kick ass... Roller were interviewed over a bottle of gin after a smoking set at Bar Deluxe in Hollywood... in the nicest tour van I've ever seen. Looked like Air Force One.

Interview by Ken All Night Rocker and Vicki Viscera
Photos by Ken All Night Rocker, Vicki Viscera and Christiane Lange.



L to R: Scot C: Guitar and lead vocals
B.C.: Bass master and yellin'
Alex Hill: Playing guitar
Shandy J. McKay: Drums

Ken: So, who are the brothers in the band?

B.C.: Me and Scot.

Ken: How long have you guys been playing together? Do you come from a musical family?

Scot: Ben [B.C.] and I have been playing together for more than thirteen years.

B.C.: Yeah, our dad was a rocker.

Scot: He was a Jerry Lee Lewis piano freak. He played in bands throughout his teenage years.

Ken: So, you two got it from him?

B.C.: Oh yeah. He bought us whatever we wanted.

Scot: The cheap version! We had to put in half! [laughter] Our parents realized that music was what we wanted to do and that we were good at it, that we respect music. They backed us up 100%... after we did our "teenage rebellion" thing... like drugs, drinking and wrecking cars.

Shandy: [pointing to B.C. and Scot] These two were not normal.

Ken: So you two got into a lot of trouble as kids?

Scott: A lot of the stories in our songs are about the shit we've done. We also try to find humor in destruction. "Megaton Explosion" is about the nukes flying and going up on top of a building and getting drunk and smoking a doob...

B.C.: ...and grabbing a chick and going to town!

Ken: So, why the name Roller?

Scot: Well, Ben and I started a band in '94 called Steamroller 88. It was basically dredgy, Sabbath, sleep type stuff...

Ken: So you guys were into The Melvins?

All: Totally.

Shandy: We still are.

Ken: Where did they find you, Alex?

Alex: I was friends with Shandy and he joined the band before I did. They were toying around with the idea of getting a singer so Scot could just play lead guitar. It didn't work out, so Scot ended up singing and playing. And since Shandy and I have been friends for a while...

Scot: ...we wanted to thicken up the sound. Our sound has strayed a bit. It all came to when we dragged Shandy and Alex into the band. We tried to figure out a name for a while. The drummer from Absu just called us Roller. He shortened it from Steamroller 88, so it just stuck in

our heads. But we tossed around a few other names...

Shandy: We had Speed Kings for some reason. The Lone Star Serial Killers came up...

Ken: Good name.

B.C.: Imperial War Machine. Like from "Star Wars."

Ken: Of course!

Scot: We're total "Star Wars" freaks.

Ken: Who is your favorite character, each of you?

B.C.: For me, it'll have to be The Emperor.

Ken: Emperor Palpatine. That's The Emperor.

B.C.: I didn't know that. I just know that The Emperor's crazy.

Shandy: I'd have to say Boba Fett.

Alex: Boba Fett? But what about Lando?

Shandy: Lando was cool. He had style.

Scot: I'd say Vader because I like the way he looks and he could go both ways as far as good and evil. Plus, he's a badass motherfucker.

B.C.: I just wanna say that it's too goddamn hot in Texas. [This inter-



ROLLER

view was done earlier this year when there was a record heat wave in Texas and people were dropping dead like flies!]

Ken: How is Dallas right now? You guys are on tour and it's great because you're not in Texas, right?

Shandy: It is, actually.

Alex: I wouldn't want to be there now.

Scot: It's hotter than hell. It has been six weeks of above one-hundred degree weather. They've just shut down our favorite hangout bar.

Vicki: The Orbit Room?

Scot: Yeah. We're trying to find alternate things to do with our friends.

Ken: Have you guys been keeping up on [the heat wave]?

Shandy: We've been watching the news since we've been out.

Ken: You guys actually watch the news...?

Vicki: I caught them watching "The Beverly Hillbillies"!

Shandy: I had control of that remote for hours, man. I was on fire... watching Civil War shit. Now that was cool.

Ken: Is there any sort of band community in Dallas?

B.C.: They have these clubs where you play like ten times before they decide to pay you.

Scot: It's like an internship. There are like a few places where we like to play with other good bands that are good shows and where we all have a blast.

Ken: What are good bands to play with?

B.C.: Fu Manchu, Zeke, The Boozers for sure, Speedealer.

Scot: El Diablo, Honky's fun, Deadbolt's fun.

Shandy: Pumpin' Ethyl

Ken: Favorite band of all time?

Shandy: Entombed, Fleetwood Mac.

Alex: Slayer.

Ken: How many Slayer shows have you been to?

Alex: I've seen about two.

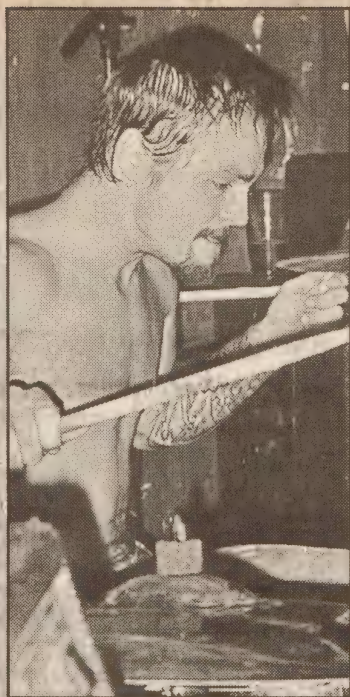
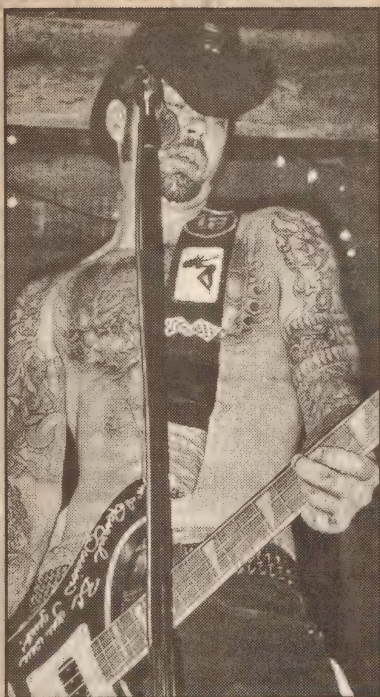
Shandy: I've seen about five.

B.C.: I've seen maybe two. Once they played with Motorhead and Celtic Frost...

Scot: I'm gonna get ripped on for this, but The Exploited are one of my favorite punk bands of all time. Shit, favorite band of all time... Monster Magnet.

Vicki: I love Monster Magnet!

Ken: I'm cuttin' all this metal crap outta the interview! [laughter]



B.C.: As far as punk bands go, Minor Threat, for sure... old D.R.I., before the crossover.

Shandy: We all love CCR. Al and I like Journey.

Scot: I HATE Journey. I'd rather listen to Green Day.

Ken: I've noticed that in your live set, you go rapidly from song to song with very little breaks. Do you like The Ramones?

Scot: Oh, yeah, I grew up on The Ramones.

Shandy: No.

Alex: I HATE The Ramones!

Ken: You actually HATE The Ramones?

Alex: I honestly hate The Ramones.

Ken: [sarcastically] You and I are gonna get along just great. [laughter]

Shandy: I don't hate them, but I don't get into them, that's all.

B.C.: The Ramones are all right.

Alex: Please!

Scot: I personally dig the shit out of The Ramones. They're my kids' favorite band. We got the BAM BAM BAM of running our set from the best punk bands I've ever listened to. It keeps people on their toes.

Shandy: Yeah, 'cause people aren't there to watch a band space out.

Vicki: Scot, from whom do you get your guitar style?

Scot: Angus Young is definitely one of my guitar influences. Skynyrd...

Ken: B.C.?

B.C.: Motorhead, Black Sabbath, Lynyrd Skynyrd... too many punk bands to name!

Alex: As far as our music goes, it's Sabbath, Skynyrd and classic rock! I grew up a heshel! I hate to admit it, but I did!

Ken: At least you're brave enough to admit it. Any of you guys grow up punkers?

Scot: I did and I turned Ben on to that. We all have different tastes.

Ken: How about you, Shandy?

Shandy: Black metal. Things that are dark and heavy. If it takes a lot of thought, I like it.

Ken: No, really, what are...

Vicki: I don't think he's kidding at all.

Ken: What's the most violent show you've ever played?

All: The Orbit Room!

Shandy: It was The Uranus Awards a couple of years ago.

Ken: Did you fear for your life?

B.C.: Hell, no.

Scot: In Dallas, these people gutted this house to have shows. These kids had no clue as to what we were about, so when we started playin', these kids went fuckin' insane...

B.C.: They were knocking us over, knocking the equipment over. People were getting knocked out and pushed to the side....

Vicki: So you normally don't mind violence at your shows?

"A lot of the stories in our songs are about the shit we've done. We also try to find humor in destruction. "Megaton Explosion" is about the nukes flying and going up on top of a building and getting drunk and smoking a doob..."

Scot: As long as the violence is fun.

Ken: Oh, so it's a coordinated event, eh? [laughter]

Scot: It's cool if people want to be aggressive and have a good time... but to beat each other up and cut people is fucked.

Shandy: That's why the pits at Slayer concerts rule!

Ken: [points to the guy in the front seat] Who's this guy over here?

B.C.: That's T-Bone Russ. He's an old friend. He keeps us spiritually aligned.

Russ: I'm their spiritual advisor and mentor.

Ken: [to Scot] Give me that gin and hurry up!

Alex: Look who's hogging it over here.

Scot: Now that we've got you in here you're gonna get a Texas beat down. [laughter]

Vicki: What's up with your fascination with [porn star] Raquel Darian?

All: Oh boy!

Shandy: First of all, she is a goddess and we're just in love with her. Period. She was at this titty bar in town, so we went down there, saw her, and brought her a CD and a t-shirt. She was really rude to everyone standing in line 'cause she was giving out autographs, plus her boyfriend was there. We thought she was gonna be rude to us so we gave her boyfriend our stuff and I guess he realized we weren't some crazy-ass hicks whacking off in the corner. He gave us their card and told us to call when we come through Vegas. He said that she's got all these chicks who are just as fine as she is and they love to have a good time. Oh, and they also...

All: [in unison] ...love rock and roll guys! [laughter]

Ken: What's the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you?

B.C.: Oh, shit! OK, I'll tell you mine. In high school, a buddy of mine and I took these two girls...

Scot: [shaking his head] No, you can't...

B.C.: Is it too incriminating?

Scot: It is. Let's stop the ...

B.C.: Never mind. It's shit I shouldn't be saying.

Vicki: Stop the tape!

Ken: Weirdest thing sober?

B.C.: That.

Ken: What kind of records do you guys have?

B.C.: I don't really have records. Just CDs.

Scot: I've got a great record collection.

Ken: You know what I'm talking about... I'm sure you do.

Shandy: I think he's talking about criminal records.

Ken: Yeah. Not records, but RECORDS.

Scot: Oh, criminal records! Nothing serious. A little here, a little there. We're all pretty straight. It's no big deal.

Shandy: I'm pretty clean. Just traffic tickets.

Alex: Traffic tickets.

B.C.: Yeah, we're real good boys now!

Shandy: Yeah, right.

Ken: Ever stick a firecracker up a cat's ass?

Scot: No, but [ex-Speeddealer/current Billyclub singer] Dave Woodard has! [hysterical laughter from everyone]

Ken: Figures.

[In between swills of gin, talk shifts to rap music, which causes Ken to choke. Roller are surprisingly big fans of Snoop Doggy Dogg.]

Shandy: Snoop Dogg's the artist from hell. He's bad.

Ken: He doesn't even live in Long Beach anymore.

Alex: So? We've all been kind of enlightened by Snoop Dogg.

Scot: Yeah. All of us have. It's kind of weird, but Snoop's just bad. Shandy turned us on to him.

Vicki: Wait, who's the Coolio fan here?

B.C.: I was, but I've been converted.

Alex: You haven't seen Coolio until you've seen him on "The Muppet Show." [laughter]

Ken: Anything else you wanna get off your chests?

Shandy: California's got some good weed.

Ken: That's it?

Shandy: We wanna catch every fuckin' fish there ever was!

B.C.: It's the eternal struggle between man and fish. I'm gonna win that battle. It's my goal in life.

Ken: What the hell are you talking about?

Shandy: Fishing. Important stuff. We totally love fishing.

Ken: Last time I went fishing I broke my wrist.

Scot: Must have been a big fuckin' fish!

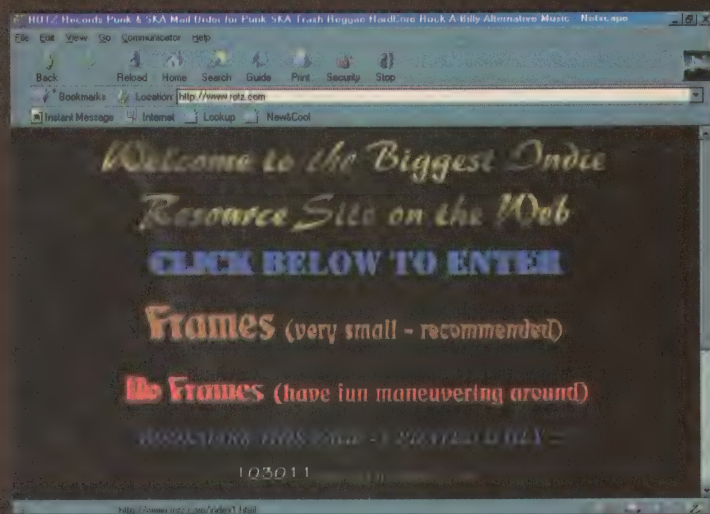
[Final note: On their way back home after this tour, Roller's van was pulled over for a moving violation and Alex and Shandy were taken in for [you guessed it] unpaid traffic tickets!]

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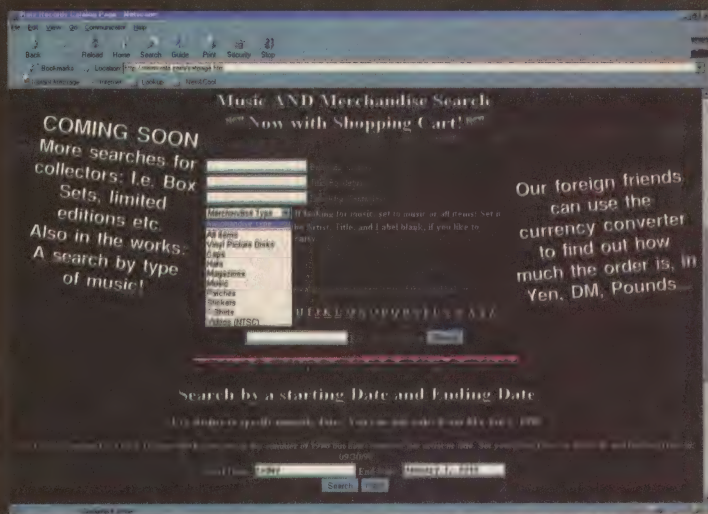
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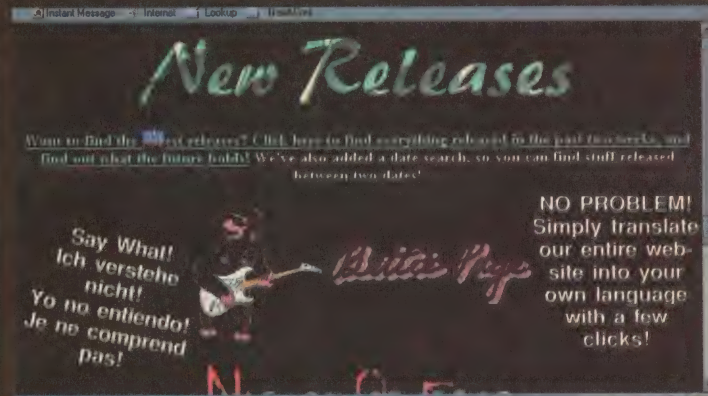
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Crow and Dexter of The Flat Duo Jets provided us with one of the years best interviews, not only because the boys are nice and thoughtful, but because we basically made a phone call and after everyone agreed that they wanted to do an interview we simply did it. No hassle, no bullshit.

Aside from being a couple of great guys, the Flat Duo Jets have been one of the best kept secrets of American rock'n'roll. Their music reflects their personalities - good rockin' with no bullshit. Read the interview, listen to some of their music and then go out and see them as soon as you can.

By AArtVark
& Morticia.

AArtVark: We saw you last time you played at Spaceland. We talked with you about doing an interview then, but it didn't happen.

Morticia: Yeah, we got stood up.

Crow: Yeah, um.... Sorry, I don't remember that.

Dexter: It could have easily happened.

Crow: I think we were trying to get away unharmed afterwards.

Dexter: Yeah, screaming girls...

Crow: ...or angry ticket-holders...

Dexter: ...angry boyfriends.

Crow: Ok, go ahead. Fire away.

Morticia: So when did you guys decide to sign to a major label?

Crow: Well we didn't really decide to, it was something that definitely had to happen and we've wanted for a while.

Dexter: There was no question that we would - meaning that if the opportunity presented itself. So it did and we did.

Crow: Couldn't have said it better myself.

Morticia: Are you guys going to start wearing jumpsuits and rock star attire now?

Crow: No, we don't have any plans of changing ourselves.

Dexter: No, I'm wearing the same thing I always wore.

Morticia: Yeah, I noticed that. I said, "There's Dexter, he still looks the same."

Crow: I mean, we're not really rolling in the big dough yet, so we can't afford... But I mean, it's really great that we're able to spend more time working on this record and really work on it for a change instead of going in three days and pounding out a record. Instead we had three months.

Morticia: So it took you three months.

Crow: I mean that's good. It's a good thing and it's the first time that it's happened to us. We're lucky. We're lucky to be with Outpost.

Dexter: We spent about six days recording the initial tracks and then the rest in Chapel Hill, North Carolina finishing it off.

Morticia: I was wondering, who does the backing vocals on the new record.

Crow: There's a lot of different backing vocals.

Dexter: We all did 'em. Eric and Chris and even Scott who produced it.

Crow: There's these guys in *Dag*, this band called *Dag*, they did some and then there's Dana...

Dexter: What did they do?

Crow: The one's on *Lonely Guy*, and they did a real good job with it. Better than I could've done... That's one of the real great things about this record, we have a lot of guests on it and I like what they do on it. I like all the guests and I love all their parts on the record. I thought it came out really really well. It's my favorite records of ours.

Morticia: I think it's really great... So how did you guys get together with the *Squirrel Nut Zippers*?

Dexter: Well, we live in the same town as them and we needed some horns and

Chris Stamey just called them up... I don't listen to their records all the time... I know them personally.

Crow: We've known them for a long time.

Morticia: For some reason I thought that they were from around here. I don't know why... I guess that there's so much advertisement for them...

Crow: Yeah, they're from Chapel Hill...

Dexter: Well, they're like global now...

Crow: Yeah, they are.

I mean, we're happy for them. I'm happy for them. I've known

Catherin Whalon for a really long time.

We both have. She's a really nice person.

Couldn't have happened to better people. *Tom Maxwell* is a good friend of mine from way back. He used to be a drummer actually, he's a great drummer actually.

Morticia: What do you guys think about this whole resurgence of swing and big bands coming back?

Crow: I've listened to it all my life, so it isn't a real resurgence to me. I mean I guess it is popular now. Everything that comes up comes down and everything has its time. I'm glad for it though 'cause I think it's good music.

Dexter: Yeah, I think it's good music but I think no one did *Billie Holiday* better than *Billie Holiday*...

Crow: Yeah, that's for sure - and no one does *Louis Armstrong* like *Louis Armstrong*... It's a music that had its time and I think that it's great that people are getting interested in that form of music, but I'll choose to listen to *Billie Holiday* and the older stuff because that's when it happened. Not to say that the swing bands of today are no good, I'm not saying that at all. I'm just saying...

Dexter: Well, we've done *Duke Ellington* songs in our set years ago and we had a part of that in our set but we didn't make it our whole show.

Crow: Right. We're not going to start dressing up in three piece suits.

Dexter: I like those suits, but...

Crow: Yeah, me too. Well, maybe we will. I don't know. It's one of those things... We're not slaves to fashion, let's just put it that way.

Morticia: So what's your favorite *Billie Holiday* song?

Crow: Oh, man that's a hard question. My favorite *Billie Holiday* song?

Dexter: I actually like *Ella* and *Sarah Vaughn* more than *Billie*. But I like early *Billie Holiday*.

Crow: Yeah, the earlier stuff is really good. That's a hard question. I really...

Dexter: Something like *Strange Fruit*...

Crow: There's not many *Billie Holiday* songs that I don't like. I'd be hard pressed to pick a favorite. I like *Louis* as lot. I listen to *Louis Armstrong* a lot. *What A Wonderful World* is one of my favorites...

Morticia: So, what is a "lucky eye"? Where did you get the name from?

Crow: It's just a sort of back woods hillbilly kind of number.

Dexter: I wanted us to cut it out near the house, my mom's house in the woods at night on an inexpensive tape recorder to get the real sound... But it's close enough. *Lucky Eye* is a...

Crow: Pretty primitive... The way I feel about it being a drummer... It's kind of a pirate. I think about pirates sometimes when I hear the song cause it's kind of got a "AARGH"... "Lucky eye matiel" You know, that kind of thing. I mean we've both... I mean, I don't speak for him, but for me my best gigs I'm not thinking that much but there's kind of a theme to each song...

Dexter: *Lucky Eye* is like a fine roll of the dice or something. It's sort of keep it sort of obscure. You make up what you think. Whatever works best for you.

Crow: That's true actually...

Morticia: I was going to ask about another song... In your *Hustle And Bustle* song you were talking about "modern life" and I was just wondering what you consider to be modern life?

Dexter: Well, I don't consider myself a part of it the way normal people are. It actually... The song came into my head when we first started rehearsal for this record and it was... Maybe it was a comment on how we were doing because we were hustlin' and bustlin' just to get ready for it. And uh... It was hard to slow down to get... We knew it was important for us so you know... We were hustlin' and bustlin' just to get ready for it.

Crow: Yeah, it was a lot of work. We put a lot of work into the record. That makes sense actually. I never really looked it that way.

Morticia: So I guess your musical influences

these days are pretty much the same as they have been in the past...

Dexter: Yeah...

Crow: Yeah, but I mean there are so many forms of music that influence Dexter and myself. I mean, I think that everything from swing to country to blues, jazz, rock n' roll... I love *The Who*, *Keith Moon* is one of my favorites. But *Gene Krupa* is the reason why I'm playin'. When I heard his version of *Sing Sing Sing* with *Benny Goodman's*, that's really, the drum solo in that - The live at *Carnegie Hall* version of that is what really inspired me to start playin'.

Dexter: I mean, I heard some *Hayden* classical last night and the chorus was the same as 50's ballads...

Crow: Yeah, classical is definitely a part of it...

Dexter: It's all really interconnected. I don't want to vote for just one thing. I hope to get away from that. I do like just good rock-'a-billy. I do like 50's rock n' roll a lot.

Crow: When we first started the band I would come over to his house and he had a great record collection at the time... We'd go to thrift stores and get these great records of the *Ventures* and *Gene Vincent* and *Buddy Holly* and *Eddie Cochran* - all these greats. But then, a lot more obscure stuff... Um, for instance, *Gene Pitney*, and more obscure stuff... *Janice Martin*, the *Collins Kids*... and we would sit around listening, you know, to all these different records.

Dexter: Yeah, I mean I still think that um, that kind of music was the best that rock'n'roll had to offer in terms of, you know, [laughs] *Foreigner* and *Foghat* and that kind of thing... But you know, in terms of rock'n'roll...

Crow: There's no bones about it, rock'n'roll... It is what it is and it speaks for itself. That's what we do. Our music. Listening to our record is a much better interview than anything I think.

Morticia: I think that after the last time that we saw you, you had a baby...

Crow: Uh, yeah. Well, she's a year and a half old. Her name is *Emaline* and my wife *Charlotte* and I have been married six years... She's doing well. She's a real good kid. Real smart, real happy. She's talkin' already, beginning to talk, and walkin' and she's healthy. Got some pictures of her if you want to see...

[we pass around pictures of Crow's daughter]

She's pretty much my life these days when I'm at home. When I'm not at home, the band's my life. The band's always been my life regardless, but she's a big part of what I'm up to.

Morticia: Do you guys still live in North Carolina?

Dexter: Yep.

Crow: Mm-hmm. Chapel Hill... My wife and I and *Emaline* live about fifteen minutes away from Chapel Hill out in the country.

Morticia: that sounds really nice.

Crow: It is. It's where I want to be.

Morticia: Would you guys ever consider moving to Los Angeles or to a big city...

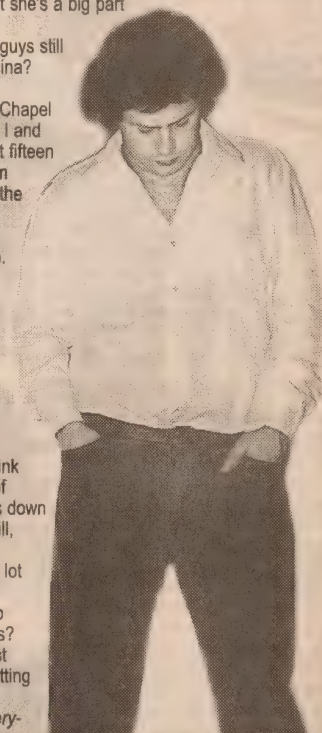
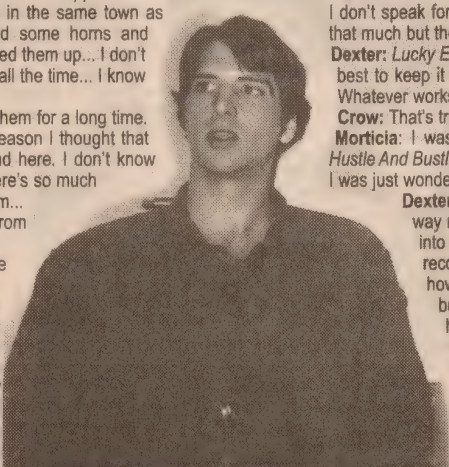
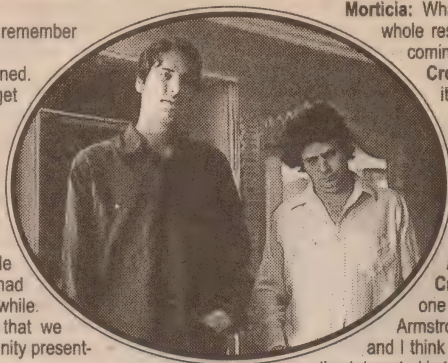
Crow: Yeah.

Dexter: Sure, I think about it. I'm sort of putting more roots down there in Chapel Hill, but...

Crow: We have a lot of friends there...

Morticia: What do you mean by roots?

Dexter: Well, I just umm... I'm just getting settled there after twenty years. Every-



FLAT DUO JETS

NOTE: The Flat Duo Jets were interviewed by AArtVark & Morticia at the Park Plaza Hotel & Tower in Century City, California on September 1, 1998. All photos by AArtVark & Morticia with the exception of the video stills on the color page which are captured from *The Best of the Cutting Edge Volume 1* and the background image which is from the cover of *Lucky Eye* which is also used as an insert on the same page.

one laughs] I don't want to move to a town where I don't really know anybody - not right now.

Crow: Yeah, I'm happy there. It's a small town, you know. There's a lot of good bands from there, I think. *Southern Culture's* from there... I like Zen Frisbie, they're a local band from around there that I listen to a lot... I've got my friends...

Dexter: It's a good contrast after being on the road.

Crow: It is. I think that why we... Speaking for myself, that's why I've been able to stay there so long... It's because the band has really afforded us the ability to get away and come back. It's a great town to go away and come back to.

Morticia: I know that you guys have gone on quite a few tours...

Dexter: We work as hard as we can...

Morticia: Speaking of touring, I was wondering when you're out driving late at night, have you ever had any encounters with UFO's or...

Crow: Yeah, I have!

Morticia: Would you mind telling us about it?

Crow: No. I guess I wouldn't mind. Dex wasn't there... It was a long, long time ago. Actually it wasn't on tour. But Dex and I have seen all kinds of strange things on tour, but this was just a... Funny you mention it 'cause Katherine Waylon, the singer from the *Squirrel Nut Zippers* was in the car with me... We just saw this light. It came into the car and lit it all up and I thought it was a helicopter, but it wasn't makin' any noise. It just looked like a helicopter, but it was too small to be a helicopter and it wasn't... It's just one of those unexplainable things that happens. We were going over a bridge... So, it was flying, it wasn't making any noise and it was shining a light in the car for a few seconds. It just kind of followed us for a few seconds then it went away and I couldn't see where it went. But it flipped me out. It changed my life because after that I had a much more open mind when people... When freaky people would go, "I just saw a UFO!" I wouldn't necessarily discount it... But I'm not saying they exist. I don't have any opinions about it one way or the other. I mean as far as I know, it could have been some kind of military device that we don't know about. So I mean, I don't know what it was. I don't claim to know what it was. Maybe it was a helicopter and I was just stoned...

Dexter: I tend to see 'em when we're not on the road...

Crow: Actually, both of us have had experiences seeing weird things we can't explain.

Morticia: What are they?

Dexter: I don't know, 'cause I don't get close enough for me to ask 'em...

Morticia: Is it just getting tired and hallucinating from being tired...

Dexter: I don't think so. Not for me.

Morticia: What do you think you've seen?

Crow: Oh, all kinds of things. Some under the influence...

Dexter: Celestial chariots from other dimensions...

Crow: Cloud people looking at me. We're going to sound like a couple of freaks if we keep on with this stuff...

Dexter: I think it sounds pretty acceptable.

Crow: That's true, that's what we are anyways, so it doesn't matter what people think...

Morticia: I think it's interesting and I like talking about stuff like that.

Crow: I do too... I think it's really interesting. I don't know what to think... Chatheryn said it too. It woke her boyfriend up at the time up. He was sleeping and right when he woke up, it went away... It was really weird. It had a great effect on me. I was real scared, let's put it that way. I was driving sixty, but then when I say that I went up to seventy and then it disappeared.

Morticia: I've heard all kinds of weird stories. I have a friend (Stevem2) who I used to work with who said that one night while he was driving down the 405 Freeway going home he saw a bunch of stadium lights in a row hovering over the freeway and it followed him for a really long time and then it just disappeared.

Crow: See, I don't discount those stories...

Morticia: So, how do you guys manage to fend off the massive amount of groupies that you've accumulated over the years.

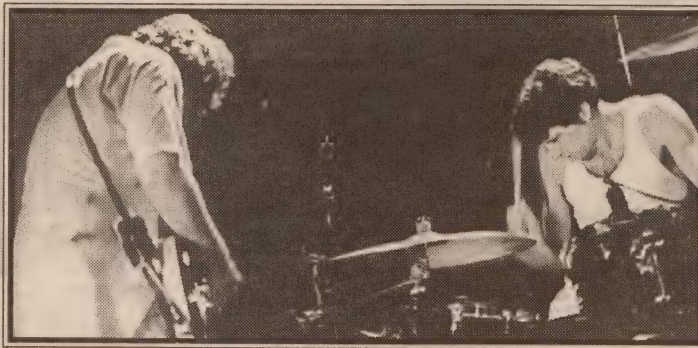
[everyone laughs]

Dexter: I don't fend them off.

Crow: Neither one of us have to fend them off. It's not a hard job...

Dexter: When you're lucky you're lucky and when you're not you're not.

Crow: Our fans are good people. I mean, I usually don't fend people off. Usually I'm pretty approachable and Dexter's usually approachable. If people want to come and talk to us they can. We're not going to bite anybody. We're just regular Joe's doing



our job and it's no more special than anyone else's job. I mean, that's the way I look at it. I think the music is special. I think that the Flat Duo Jets' music has a lot to offer everybody including ourselves...

Morticia: I've been a fan for years and years and everyone I've introduced your music to has fallen in love with it. Like AArtVark's a big fan now... Right after I moved here from Texas over three years ago and saw that you guys were playing, it was something that we had to go to.

Crow: We really appreciate it. We take that kind of stuff to heart, you know. I mean, it's not nothin' to us that people dig it. I want people to dig it. I want everybody to hear it and decide whether they like it. If they do... I've had people come up to me after shows - couples, and they'll tell me that they met each other at one of our shows and now they've been married for five years. Stuff like that really blows your head off and makes you realize what are some important things happening in your life and important ways that you affect other people...

Morticia: That's really cool that you guys appreciate it and we appreciate you too... Do you guys mind if I ask a couple more questions? Are you getting tired...

Dexter: I'm not.

Crow: No, go ahead.

Morticia: I just was just wondering... when and where do you usually write your songs? What kind of environment...

Dexter: Usually they're very unconscious. To me it's like a stairway into my unconscious and I'll take a journey out there and see what's floatin' around. Dreams, after dream state... Um, observations on life. Other artists, modulating their rhythms and stuff... Inner personal stuff.

Crow: Everything. You've written a lot of songs away from home and at home.

Dexter: Yeah, hotel rooms...

Crow: I usually... It takes me a very long time to write a song I feel confident enough to introduce to Dexter for the band, so I've had just a few songs that I've written and they've always been written at home just sitting around plunkin' on the guitar and coming up with somethin' that I like. But, he's the main songwriter as far as that stuff goes. I love his songs. I love the songs on this record, I'm glad it's all original songs... He doesn't tell me what to play and I don't tell him what to play, we just play together and we've done it for a really long time. He'll give me suggestions that are really good and I'll use them if I think it's really appropriate and usually I do 'cause usually they're pretty appropriate. I respect his ability and he respects mine, we're pretty equal in our own respects.

Morticia: Looks like I've been asking all of the good questions. Do you have any left?

AArtVark: Yeah, I wanted to ask if the *Mausoleum* was still there.

Dexter: Naw, that burned up in a terrible night in 1987...

Morticia: What happened?

Dexter: LSD and um... A bad trip.

[laughter from Crow and Dexter]

Crow: Well, also a plastic candle holder...

Dexter: Yeah, a plastic candle holder, LSD....

Crow: Yeah, it was a bad night... I saw him later on and it was a pretty

bad night.

Dexter: I felt really responsible... I don't do acid any more.

AArtVark: We saw it on the *Cutting Edge Happy Hour*...

Dexter: Well, it's immortalized.

Morticia: You've got that little cup attached to your jacket...

Dexter: Yeah, that was a friend of ours' invention. We did a lot of drinkin' back then...

Crow: We were much harder partiers back then. But we were seventeen, so...

Morticia: What was the deal with the coffin coffee table?

Dexter: A friend of ours saw that out in the woods and we all went out there and got it one day.

Morticia: So you didn't actually go out and dig it up?

Dexter: Naw. I don't think it was a real one. I think it was a fake.

Crow: That's one of the places where we would go and listen to records.

Morticia: I really liked the video...

AArtVark: Do you look at the greater production value as just a natural step in evolving the music?... Or is it just something different?

Crow: I do and I don't. I'm still into making recordings that have mistakes and where any-

thing can happen. I still want to experiment with that too. I would like to get the best of both worlds or something. We've done a lot of records like that, where you go in for three days and have a record - it's great, I love that. He's made recordings on a tape recorder that couldn't have sounded better if he would have produced them to a t. and they're just right for the songs... But I'm proud of this record. I think Scott (Litt) is incredible and he's a great producer and he's a great guy... and a friend. I think he did a major great job on this record. I think everybody worked really hard. But I think he's right, there's still songs that we could do primitively that would sound good that way...

AArtVark: Have you gotten any ideas from this recording experience of what direction you might want to go into.

Dexter: Well, we're still comin' down from this one before we can get to work on the next one. It's one at a time for us.

AArtVark: When did you finish?

Dexter: About two months ago.

Crow: Also, we don't look at our band as going in any particular direction. It's hard to say because we have wills and we can exercise them, but the music kind of evolves on it's own and his songwriting has gotten better and better - I think, in my opinion it's that it keeps getting better. Our best record is the next one is how I look at it, but this one I'm very proud of. It's probably the first record that we've put out that I can put on in front of my friends and not feel a little weird about that.

Morticia: Really?

Crow: Yeah. I've always been proud of our records and I like them all, but it's always been hard for me in the past to just put it on in front of friends. I always feel a little self conscious, but I don't with this one... I guess you'll hear the direction in the next record after this one.

Morticia: Are you going to go on tour for this record?

Crow: Well, we're gonna take some time... Dex and I both need a little time at home to recover from this project and just kind of gather ourselves. But we're going to tour, definitely, for this record. Like I said, it's our job and I love it. It's fun, I love the job. There's certain parts that I don't like, but overall I'm not a musician that likes to complain about his job. I have a good time doing this.

Morticia: I think it's pretty obvious that you both love what you do. I don't think it would have lasted this long and you would have put out so many records.

Dexter: We're probably going to take a month off and then probably be back to do a tour.



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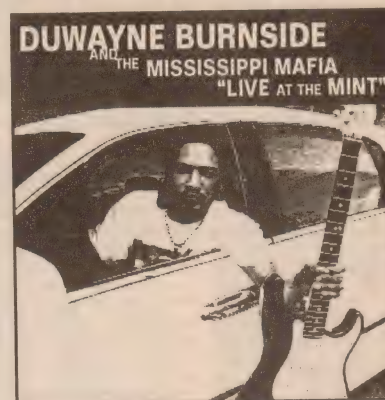
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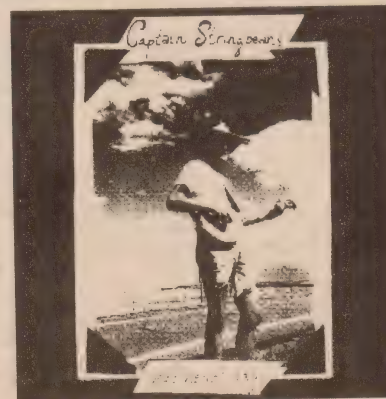
Look Out!!! Upcoming releases; Rangewar, Buttermilk and Jon Tiven from Jim Carrol Band.



Duwayne "Superfly" Burnside vocals and guitar; Ms. Mafia includes David Kimbrough Jr., Cedric Burnside, Rev. Tallhead, Mighty Joe Hill, and Duwayne's father, all smokin' it up "Live at the Mint."



Rev. Tallhead has played with the likes of Bo Diddley, R.L. Burnside, John Fogerty, Iggy Pop, Big Joe Turner, Muddy Waters, Tom Waits, Top Jimmy, Memphis Slim, Johnny Adams, Bob Dylan and shitload of others.



The Capt. ain't had a landlord in over ten years. Been hoppin' trains to and fro', like a piece of American Newspaper, blowin' across the nation. Last heard "rollin'" and tumblin' at Waterloo Records in Austin.

RECORD REVIEWS



16

"Scott Case" *
Early recordings of this powerful band recorded between '92-'93. I only have one release by 16 and that is "Blaze of Incompetence," which rages. Based on my only reference, I would say that these recordings are rawer but just as potent. Some of the songs are faster than the release that I have. The songs do carry over my impression of this band - pure sludge power - raunchy power chords over bashing drums. The bass is tuned low to give that bellowing power. For those who want more rock in their punk or for people who thought heavy metal was too clean. Here is a quote I kind of remember from Jean Luc of Headline Records when I asked him about 16, "They absolute bulldoze you over but you can't seem to move when you see them live." -Donothedead (Pessimiser, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

20 MILES
"I'm a Lucky Guy" *

There's not a whole lot of info on the sleeve, but I'm pretty sure this is a two piece unit - guitar and drums with vocals and some harmonica, made up of two brothers whose last name is Bauer. This is on a label that has been putting out material by ancient, relatively obscure blues men such as T-Model Ford. 20 Miles is a bit more sprightly, but the two young bucks remind me, at times, of the Bassholes, who have the same kind of minimal blues groove going on. The production is good and both musicians are in fine form. Obviously, this type of line up can sound thin, but, for the most part, 20 Miles manage to create a lush sound with finger picking mixed with chording and clever use of low end drums to simulate a bass. Strong songs about everything under the sun, mostly friends and relationships, done with a soulful feel and occasional whine. -P. Edwin Letcher (Epitaph/Fat Possum, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655)

30 AMP FUSE
"Revind" *

This band admires ALL. Lots, by the sound of it. Gets ya just about right there. -Jessica (Melled, 21-41 34th Ave., Ste. 10A, Astoria, NY 11106 (www.melledrecords.com))

50 MILLION
"Bust the Action" *

Noisy and raucous hardcore that's crashing and exploding while retaining distinct cohesion, which is a pretty good trick. Funny samples and cute acoustic parts, the inclusion of which give you a clue that this is a little maverick and not just straight ahead "I hate the president! Arrghhh!" Or maybe it's the influence of their SF locale that makes 'em seem just a little wacky. They mix up the fierceness with some melodic pop punk numbers but also make sure to dissociate the listener with weird arty parts as well. Thick and varied, clocking in at 26 songs in 45 minutes. -Squeaky (Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, SF, CA 94146-0402)

88 FINGERS LOUIE

"Back on the Streets" *

Chicagocore (Chi-town melodicore) stalwarts 88 Fingers are back, but this time their sound is California melodic punk in the Fat/Fearless vein, rather than the shredding melodic hardcore I was hoping for. This record hasn't got the flatout assault that I liked so very much in their earlier material, instead they have a sound part of the time scarily similar to old Blount (RIP), which is OK; and elsewhere Cali-cloncore, which sucks. Some of the songs do have that killer, perfect blend of pretty melody and ferocious assault, but they are too few. It's excellently done. They play their asses off, very tight and quick. So why am I griping? Because I listen to intention more than skill and style. And the intention here is rather pop - "pop" being short for "popular" which is what this sounds like it wants to be. You just can't imagine this CD blowing a fart in public, know what I mean? The most honest sounding track to me is their cover of the Bad Brains "Fearless Vampire Killers" which indicates their love of the band that invented hardcore. 16 songs on this product, done too much by the numbers. -ShitEd (Hopeless, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

ABSTAIN/ARSEDESTROYER
"Live Aboard the MS Stutnitz" *

This was recorded over in Europe when local grind-masters Abstain were over there. With a little help from their buddies in Arsedestroyer, and a few other cool

people, this CD happened. Arsedestroyer explode all over the place with their 17 tracks of noisecore and thrash with some pretty hilarious in-between noise banter. Great stuff. Next up, Abstain tear into 13 tracks of their classic grind and thrash. This shows how intense this band is live. One great ripper after another. Both bands turn in excellent performances. Pick this up for a good thrashing. -Thrashhead (In League With Satan, PO Box 1418, Fortitude Valley, Q 4006, Australia)

ACREDINE

Self-titled *

Italian punk mixed with weird breaks and weird chord progressions. All of the songs are sung in Italian but do come with English translations. The song structures are sort of off beat. They progress like most songs then end up somewhere it should not be, right at the end of the chord structure. Every once in a while you hear something might have been played wrong but you are not sure if it was intentional. The vocals also have a strange tone to it like it is not actually the vocals that go with the song. Very interesting and almost mesmerizing because I am over analyzing every little piece of a song. Definitely breaks up the monotony of hearing over and over the formulaic, generic punk that has saturated the market. This stimulates my senses. Give this to me any day. -Donothedead (Vacation House, Via S. Michele, 56, 13069 Vigliano Biellese, Italy)

ACTIVE MINDS

"The National Lotta E" *
Another great record from Active Minds. Great punk and hardcore, with those excellent trademark lyrics. Eight tracks of killer polycratic hardcore here. -Thrashhead (Looney Tunes, 69 Wykeham St., Scarborough, N. Yorks, YO12 7SA, England)

ADAMANTUM

"From the Depth of Depression" *

Huntington Beach metalcore. Like I have said before, kids want something with a bite and metal is coming back. Since the major labels aren't supporting metal anymore, the indies will. No long hair here, though. But the bite is even harsher. The music is full of personal pain and cuts like a knife. The drummer knows how to use those double kicks to perfection. The bass is punchy and forceful. The guitarist ties it all up with a mixture of hard stumming and aural fills. Just reading the lyrics of the writer's personal demons made me reflect a little. You just can't hide the fact that the music still makes you bang your head. -Donothedead (Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5781)

AMBUSH

"Rumors" *

The second release from former Scorn/Napalm Death dub outlaw Mick Harris's record label - Possible. So great, this release, it totally re-arose my interest in techno and the art of mixing. Hard beats but not too fast. Just dark, spooky rhythms cascading the dance-floor. Very hip artwork as well, while keeping the whole project minimalist as fuck. Killer rekid. -Bart (Possible, Unit 28 Birmingham Business Centre, 31 Mount St., Nechells, Birmingham, B7 5RD, UK. Also through Invisible)

AMULET

"Diamond" *

Powerful east coast-sounding four piece from Norway. Musically, they reminded me of Misconduct from Sweden. Punk overlaid heavily with metal riffings. I would swear that the singer sounds like someone from NY or the east coast. Their influences are worn strongly on their shoulders. I swear, as soon as I sit down in front of my computer to type, the side is over. I can barely get a sentence in. I say this was a good introduction to a new band. -Donothedead (Cylinder, Schweigaardsgt. 77, 0656 Oslo, Norway)

ANOTHER NOTHING

"New Breed" *

Testosterone-driven east coast metalcore. Mean as fuck release from these bad boys from New Jersey. The song "Still the Same" reminded me of Creed in its

ballad-like style. "Elysian Fields" reminded me of Alice in Chains because of the vocal intro, then it sounded like Strife. The highlight of this release for me is "Facade." More punk than metal, it goes from a tribal intro into full blast east coast style hardcore. The chorus changes vocal styles from the screaming to being sung. Included also in the chorus is the band's shouted chants. These guys have enough diversity to keep it interesting and not falling into a formula trap. It's funny how metal has infiltrated the punk scene again after all the backlash it got the last time around during the '80s. I'm fine with it though. I enjoyed it the last time around and enjoy it as much today. -Donothedead (Chord, PO Box 15793, Philadelphia, PA 19103)

ANOTHER NOTHING

"New Breed" *

If I had never heard Helmet, Corrosion of Conformity, Prong, or Biohazard before, I might think this was mildly amazing. As it is, come on guys... is that all there is? Seriously underwhelming. -Kirin (Chord)

ANTI-PACIFISTS, THE

"New Breed" *

The band's pictures charmingly xeroxed into the homemade J-card show libertyspike and mohawk types. The music is right in line with that: crude, rough, aggro, Brit-style early streetpunk. I kinda like their sound because it is so unashamedly offensive and punk. I do not at all understand why they wrote a thanks to NOFX, except that they put a question mark after it so I presume they're joking. I suppose it is possible in punk music to be more removed from the NOFX sound than this - powerlessness maybe! Four songs of '77 punk and one thrash number. I like that one best. -ShitEd (The Anti-Pacifists, 250 Elm St. Apt #412, Long Beach, CA 90802)

ANTI HEROS/DROPKICK MURPHYS
"Split" *

De-luxe packaging: full color gatefold, silky-feeling coating. According to the live picture, the Anti Heros have bigger 'fro's than I remember, but the music's as powerful and stripped down as I remember; straddling American punk and oi, with hints of the Clash and a singer who sounds like he's in a constant strain, trying not to completely blow up, showing their pride by stripping down the principles of current America, as evidenced by "Rich People Don't Go to Jail," and "Election Day" (as in, you have to buy your election) recorded live at CBGB's. Good, solid shit. Dropkick Murphys: This may be the last thing released with their former vocalist but I could be wrong. What we've got here is an alternate, slam-the-empty-glass-down-to-alert-the-bartender-of-the-importance-of-another-round version of "The Road of the Righteous" to the version that saw its way onto the "Do or Die" LP on Hellcat. Speed and power never hurt any band. The flipside is "The Guns of Brixton," and substituting (again I'm guessing) the Clash's opening zigger fish sounds with bottles clinking. I also may be a blasphemer, but christomighty, this is a riot on vinyl that's a fingernail's width away from matching (if not overcomng) the original. That's fucking tough. (All real conjecture and name calling aside, the Dropkicks could lay waste to any reformed version of the Clash if they decide to go on the "We wear Levi's and Big Audio Dynamite II wasn't such a good idea" tour.) -Todd (TKO, 4101 24th St., #103, SF, CA 94114)

APOCALYPSE THEATRE

"Cain or an Open Vein" *

Not only is this record a complete waste of time, you should see the promo material. A bunch of glorified fish stories. If you didn't know the band, you would think they've been out conquering the world, taking on a vagabond lifestyle "for their art." What a fucking load. To say the band goes out, ditches on "friends," and takes an over-advantage of hospitality would be a understatement. They're not the traveling gods their dealers, err, sellers, ah... the label wants you to think. And speaking of information, Galaxy Chamber's own Crystal sings a few back ups. -Bart (Hollows Hill)

ARTURO
"Isterico" *

11 tracks of killer Italian hardcore that Arturo do so well. The thing I really like about this band is that they took that classic early '80s Italian hardcore sound and brought it into the '90s. Think of a current version of early Negazione or Peggio Punx. These guys just kick some major ass. Fucking brilliant. -Thrashhead

ASSHOLE PARADE

"Lighive" 8" *

This is an Asshole Parade set recorded from KFJC radio. It's just straight ripping thrash all the way through. Great, intense stuff that Asshole Parade are known for. This EP Blisters. -Thrashhead (Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510)

ASSMEN, THE
"Burgerbreath" *

Four songs: "Beer Is Good Food," "Adjusting My Nuts," "Picking Up the Soap," and the title track. This is what punk rock is like when you learn it in a locker room. I'm not passing judgment here. -Juan Bastos (Intensive Scare, PO Box 142, NY, NY 10002-0142)

ASSORTED JELLYBEANS

"What's Really Going on?" *

God, I hate that stupid bar code strip that they put on top of CDs that are a pain in the ass trying to get off. They never come off clean and always tears into little parts. Then you spend the rest of your precious time trying to get off that damn adhesive residue. It's bad enough that most CDs cost over 12 bucks. You have to sit there and futz with it to get the damn thing open. Also while I'm bitching, why do record stores have to put the price tag on the damn record cover! Half the time you peel it pulls of the cover or there is all that adhesive residue again! Back to reality and this review. I ran out and actually paid to get this once I found AJB put out a new release. I know most of you including me are tired of ska but this is "anti-ska." Don't get too into that ska title. These guys play full on schizitza ska punk that just falls into a category of their own. Their formula is pure fun and they definitely don't follow the ska blueprint. They play almost to the point that they really don't know how to play or have any singing talent most of the time. Just three guys having fun. The rawness is infectious and the lyrics are belly aching silly. I can't believe these guys can't put a smile on the face of the most serious goth scenerist. I still think the Vandals are geniuses by putting these guys out. If you feel as strongly as I do on this release, go out and buy their previous release because it is just as good. -Donothedead (Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740)

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE
"Behold, I Shall Do a New Thing" *

Atom is the guy, and his package is a sequencer. You've heard of hardcore punk, how about hardcore new wave. I saw Atom And His Package perform, and it was fucking brilliant. Seeing one guy singing and playing guitar, jamming to a sequencer was pretty cool. Not only that, his lyrics are real clever and hilarious. Check this as well as his other releases out. He just might be onto something. -Thrashhead (Vital Music, PO Box 210, NY, NY, 10276)

ATTILIO MINEO conducts
"Man in Space with Sounds" *

The cover stopped me in my tracks on a recent buying frenzy. It's almost exactly the same as one of the Man or Astro Man? covers. After checking things out a little I realized that theirs was most likely taken from this rather than the other way around. In fact, I'd imagine this record was a fairly large inspiration for their whole sampled bits and sci-fi based instrumental shenanigans. The music here is orchestral with synthesized, outer space-inspired sound effects that was written in 1951, recorded in 1959 and released to the public as part of the 1962 Seattle State World's Fair. The tunes are meant to evoke an awe of a technological future and were broadcast over hi-fi equipment on various rides and attractions at the Fair and have some swingin' titles: "Gayway to Heaven," "Soaring Science," "Mile-A-Minute Monorail," "Man Seeks the Future" and "Boeing Spacearium." Tunes 1 through 12 include spoken intros, 13 through 24 are the same instrumental pieces without the commentary. Esquivel-loving lounge freaks should embrace this too. -P. Edwin Letcher (Subliminal Sounds, St Paulsgatan 16 SE-118 46 Stockholm, Sweden)

BABY SNUFFIN

"Pokey in the Bobo" ❄

Imagine this, if you will... heavily south-of-the-border influenced folk-laden (gulp!) ska. That's just about the only way that I can give a description on this band. I mean, hell, you even have violin, mandolin, assorted brass, and accordion here, and ya know what? Even though I absolutely ban the downpour of these recent so-called "ska" bands, these guys have something that clicks. Not your average wipe-my-ass-with skacore/losers. These fuckers have something that's refreshing - not too much ska, yet not too much Spanish influence - an even balance that's turned even THIS writer's fat head. Check it out at your next possible convenience. -Designated Dale (Heyday, 2325 3rd St. SF, CA 94107)

BABYLAND

"Outlive Your Enemies" ❄

This local hard techno industrial veterans are at it again. This particular release is more dance oriented than thrash oriented like their past releases. Although the intensity hasn't gone down one iota, and neither has the noise. Good hard industrial, draped around the sound of pounding metal and various other forms of junk that sound cool when you beat them. The songs are very structured, and the lyrics are still really good. It's good to see these guys still putting good stuff out. A good CD all around. -Thrashead (Mattress, PO Box 41349, LA, CA 90041)

BABYLAND

"Outlive Your Enemies" ❄

How annoying. Juvenile soapbox philosophizing about... what? A whole bunch of angry-sounding words, dumped over the musical equivalent of Top-Ramen Leftover Surprise. The lyrics read like a poem by a 9-year-old, upon returning from his anger-management therapy, and the music sounds like an electronic rudderless mess. I suppose this sort of "music" is the natural result of the Culture of Complaint; scream a lot about nothing, and make sure you look good doing it. Angst is so sexy. Chicks dig it. -Kirin (Mattress)

BAD SAMARITANS

"D-R-R" ❄

I heard this on a CD-R while I was over at the label's apartment (you don't think punk labels have offices do you?) while we drank beer and watched Oscar de la Hoya pound the shit out of Julio Cesar Chavez. There aren't enough bands of this obnoxious kind left anymore. El Duce is dead and the Mentors just aren't the same without him. Flipper seems to have quit also, and even if they are merely taking a break, their shows are rehashes of their old material with Brandon Cruz singing for the long-dead Will Shatter. The Nig Heist is long gone. I heard that Hickey has quit. That pretty much leaves the Bad Sams as one of very few surviving California punk bands specializing in being hilariously offensive. Like the Mentors, the Bad Sams like to do deliberately bad metal, which coming from a crazed punk band allows for almost endless parody possibilities. This is good stuff, layered with weird samples, and musically the songs are either send-up Black Sabbath/Slayer or violent Neo-style thrash. Out on a CD on Burning Tree by the time this review gets published in Flipside, these songs are funny as hell and rage in their own twisted way. I can hardly wait for the CD; the thought of "Jesus Was a Leatherbag" being on a CD is just too much, ha ha! -ShitEd (Burning Tree)

BANE

"Holding This Moment" ❄

These guys have a great web site, check it out if you purchase this release. East Coast, straight edge '90s style with a metal overtone. The production is high, except the lead vocals sounded a little flat and could have used a boost in my opinion. The guitars are punchy and flow without sounding thin. The bass and drums are recorded loud and accent the music perfectly. The choruses have the mandatory group yell to boot. The one thing I like about straight edge is the lyrics are thought out and thought provoking. I may not be a believer of the genre but the music is always a good listen. Hey, I'm drinking a beer as I'm listening to this. A good listen which should get better and better after multiple listens. I would put this right up there with the latest Strife or Integrity release. If you are reading this and you like this genre of punk, look for the bands that you haven't heard of. You will be more satisfied in the long run and you can turn your friends onto something special. -Donothedead (Equal Vision, PO Box 14, Hudson, NY 12534)

BATMAN PUKE

"Living in Fear" ❄

'80s style hardcore chock full 'o attitude here with songs like "Hey Punx" ("Perhaps we've got a chance, for that you need a kick/sure there's a lot of work, 'cause you're so full of shit"). And, Batman Puke has got two singers to boot, Eric and Simone, who, by the way, keep it all goin' 100 mph. If European 1-2 fuck you riffs are a way of life to any of ya, fit this little

disc into your daily schedule. -Designated Dale (Plastic Bomb, Gustav-Freytag Str. 18, 47057 Duisburg, Germany)

BATTERY

"some crap new single" ❄

Poser "industrial" garbage remixed by the same. -Bart (COP International)

BATTLELUST

"Of Battle and Ancient Warcraft" ❄

When asked how they get the ideas for their music, Battelust exclaimed: "We like to steal all the little riffs that you can't remember from early Slayer and Exodus albums, then we top it off with flesh melting cliché black metal references!" -J.Cyco (Pavement, PO Box 50550, Phoenix, AZ 85076)

BEACHWOOD SPARKS

"Desert Skies" ❄

Squeaky clean pop with the sweetest harmonies since the Moody Blues. "Desert Skies" has a country tinge and jingle jangle guitar tone. I couldn't help but think of Buffalo Springfield and Poco, especially when the mid to slow tempo groove shifted down to a whisper for the trippy middle section. On the flip, "Make It Together," I got a strong impression that these happy go lucky melody meisters would make a swell family-oriented TV rock band along the lines of the Partridge Family. Peaceful, easy-feelings. -P. Edwin Letcher (Bomp!, PO Box 71123, Burbank, CA 91510)

BEFF

"Thinking in a Drunk Tank, Drunk in a Think Tank" ❄

The silk screened cover immediately reminded me of that homemade emo-hardcore crossover stuff that comes from the likes of labels such as Gravity or Vermiform. The music inside the package is weird, often atonal, and then breaking out into melody, no-wave, noisy and fuzzy, with some chutza and natural passion even when they do a song called "Dirge." Whiny and twangy (read sorta country like) nasal vocals. Thick texture - I like the layer of static on top. Sorta experimental, sorta indie radio friendly in the same way as lo-fi heroes like Guided by Voices but even more diy to the point of making me wonder what rock they crawled out from under. Oh, Albany. -Squeaky (Shithouse Rat, PO Box 2308, Albany, NY)

BELIZBEHA

"Void Where Inhibited" ❄

Things not associated with Flipside do get sent in for review and this is one of them. A mixture of soul/hip hop and jazz. Kinda of a mix of Brand New Heavies meets Jamiroquai. The groove is definitely on though. From what I got off their website they have two female vocalists and one male rapper trading off the duties of singing and they have four musicians backing them. Talk about a full touring van. -Donothedead (www.Belizbeha.com)

BELVEDERE

"Because No One Stopped Us" ❄

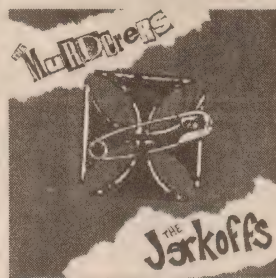
Fast, very fast, and clean straight edge styled hardcore, sometimes technical and often melodic. The lead vocalist tries to really sing and they also do harmony back ups. Good solid performance and just full enough production. Are you guys all on the honor roll or what? Are you all popular kids or nerdy outcasts? You seem oh so clean-cut and are in such good shape I would say you're stereotypical "All Americans" except that there are also lots of European kids just like you, too. I do welcome the speed and stop-start on a dime pyrotechnics though I'd like this more if it were just a tad harsher on the surface. But then I read the lyrics (while he sings clean, this shit's just too fast for the words to be decipherable otherwise) and he's singing about Steve Austin 3:16 and shit. One song's called "my girlfriend only likes me when she's drunk." The mix of this sense of humor and serious sounding formulaic (albeit kick ass) hardcore is just so absurd I had to laugh despite how inane it is. I like this but I can only listen about halfway through before I get tired and change discs. I'm actually pretty out of touch with whoever the audience for this is but I highly recommend this release to them. -Squeaky (Two-O-Six, 8314 Greenwood Ave. N., Suite 102, Seattle, WA 98103 /Hourglass, PO Box 223, 440-10816 Macleod Trail S., Calgary, AB T2J 5N8 Canada)

BEN GRIM

"In the Air" b/w "Civilization's Dying" ❄

Supercleaned with cyclonic sucking action and a lot sharper musical blade than the cover of disproportionate and eighth-grade charming "superheroes" (bone man, mechanic with wrench man, caveman wrestler man (all three with exact same faces), flying O man with a detached ovary sizzling out of his right hand, and Rev Norb Spocking it up) hinted at. Melodic and harmonized in an American Buzzcockian way, but with more separation of the vocals from the instruments. (i.e., you can zone out on any instrument, and it's doing great things, not just keeping a beat.) The Zero Boys' cover is downright punchy, motivated, and bristly. Thumbs up. -Todd (Gumshoe, 5500 Prytania St., Box #133, New Orleans, LA 70115)

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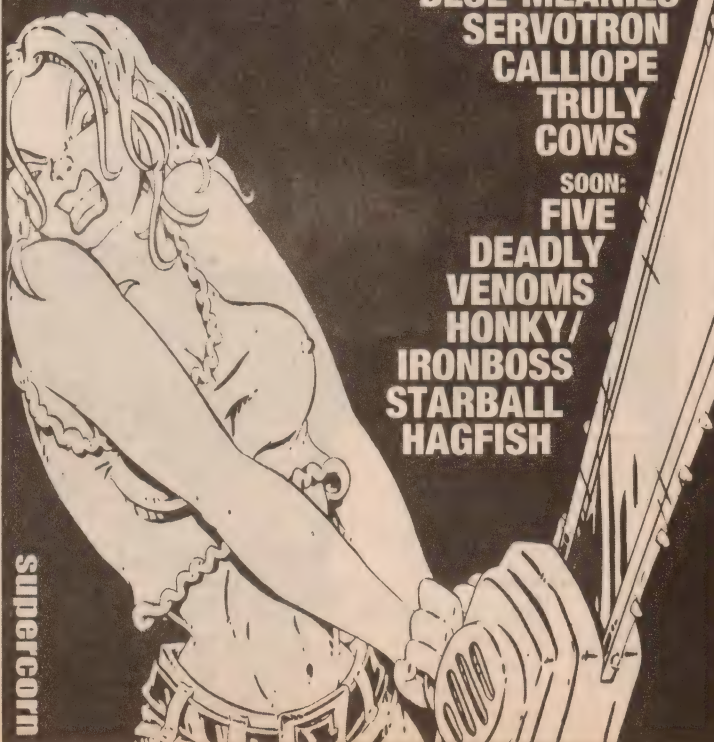
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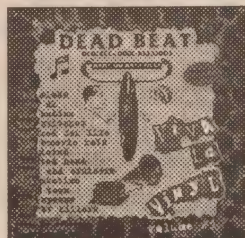
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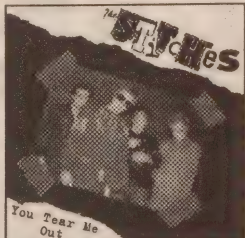
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BENUMB

"Soul of a Martyr" ✖

The Bay area's extreme thrash unit finally get a full length, and of course it fucking smokes. A whole bunch of short thrashers that cut you to little pieces, like ultra sharp ginsu knives from fucking hell - as well as one long slow dirge, sludgcore song that's like being dragged through miles of broken glass, face down. Of course. Is that intense enough for you? If not, you're already dead. This also has their "Gear in the Machine" 7", and their splits with Apt 213, and Agoraphobic Nosebleed, and part of the set recorded at Fiesta Grande #5. This will you fuck up from start to finish. Highly recommendable thrash here, fucking ultrabrutal. -Thrashead (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

BENUMB

"Gear in the Machine" ○ EP

Six monster scorches from the madmen in Benumb. Real intense grind thrash that doesn't let up for a second. Brutal playing and great lyrics. Chalk up another great release from Benumb. -Thrashead (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

BETHLEHEM

"Reflektionen auf's Sterben" ✖ EP

Remixes and live studio recordings from some of the blackest of the black metal ghouls Red Stream could dig up. What, you think black metallers have no sense of humor? Try not to grin as you read song-titles like, "Yesterday I Still Had Beer Today," and "You Must Play with Yourself." Don't kid yourself though, Bethlehem will kick your ass and make you like it; this party ain't got no umbrella drinks. While I'm decidedly not a fan of remix albums and mini CDs, I will say this one at least contains songs which sound much different than the album versions, and one new instrumental track which will just have to tide us over until Bethlehem wrings our necks with the next full-length feast. C'mon guys, hurry up; if you've got more songs like "Angst atmet Mord" up your sleeves, the next album can't be in my hands soon enough! -Kinn (Red Stream, PO Box 342, Camp Hill, PA 17001-0342)

BILLY NAYER SHOW, THE

"The Villain That Love Built" ✖

Dark, carnival-esque and maddening except for a few "novelty" songs, this CD drove me to press stop almost halfway through. I really should have cut it off much sooner, but sometimes I wrongly give things an extended benefit of the doubt. This strangely rocky-horror tainted CD didn't make it that far on subsequent audio inspections. -Jessica (Big Sam's Giant, BNS Productions, PO Box 423845, SF, CA 94142, www.billynayer.com)

BILLY CHILDISH

& HIS FAMOUS HEADCOATS

"17% Hendrix Was Not the Only Musician" ✖

This music is also available from Sympathy in the US, but this particular CD came with a 96 page booklet released by Slab-O-Concrete, a British publishing company (see the publications review section if you are curious about the booklet). If you are into Billy and his latest vehicle for his prolific musical endeavors, you should be pleased with this latest offering. I'm a long time fan and this is the best stuff I've heard for at least the last several albums. There is a lot of variety, including some Theremin work, covers of the Ramones, "Pinhead" and the Undertones, "Teenage Kicks," a couple of one voice, a capella things, occasional female harmonies and plenty of the vitriolic ravers you'd expect from England's busiest multi-media "glorious amateur." From the Chinese gong/Asian lilt of "My Girl Does Kung Fu" to the spooky brood of "This Wondrous Day" to the stabbing critical glare of "Art or Arse (You Be the Judge)," These Headcoats are fully immersed in coaxing all the fire they can muster from their vintage gear and new crop of material. A very spiffy package as far as I'm concerned. -P.Edwin Letcher (Slab-O-Concrete, PO Box 148, Hove BN3 3DQ, UK)

BILLYCLUB

"Serve Loud" ✖ EP

A punk rock veteran all-star line-up of people who played in the UK Sluts, Exploited, Broken Bones, Discharge and Reo Speedealer. The one that is probably most recognized is Terry Bones of Broken Bones infamy. A very rocking, almost old school American sound. A great cover of 999's "Homicide." "Happyville USA" had a Dead Kennedys' kind of quality to it. Most of the other songs were aggressive and reminded me a lot like the Big Boys when they played their punk/rock numbers. I think ShitEd should have gotten this one since he had reviewed/ interviewed them before. I guess I was lucky. -Donoththead (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

BLACK SABBATH

"Reunion" ✖ 2 ✖

The original lineup reunited for a couple of nights in Birmingham (their home town) to bang out some of their hits and some obscurities and were kind enough

to record it for us fans who were unable to attend. This album also has the distinction of being the first official live album ever put out by this incarnation of the group. I don't need to tell you how influential this group was to a lot of people (Myself included. Yeah, I'm a dirthead at heart), do I? I didn't think so. According to the liner notes, this recording is presented with absolutely no overdubs and with fuckups intact, which proves these guys still got it 'cause any major fuckups are few and far between. Even Ozzy, whose voice is notorious for sounding like shit live, sounds awesome here, and there is no trace of overdubbed vocals (as on Ozzy's "Speak of the Devil"). I could gripe about song selections for hours (why is "A National Acrobat" and "Dirty Women" on this but the entire "Sabotage" album is ignored? Why not do "Evil Woman," the band's first single which was never available in the US? Where's "Symptom of the Universe"?), but hearing live versions of "Beyond the Wall of Sleep," "Electric Funeral" and "Into the Void" will keep this mouth shut and smiling for quite a while. Also included are two new songs, the first of which has a classic Sabbath riff married to a vocal that sounds like it was taken off one of Ozzy's shittier solo albums, while the other one works a lot better. As one of this planet's bigger Sabbath fans, I'm pretty fuckin' impressed. -Jimmy Alvarado (Epic)

BLAGGERS, THE

"On Yer Toez" ✖

I'm not sure I'm the right person to be reviewing this because I'm not familiar with the band, even though I've heard the name for many years. I found this in my cubby, so here goes nuttin'. They seem to be a British(?) or perhaps Irish(?) streetpunk/oi band. They seem to be anti-fascists, judging from the graphic of someone beating a white power emblem to bits. The graphic design looks almost exactly like an old BYO release. The music varies from raging fast street, to slower melodic oi. Lots of singing along, street-anthem style. Most of this is cool, a lot of good music on this, but some is too derivative. Example, "Skateboard Bob" is new words to the music of Ramones "Blitzkrieg Bop." 24 tracks, 62 minutes that include old and rare vinyl tracks. -ShitEd (Mad Butcher, Peter-Klepping-Str. 18, 33154 Salzotten, Germany)

BLEEDERS, THE

"Jesus in the Streets" ○

Cool, cool shit. A-side begins with the honey-voiced, deviant guitar god drive of "Jesus in the Streets" - (which, quite sophisticatedly, goes about describing a nun's personal questions of faith - how's that for punk, punk?) "Last Night" has honest-to-god singing. You know, the type where people can carry notes? - all through the crystalline, cracked-open filter of fast and quickly shattering rock. Oscillating from that is "Rubber Balls and Liquor" a accelerator-pegged-down rockabilly that'll make you want to tattoo flames on your dog, hang fuzzy dice from the rearview of your Pinto and imagine it's a slammed and fattened Studebaker. Sweet, sweet Jesus. I'm not going to say this yet, but The Bleeders seem well on their way of becoming the year 2000 version of X: I didn't say a copy, I said the new heirs. Let's see how they keep it going. Only 600 pressed and the first Bleeders single is gone forever. If you've never mailordered anything from Hostage, I can't think of a more consistent, street-level DIY, mostly 7" OC label. -Todd (Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr., HB, CA 92646)

BLOCK

"Timing is Everything" ✖

Block is Jamie Block and his songs. Major label fluff for the adult market. -Donoththead (Java/Capital)

BLOOD AXIS

"Blot: Sacrifice in Sweden" ✖

What with all of the unmitigated bullshit keeping live Blood Axis shows from happening in the U.S. lately, it's breathtaking to hear this disc, recorded live in Sweden last year. From the opening notes this CD grips the soul in a fist of emotive passion: to listen to the entire recording in headphones is a truly religious experience. Fans of Blood Axis will be excited to hear the masterpiece "Electricity" live, as well as classics like "The Gospel of Inhumanity," "Eternal Soul," "Reign I Forever," and "Storm of Steel." Songs like "Herjafather" and "Lord of Ages" are especially poignant, with the twin beacons of Michael Moynihan's voice and Annabel Lee's violin penetrating clouds of elegant, bombastic sound. Blood Axis should be back in the U.S. in early 1999; if you have the chance to see them live, do so. To miss a live performance by this group would be to miss a rare event by a group of musicians that are, save for the possible exception of Death in June, without peers. Revenge the murder of the spirit! -Kinn (Cold Meat Industry, PO Box 1881, 581 17 Linkping, Sweden)



BLOWTOPS, THE

"Deep Thrust" ✖

These demons turned out a noisy 45 on this label a while back and they're back with a vengeance. Feedback, distortion and throat-thrashing screaming



collide in 10 spasms of sonic mayhem. Even when the band slows the tempo down to a dirty swamp blues level they maintain a dissonant edge. Someone in the group has a rather morbid obsession with the macabre and their stabbing caterwaul takes on evil overtones on such numbers as, "Maniac at Large," "Teenage Zombie Blues," "Mr. Hyde's Stomp" "Phone Call from a Corpse," "Grave with a View" and "Black Lagoon Suicide." One tune, "Crash," clocks in at about 45 seconds which is always a plus in my book. The over the top vocal style is a bit like Jon Spencer or Chris D. circa Fiesheaters but the hysteria level rarely lets up. Most tunes are awash in guitar excess and echo from hell but they never lose sight of the beat, whether tribal stomp or straight ahead rock. -P. Edwin Letcher (Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL

"Had Enough of You"  



Poppy hardcore of the variety that usually makes me want to vomit with boredom. For some reason, though, these guys are different. I can't quite figure out why I like this. "Dean Dogg" in particular, with its "Fuck the security at the Roxy" chorus, has my toes a tappin'. Oh well. You all know the drill: tight musicianship, stops, singing instead of screaming, etc. OK, I'm going to say something now that I swore would never leave my lips about a band playing this genre: pick this up. There. I've said it. If anyone tries to take me to task for that statement later, I'll deny I ever made it. I'm going to sleep now. I've had a traumatic day... -Jimmy Alvarado (Destroy All Records, 3818 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026)

BOB DYLAN

"Bootleg Series V.4: Live 1966"  

Hard to believe in 1998 with so many people having covered his stuff (Byrds, Guns and Roses, Jimi Hendrix, Turtles, Cher) with electric guitars that Bob Dylan's switch from acoustic balladeering would cause such an uproar, but it did. This is an official release of a boot that's circulated for ages from May, 1966 when Dylan played the Albert Hall in England. Someone in the archive department has been busy at Columbia - somewhere in the vaults is a librarian getting a raise... It's seems strange to me trying to picture THIS causing an outrage, but it did. Legends abound, the switch of Bob Dylan from acoustic protest folkie to rock-'n'roller actually pissed people off so bad that they stormed out of the concerts, hurled obscenities, and near riots ensued. Shit, after 8 minutes of acoustic "Mr. Tambourine Man" I would have rioted, or passed out - but it was actually the folkies who got tweaked, not the rockers. And personally I prefer the acoustic Dylan - though "Highway 61 Revisited" and "Blonde on Blonde" are among my favorite sixties albums. So this disc is the actual transformation/metamorphosis tour. Two CDs, the first acoustic, the second electric, all of it great stuff, complete with cheers and jeers. I dug it myself, you gotta decide for your own. -Reflex (Columbia/Legacy)

BOB DYLAN

"The Bootleg Series, V.4: Live 1966"  


The guy that did the voice for Yoda and Grover plugs his wood guitar into an electrical socket and rock critics are still wiping the semen off of their chins, asking for another cupful. Fell asleep six times trying to get to disk 2 but have a feeling that I'll get an assload of money for it when I trade it in. Thanks Columbia, you're the hepest. -Todd

BOILERMAKER

"11 Songs" 

I feel like I'm in college again, being subjected to college radio's neo-alterna-grunge circa 1991. Let me guess, Fenders and Marshalls? Slow, sleepy, and opiate friendly. The musicianship is OK, but the song structures and tempos leave me uninterested and tired. I like Dinosaur Jr. better. On the positive side, the production really does capture the essence of the guitar/drum relationship, but it's just too zzzzzzzzzzzzz... for me. Recommended if you like dreamy, psychedelic college rock. -Carey (Wrenched, 6th Ave., #202, San Diego, CA 92101)


BONECRUSHER

"Working for Nothing" 

Not a CD to listen to on low, their assault isn't a whisper. Crank it and every bit of it is "fuck you," positive thuggery. As a matter of fact, I could easily imagine all the lyrics, and the all the instruments (if they could speak), just repeating "fuckyoufuckyoufuckyoufuckyou" all 12 songs through, and that's hard to do. Upon repeated listens, it comes out more and more like passing a punk rock wrecking crew dismantling a factory made of concrete: choruses having the force and swing of a wrecking ball, jackhammers, a foreman barking out last-minute, urgent directions, huge cement-chewing circular saws, and the precise ignition of demolitions that collapse a building that looks like could never fall as easily as a sharp knife inserted right under the jawbone and twisted. For a musical context, try out the clean and mighty buzz of early Social Distortion, the tight slash


and control of Bad Religion and Big Drill Car, the working class sensibility of Cocksparrer and the Anti Heros, all piled into a Cadillac, run it through four blocks of shee-shee store fronts on Sunset Boulevard (substitute any fashion disaster area), causing so many massive injuries you have to use the windshield wipers to remove the blood, and you'd got a taste of it. Assaultive and heavy in the best way possible. Punch. Punch. Punch. -Todd (\$5.99, Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr., Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

BOOBYHATCH

"Hip Shaking Asscore" 


Six tracks of brutal sludgecore with some hardcore mixed in. The emphasis is on the heavy side of things. Some really good lyrics, delivered with a lot of angst. Good stuff here. -Thrashead (House O' Pain, PO Box 120861, Nashville, TN, 37212)

BOVVER '96

"96 Bottle of Beer" 


A band memorializing generic early '80s punk mixed with English skin/street punk. The music was too remedial for me and did nothing but remind me of so many bands in the past that sounded similar that I can't remember now. -Donofthead (Walzwerk, Postfach 1341, 74643 Kunzelsau, Germany)

BROCCOLI

"Chestnut Road" 


From the great melodicore label in the UK comes this release from Broccoli. Everything from Crackle is always a good listen and this is the case here. 3 great pop punk gems that keep me smiling. The instrumental is interesting and also moody with an abrupt stop at the end. The production is not over produced like Fat, but gives the music some edge. Not that sounding like Fat is bad, I'm a big fan of Fat. But this gives them more of an identity which I would definitely say is the Crackle sound. -Donofthead (Crackle, PO Box HP49, Leeds, LS6 4XL, UK)

BROKEN TOYS

"Burn Holes" 

The title track is a silly cow punk song about throwing out your couch because it has too many burn holes. The stand out track here is "Chameleon," which is the rocker of the bunch. I am a big covers geek so I truly enjoyed "Rhinstone Cowboy." Worth the price of purchase. -Donofthead (Eerie, 2408 Peach Street, Erie, PA 16502)

BROTHERHOOD OF DEATH

"Champions of Retardness" 

50-50. (Which, when you think, is 50%, F-) The music's kinda boring (since I like NOFX a little more than the next guy) and the lyrics are kinda funny in points - OK, I like the song and the title of "Drunkeness is fun." (Besides that, where's the overwhelming retardness? Listen to some Meatmen, Dickies, or... no - don't listen to more NOFX, you've already got the drum clicks and git intros to "Linoleum" down.) Pennywise-al in the thrust of the instruments (which makes them likeable) but most of the grooves are as flat as a six year old (boy or girl, it don't matter). Sometimes I really wonder if a band like this really only has four records to copy from before they sit down to record. Few dips, few swerves, it's like they're only doing one exercise over and over and over and over and over and over and over again. Almost as fun as watching a perfectly normal lady pushing a shopping cart across a long parking lot to her car. No, she doesn't trip. No, she doesn't get jacked or splattered. She just loads her groceries, uses her signal, and leaves. (On closer inspection, the liner notes are funny, thanking Marky Mark, and the "Unlawful reproduction of this CD probably won't happen" is good.) -Todd (Weenie, 14009 Light St., Whittier, CA 90605)

BUCK

Self-titled 

This self-titled debut album from LA trio Buck is in my opinion one of the very few things to come out of Southern California this year that's actually worth shouting about. Former Cub members Lisa Marr and Lisa G. have taken the winsome warmth of their former Vancouver B.C. band and added a bit of much needed oomph with the addition of guitarist Pepper Berry. The loud 'n'catchy style of songs like "Old Blue Sweater," "Hex Me," "My Fascination," "Sucker," and "Paris, France" almost simultaneously bring to mind the likes of The Muffs, The Queens and Babes In Toyland. As fun and listenable as The Buzzcocks "Singles Going Steady," The 12 tracks on "Buck" will put the 12 on your beehive. -Bob (SFTRI)

BUDGET

"Eepee" 

4 song CD from a So Cal melodicore band. It was mixed by The Blasting Room crew, so think Descendents/ALL. That influence is there, a strong mid-period ALL (the Reynolds years), combined with a post-Smalley Dag Nasty. Not that they sound exactly like either. Very pretty stuff, it shreds, pops and catch-



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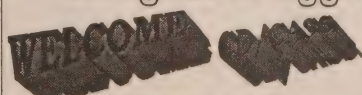


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es. Funny hidden track of instructions on how to soften and pee out gall stones. My only objection is that they aren't doing their own thing, but instead are cloning the melodicore of about 8-12 years ago. I'm not going to spank you real hard for it, but if your next effort also clones whatever's trendy, then you will suck bigleslime, dig? You guys have proven that you can do their thing very well indeed, now go find your own thing and do that! (A week after I wrote this review I found out that the band consists of members of Pulley - gotta do something while Scott's in the bullpen? - and ex-members of Strung Out. That accounts for the style. huh?) - *ShitEd* (Wonderdog, PO Box 1493, Simi Valley, CA 93062)

BULEMICS, THE

"Your Man's Gonna Die Tonight" ☉

If all you madcap critters out there haven't already checked out The Bulemics stuff yet, get a clue - these Austin, TX sharpshooters will nail yer ass to the wall with cuts like these two ya get here - "Your Man's Gonna Die Tonight" and "Watch the Bastard Fry," that is if ya like your r'n'r shriekin' at you like a mad dog with rabies packing a pistol. The Bulemics deliver, yet again. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474 Cypress CA 90630)

BURDENS, THE

"Step On Me" b/w "Lost Boy" ☉

If you have ever really disliked a band but you couldn't put your finger on what you dislike about them, you would probably understand where I'm coming from here. Melodic punk, I guess. Let's just say it's not going to top "ghetto supastar" on my playlist. -J.Cyco (Red Star, PO Box 1204, Glen Ellen, CA 95442)

BURNED UP BLEED DRY

"Cloned Slaves, For Slaves" ☉

Brutal fucking hardcore that jumps everywhere. Fast, slow, mid-tempo, it's all over the place. It's way fucking heavy through the whole thing. A totally killer 12 song onslaught. Just as brutal as their first EP. Fucking brilliant cover of Black Flag's "No More." It's just as intense as the original. This EP completely fucking rocks. (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA, 94142)

BURNING SOFTIES, THE

"The Curtain Parted" ☉

The first song "Kick Out the Cops" was a dead ringer in sounding like the Minutemen. Then they went off into a Sonic Youth tangent. -Donothedead (Skinny Chest, 75 Monterey Road, South Pasadena, CA 91030)

BUTCHIES, THE

"Are We Not Femme?" ☉

(review done in second person very personal, directed at the band) Uh, no, not particularly. Your mongoloid press kit irritated the shit outta me by stressing your homosexuality, rather than your music. I wasn't irritated because it offended me or anything so cliché; I was irritated because it's such a counterproductive thing to do. Lecture time: your sexual orientation is irrelevant, the only thing important is your music - or are you going to show up at Flipside and demonstrate girl-on-girl sex for us to review? I didn't realize I was a sex reviewer. I thought I was a music reviewer. Lecture part 2: how the hell do you self-described "radical lezzies" expect to be treated "normal," "equal," "unbiased," etc. by we breeders if you make your sexual orientation the whole point of your band, indeed, your entire raison d'être. If you keep stressing your difference from the majority in a manner calculated to repel? I would think (if you were smart) that you would want to stress common ground with others, and leave your private lives just that, private. Let me be brutally honest about the huge mistake being made by blacks, homosexuals and hispanics in this country these days: by flouting your differences and creating yourselves as even more different than ever, all you are achieving is a perpetuation of discrimination against you. Don't like gay bashing? Then quit making a big deal about it - act like it's normal and people will treat it normally and soon it WILL be normal. All being different does is encourage ingrown idiots to commit mayhem and murder. Gay parades encourage gay bashing by the small-minded. "Black Power" triggered a "white power" response from bigots looking for something to hate, etc. And no, I'm not saying stay in the closet, but rather to be gay and "no big deal" about it. To be fair, perhaps this press kit isn't totally the band's fault, but the record label's. Lecture time over. Music time: they do a mix of punk rock and ballads, even one cheesy disco cut that horrified this particular survivor of the '70s. Not bad stuff. The punk is medium rippin' and gets into some great grooves. The pop is very well done also (for pop, keep in mind that I hate most slow music). The vocals are sweetly piercing, combining both power and delicate expression. This is a good album and should be promoted as such. -*ShitEd* (Mr. Lady, PO Box 3189, Durham, NC 27715-3189)

C.D. TRUTH

"Seedy" ☉

I wasn't too hip on this release at the moment. The songs could have been a little faster. The songs just dragged out too much for me. After each song started, I got impatient and wanted it to end. It was like pulling teeth to me. They have kind of a bar band or garage kind of feel from the late '70s to the early '80s. If they put something out in the near future, I'll try again. -Donothedead (C.D. Truth, 540 Portage Trail E. #507, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44221)

CABAL

Self-titled ☉

Sick fucking grindcore. Reminds me a lot of early Carcass, especially lyrically. Not recommended for those with weak constitutions. Musically this is also a lot like early Carcass, but shorter. The production is way bass heavy so it has that nice rumbling sound. Ear shredding stuff here. -*Thrashead* (Panx, BP 5058, Toulouse, Cedex 5, France)

CAPTAIN STRINGBEAN

"Dead Heart Days" ☉

When I struggled to listen to this for the 3rd time, my wife asked "Somebody actually paid to record this?" It was the first time we agreed on anything all day. This is some lily-white guy trying his hand at Mississippi delta blues... it doesn't work. (I grew up in the deep south, so I know these things... so there.) The arrangements are sloppy and the musicianship is... well... it's not punk and it's not even good. Sorry. -Carey (Lucky 13 Recordings, 1626 N. Wilcox #213 Hollywood, CA 90028)

CARBON

"Becoming" ☉

Pearl Jam meets with Live to jam with Creed. -Donothedead (Stonegarden, 3101 Exposition Place, LA, CA 90018)

CAUSTIC SODA

"Femalovence" ☉

A three piece from Victoria, Australia. The label references them as "a harsher, angrier Jawbreaker." I wouldn't know since I didn't jump on that bandwagon. What I do know is their song "Snuffle and Scrape" reminded me of XTC with a punk edge. The other songs were of the melodicore variety but more mature. The songs had the pop sensibilities but with more of a rock edge. Great things happen when Crackle get's a hold of someone. If you haven't bought anything from this label before, you are missing out. -Donothedead (Crackle!, PO Box HP49, Leeds, LS6 4XL, UK)

CELLOPHANE SUCKERS

"Lovin' You Ain't No Crime" ☉

Kinda cool sounding rock and roll band outta Germany. Sounds a bunch like the Nomads and Monomen, if ya can diggit. -*Reflex* (Radio Blast, Sternwart Str. 54, 40223 Dusseldorf, Germany)

CELLOPHANE SUCKERS

"Schweinhund" ☉

1,080% fucking Nashville fucking Pussy inspired, let me fucking lick and fucking spit a fucking mouthful of fucking electric dirt in your fucking face. It's trapped inside my fucking throat, all our fucking instruments, and needs to be fucking freed. All the fucking instruments fucking sound like they're getting thrown into a fucking rock quarry when the band's fucking duct-taped to 'em. Raw, inspired, fast. Over in less than fucking three minutes. Have no fucking idea what fucking language it was fucking in and it didn't fucking matter. -*Fucking Todd* (Saddle Tramp, PO Box 5412, Nottingham, NG1 6HT, U.K.)

CEREBROS EXPRIMIDOS

"Cerebrator" ☉

Spanish-sung hardcore that blazes from beginning to end. I expected another version of Brujeria since it had pictures of bad operations and bodies with holes, so I was quite surprised that I got more of a straight forward hardcore thing. Buzzsaw guitars over lyrics I don't understand. All I know is this makes my head bob up and down as I'm writing this. It moves from a street punk/oi sound on some songs to more contemporary hardcore on others to some thrashers here and there. I'm glad I was able to snag this from one of the other reviewers who normally receives all the Spanish sung bands. I personally love it when I really don't understand what the band is singing. Also, I've been getting into a Latin music mode lately. -Donothedead (Munster, PO Box 147, 48980 Santurtzi, Spain)

CHAMBERLAIN

"The Moon My Saddle" ☉

Somewhere in the midwest, the following conversation took place:

Guy: Hey, maybe if we start a band, the sorority chicks will talk to us.

Other Guy: Yeah, do you like Hootie and the Blowfish and the Wallflowers?

G: What instrument(s) do you play?

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OG: None, how about you?
G: None, but my uncle owns a record label, so it doesn't matter.
OG: Cool! Maybe we'll get a bus!
Don't buy this unless you want to be subjected to snail tempos, Hammond organs, dumb lyrics, weak guitar playing and crappy vocals... recommended for those who consider Hootie and the Blowfish and Blues Traveler "avant-garde." -Carey (Doghouse, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

CHESTER COPPERPOT

"Bitter Sweet Tunes" ☉
I came away a little agitated from listening to this Swedish band. They play quirky, twisted, noisy, pop songs overlaid with '70s bubblegum. I really don't know how to judge them. I guess it is a good thing that it did disturb me to a certain degree. But I really don't know if I enjoyed myself listening to them. -Donothedead (Pop Kid, 16 Raleigh Ln., Wayne, NJ 07470)

CHINESE MILLIONAIRES, THE

"Detroit Double Cross" ☼
Yeah! Hard ass rock and roll in a similar vein as the amazing Dirtys. A couple of obvious influences are the Pagans and the Saints which are very nice influences, if you want my humble opinion. The band is made up of Wong Gates, Hop Louie Vanderbilt, Zhiang Hughes and Mao Tse Rockefeller... just kidding; Eric, Jay, Mark and Tom are Indiana bred hell raisers who are lucky to come up with bus fare, but they know how to coax some powerful noise out of a couple guitars, a bass and some drums. There is an aggressive bent to most of the material from the opening, girl-as-prize track, "Doll Collector" to the sardonic, "Up with People" to the confrontational, "If Wishes Were Hearses" to the manic, "Mama Doesn't Know," with its answering line of "yes she does." The no nonsense approach extends to their matching black duds and four facial expressions. They've got a hot, snotty grind going on. -P. Edwin Letcher (Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

CHINESE TAKEAWAY

"The Plastic Passion" ☉ ☼
This four song Swedish import has a great feel to it. The recording is a little stiff and jerky, but the band's thing - kinda cross Rich Kids with Heartbreakers rock and roll - is lotsa fun to listen to. The front cover girl is laying in a bathtub surrounded by singles - at least three of them are California bands (Nuns, Zeros, and Rotters... hey all three major CA scenes are represented! California Uber Alles after all) - Anyway, guitar tone is a little too clangy for my personal taste, and the recording quality is shaky, quaky, but the lyrics are no brainers (fuckdolls, lies, wannabes) and the bridges in the songs are fun... and that's all that truly matters, innit? -Reflex (New Lifeshark, PO Box 700 320, D-44883 Bochum, Germany)

CHOKING VICTIM

"Victim Comes Alive" ☉ ☼
This NY band has been slogging around for quite awhile. They play melodic '77 style punk with a hint of ska. Very much like early Operation Ivy. These guys are probably one of the only ska/punk crossover bands who aren't cheesy. Both sides are really good tracks of that style. Good lyrics to boot. Good stuff here. -Thrashead (Helicat, 2798 Sunset Bl., LA, CA, 90026)

CHOPPER

"Last Call for the Dancers" ☼
This is a great follow up to their last release "Did You Hear That?" For those who enjoy great pop punk, these guys have the same mysterious element that keeps me going back to Snuff. I love the fact that they sound tight without the big studio sound. The songs are infectious and almost addictive because of how good they are. This review might be short, but I find that anything these guys put out in the future will be relevant and a good listen. So go buy, my friends. -Donothedead (Crackle, PO Box HP49, Leeds, LS6 4XL, UK)

CHRISTOPH DE BABALON

"If You're into It, I'm out of It" ☼
I guess I'm out of it. Brought to you by Digital Hardcore Recordings, the label that is associated with Atan Teenage Riot, from Germany brings you one guy who probably sits alone and produces music on his computer. Electronic/techno/industrial/ambient. I'm giving this to my friend to incorporate this into his multimedia art pieces. -Donothedead (Digital Hardcore Recordings, no address listed)

CHUCKLEHEADS

"Older, Wiser, Poorer" ☼-R
Twisted country cuzzin cow-punk. Imagine Hank Williams Jr thrashing... The drummer does some very strange things in the first song that make me uncomfortable, going bizarrely off rhythm in his beats in a way that recalls reggae's approach vaguely - but doing a Richard the Third with cow poop on his heels

thing to it somehow. Another way to describe this band is to imagine the results if the Vandals had been from a small town in Oklahoma and grew up on Conway Twitty, Elvis and "Hee Haw" - then first heard punk in the late '80s. Some tracks are almost like a corn hole Guttermouth. This is OK stuff, fun to listen to. -ShitEd (Chuckleheads, no address on the CD: all bands please understand that Flipside gets too much music to keep all the packaging and press kits. No room. All that shit hits the trash pronto! So all I found when I came in was a CD in a jewel case. Put your fucking addresses on there!)

CHUMP

"Chump" ☉
Cool eight song ditty; where heavy riffs explode into power chords, and singer Mike's multi-voiced stylings retain a sense of melody through his rough and tumble delivery. Up tempo numbers like "Mark" could be Nuggets outtakes, while others, like "Wishful Thinking," plug along like a fog shrouded freighter on the Cuyahoga. Muscle guitar from Melvis, with a hard charging rhythm behind accentuate the hooks and lyrics of this ever improving C-town quartet. -Pooch (6822 Hosmer Ave., Cleveland, OH 44105)

CIRCUS, THE

"Transients Welcome" ☼
This sounds like a slightly more countrified Velvet Underground (esp. the vocals) which is all fine and dandy except that VU were ahead of their time 30 years ago. That means that the Circus is a little late. In fact I keep feeling like they're out of step or touch even with the rest of the world which can be charming on one hand but more often than not is simply annoying. I mean my pal Dave The Spazz finds Lou Reed downright terrifying, imagine how he'd feel if he heard this band from who knows where Illinois unwittingly repeating his past. This is probably for the indie-lo-fi "we don't want to admit it but we're actually modern folk-rock" audience. Semi acoustic stuff that's not exactly my cup of herbal tea. They'll still probably be able to get signed. -Squeaky (11713 Deerpath Rd., Sycamore, IL 60178-3015)

CLIT 45

"Broken Glass" ☉ ☼
Mohawk, liberty spike, 40oz. gutter tribe music by 18 and 19 year-old Long Beachers that reminds me mostly of GBH because of the constant sawing guitars that seem to be cutting some mean wood all the way through the songs with Crass' Steve Ignorant bleating out the vocals. What it lacks in pure originality or sound of their own, it almost makes up with the fact that they came up with the line - "All I can rely on is my bottles and friends/ 'cause we're the ones who stick together like studs to leather." Plus, they're excited. No reason to harsh on 'em. Hopefully, their potential will be as high and as big as their hair. -Todd (Riot Squad, 1031 Luray St., Long Beach, CA 90807)

CLOTTED SYMMETRIC SEXUAL ORGAN

Self-titled ☉ ☼
C.S.S.O. once again show that the can take a billion different styles, and play musical blender with them. They mix grindcore with every rock genre you can think of. There you got C.S.S.O. Killer stuff. -Thrashead (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

CO'ED

"Sometime Always Never Maybe" ☼
Here is one of the reasons I pull from the mystery meat bin for stuff to review. Every once in awhile I find a gem in a pile of poo. Female led pop punk band that absolutely rips. The vocals are absolutely magical because she can actually sing. A comparison would be Tilt if you are trying to find comparisons. Her voice draws you into their musical madness. Two great combinations, a good vocalist backed by a tight band that actually can write a variety of songs. I hope these guys stick around for a long time. I'm going to try and find their split 7" with Everready. I am a fan now! -Donothedead (Cool Guy, 10140 Gard Ave., Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670)

COCKSPARRER

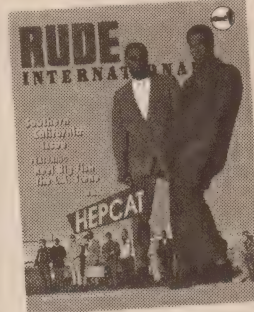
"Live and Loud" ☼
It's loud but it ain't all live. It's a culling of singles and album tracks. Quick history lesson. They formed in 1975, a couple years before the arbitrary but generally agreed upon year that "punk broke," (i.e. Sex Pistols on TV) 1977. Generally overlooked on a large scale (how many TV chair mail punks have a ripped Sid or Clash shirt as opposed to a Colin McFaul shirt?) - but an undeniable force, not relying on the flashy symbolism of empty-in-the-middle anarchy or with the ease of instant blasphemy that the Sex Pistols triumphed, scorned, and eventually filthy lured upon, Cocksparrer set up and played on the street; triumphing hard work, hard pay, hard drinking, hard loving, focusing on basic need not esoteric, and often profitable "artistry." Not so much of a surprise nowadays, but listening to this 22 year-old document, hell, it don't

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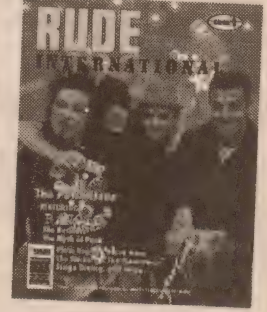
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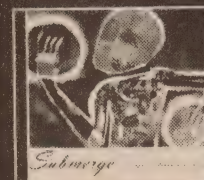
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make me proud and happy that this didn't all shrivel up and slide back into the gutter without leaving their screams. It's not flashy but it slashes, bounces, swivels, triumphs. Chances are if you listen to any of the current crop of oi and street bands, they'll cover Cocksparrer or their torchbearers: Sham 69, Angelic Upstarts, and Cockney Rejects - it's kinda like they have to - because they set the die. All that history shit out of the way, this is just great. Entirely listenable, powerful, concentrated, honest, no-bullshit rock'n'roll that fits nicely inbetween super early Jam and Clash where the energy just pops off the needle. (PS: What, exactly, is a Cocksparrer?) - Todd (Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dislaken, Germany; Cocksparrer direct: Easylife Productions, PO Box 269, Watford, WD1 2ZF, England: nice2easy@aol.com)

COMMON, THE

"The Sound of One Hand Clapping" ☼

This fan club tape combines live performances with demo studio tracks. Muncie's fab four show more of their country roots, while still retaining their cool medieval type background vox (try imagining that). The low volume recording and distortion tend to bury the lead vocals, but the energy and arrangements pull you through the thirteen tracks. Songs from their previously reviewed "Forget About Tomorrow" disc mix with newer numbers like the Barabajagal-ish "Clutch," giving a decent representation of their past and present growth. - Pooch (Electric Hound, PO Box 3048, Muncie, IN 47307)

CONE

"Smile for Me" ☼

I sure was lucky I got a hold of all the new Crackle! releases. I am never let down. Take, for instance, this release. Cone, to me, sound like a cross of their label mates Chopper, the Nip Drivers and the Bosstones when they are not playing ska. The lyrics cover personal emotions and the music follows along melodically. The songs are definitely catchy and the music keeps humming in your head once the needle picks up from the record. - Donoththead (Crackle!, PO Box HP49, Leeds, LS6 4XL, UK)

CONSERVATIVES, THE

"This Album Is A Sovereign Nation" ☼

Fuck damn, these guys are good! By the way, I kind of don't think they are conservatives. Hardcore punk, almost thrashing at times, but they slide off into a weird, out-of-balance slow/ska/psychotic reggae (rock-unsteady?) on track four. Then back to being very reminiscent of early Husker Du with nihilistic songs about women and jobs and nuclear contamination. I do wish they had printed all the damned lyrics. They're from Cleveland, original home of many other great punk bands. I've never heard, or heard of, these guys before - if this is a first album I'm in awe. I'm serious: anyone who loves Husker Du should pick this up, it's comparable to "Everything Falls Apart." - ShitEd (Sonic Swirl, PO Box 770303, Lakewood, OH 44107)

COOS BAY CITY ROLLERS

"Living With a Rebel Girl" ☼

I know I should be supporting of the local scene... But I'm not going to embarrass myself and say that this is a good band or even good music. All the songs are ridiculously arranged (and performed) techno-industrial-trash-grill rock. The concepts are so staged and cheesy that I never did get the chance to finish listening to it. Oh well... - J.Cyco (Severance c/o Larry Alvarado, PO Box 2271, Portland, OR 97208)

COOS BAY CITY ROLLERS

"Living With a Rebel Girl" ☼

Layering the guitar riffs to Jefferson's Airplane's "White Rabbit," tinkertoying with Madonna's "Material Girl" with your Fisher Price organ with extra reverb may sound cool (maybe... nah) but this is as fun as swallowing flies: makes you feel dirty and diseased on the inside. Side two, the Kingston Trio, even the geriatric, Las Vegas-frequent ones, could kick your fucking ass into a banjo oblivion. Pass. - Todd (Severance)

CORE 22

"Not Your Size" ☼

European band apparently from the low countries doing quirky pop in the same general vein as Bjork, and with an odd, almost technical new wave (Dolby, Eurythmics) feel to it in places. Not my thing at all, and doesn't really fall within the parameters of Flipside. Then why review it? Uh, it has a cool cover of a baby about to suckle a woman's ring-pierced nipple. Not recommended. - ShitEd (sol3 rec, www.sol3records.com)

COYOTE MEN, THE

"Call of the Coyote Man" ☼ ☼

"Strip me naked and paint me blue." So begins this latest outing from England's crazed Coyote Men! This 7" two-fer contains 6 tracks of classic '50s rock and roll influenced grooves fronted by a vocalist who borrows heavily from the wrestling world of yore for over the top growl and bluster. Speaking of which, this is one of those groups who have discovered that

those gaudy, cheap, Mexican, ring side masks can enhance an otherwise shabby appearance. The opener, "Call of the Coyote Man!", is across between "Money" and "Summertime Blues." "Shake Baby Shake," carries on the 1-4-5 tradition with a "Midnight to Six" feel. The pace comes down, just a tad, for "I Can't Deny," which still rollicks with the best of your garage combos. "All Action Man," "Wide Load" and "Not of this Earth," make up "round 2" of this set and contain all the propulsive bass, edgy guitar and cool, cheap, vintage drum sound and Freddie Blasse understudy lyric delivery you got used to on the first platter. The band is currently working on their next album. - P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

CRANIUM

"New Music for a New Kitchen" ☼

Before you go ripping off the Buzzcocks (album title and a couple of slogans here and there) why don't you learn how to play some decent music like they did? As far as the lyrics - the gender issues and stereotypes do need to be addressed, but at least come up with your own fucking ideas and not rely on what you read out of a book verbatim. You look and sound like clueless indy wanks trying to drum up brownie points from certain elite groups of people, and it's not impressive in the slightest. - Thrashhead (Slowdime, PO Box 414, Arlington, VA, 22210)

CREATIVE PAIN

"Scarred" ☼

From the metal capital of the world, Florida, comes Creative Pain. Rap/metal in the vein of Biohazard/Sick of it All/Limp Bizkit. They also have a Slayer influence going depending on what song you are listening to. Need a little anger after listening to No Doubt or Goldfinger? Go out and support the Florida scene and pick this up. Turn someone onto something that is not pushed by the majors. - Donoththead (Conquest Music Group, 4820 SW 70th Ave., Davie, FL 33314)

CREATURES FROM THE TRASH LAGOON, THE

"Prehistoric Hits" ☼

Even more minimal than you'd expect from a trio because one of the members, Eva Constantine, doesn't play an instrument. She does, however, sing, warble, hoot, growl, holler, talk and swoon in front of cro magnon band mates, Klaus Grix and Frank Agglia Neilsen, who lay down some bare bones, tribal drums and guitar riff ralf in a Cramps vein. Eva is all over the place, vocally, and from moment to moment I hear everything from Annabelle to Dinah Cancer to Nina Hagen on the A-side, "The Purple Knife," as well as "Whisper Your Love to Me" and "Jungle Fever." - P. Edwin Letcher (Sinner Recs. - somewhere in Hamburg, Germany.)

CREMATORIUM

"Epicediums of the Damned" ☼

There's some pretty heavy-handed death and doom metal in this killer disc. They go from slow, to fast, to anywhere in between, and back again. All the instrumentation is all laid down really on heavy. It stomps you into the ground. There is some raging straight up grinding thrash, then some dirge parts that kill. Great lyrics, based on more social matters, than evil. The evil is in the music. Rocking CD from this killer local outfit. - Thrashhead (Crematorium, 375 S. 3rd St. #113, Burbank, CA 91502)

CRIME KAISERS, THE

"Music to Join the Wild World of The Crime Kaisers" ☼

☼ ☼

Sweet, sweaty static of reverb-rich, bass-blustery rock'n'roll noise that when it slows down to rob you, jangles, crunches, and crashes. I swear there's keyboards and effects that are slipped in like Lupinol into a sorority girl's drink with a quick wrist and a knowing nod - you're like "Oh, this is so nice," then pow, you're fucked. The band seems to be running around, chasing after the listener, and leaping from the stereo on each song. Menace is always a bonus. Strong-ass EP. - Todd (Intensive Scare, PO Box 6400338, San Jose, CA 95164-0338: is@cbe.com)

CRIME KAISERS, THE

"Kaiser-Style" ☼

Mid tempo, early to mid '80s punk rock from Germany. Today it sounds more rock. Great guitar sound that comes out strong. Cool keyboards on the title track. I would have thought these guys were American thinking how well their English sounds. Also sounds like a lot of bands out of the mid-west from the time period I referred to. Can I pick a band? No. But my failing memory says that's what it sounds like. My incompetence is here for all to see. - Donoththead (Intensive Scare)

CRIMPSHINE

"The Sound of a New World Being Born" ☼

It's good to see the old Lookout! sigil once again. Of course it's awesome pop-core that can't be beat, as all the Crimpshtine classics are here though on one, oh



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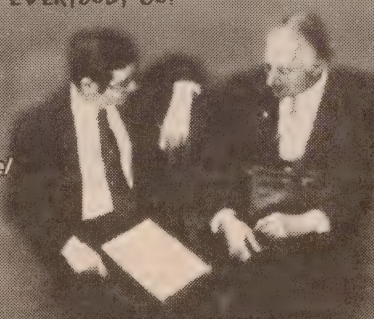
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my god, no! - CD, to the horror of the band I'm sooo sure as they encourage you to "get the vinyl" - probably to sell you two of the same damn thing. So this completes the out-of-print Crimpshrine releases, so I guess Lookout! will probably re-issue the Fifteen catalog now. It's really funny to see Crimpshrine show their "gooder then thou" hippy blood by stating over and over how they're doing for the kids and they are giving back to the community and they're not in it for the money and blabafuckingbla. What a pile of shite. I mean if they did, why would they make such a spectacle of it? I mean that's why the original punx hated the hippies in the first place - their fucking self-righteousness, am I right, Al? Get a haircut, hippy. - Bart (Lookout!)

CRUVETCH

"Internal Lotus" 7"

Hmmmmmm. This sounds like a couple of college guys who got their hands on a four-track and some good acid. The production isn't bad but the song structures are hard to follow and after a few minutes the music just kind of fades into the background. I probably should have been tripping or high or something to really get this, but it just didn't grab me, even after several shots of whiskey. The sleeve lists 4 songs, but it sounds more like two because everything kind of runs together. I'm keeping it anyway because of the pretty red vinyl. - Carey (Crovetch, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave., Ste. 250, Chicago, IL 60647 or crovetch99@AOL.com)

CRUDE B.E./GHL

Split 12" CD

Crude B.E. Do five tracks of some pretty hard thrash, that's all over the place. Some real intense shit here, with great lyrics to boot. GHL also crank out some pretty fucking intense thrash as well. Some nice hard grind, with some good lyrics. This record is a benefit for the EZLN. Good split. - Thrashhead (TVG, c/o Axel Brandt, E-Thalmounstr. 2, 14974 Ludwigsfelde, Germany)

CRUMBOX

"Map of the Sky" 7"

I hate getting promo copies that don't include all that comes with the retail package. Bad Goo Goo Dolls imitators or maybe Weezer clones. College radio would like this. - Donoththead (Time Bomb, 6 West 57th Street, NY, NY 10019)

CURMUDGEON

"Come On Everybody, Get Depressed!" CD

OK, they succeeded. Twenty seven numbers by two noisemakers guaranteed to annoy your neighbors and bum you out. I got so distraught, I nearly tossed this out the window. It's kinda old, so maybe they've improved? - Pooch (Fart, c/o D Edwards, 20 Carroll Dr., Mt. Pearl, N.F. Canada A1N 3131)

CURSIVE

"The Storms of Early Summer: Semantic of Song" 7"

This sounds like Weezer if they went emo. - Donoththead (Saddlecreek, PO Box 8554, Omaha, NE 68108-0554)

CYNICAL

CD

Vocalist Mark Reich, I can hear between snarls, has been attending the Night School Attachment of the Mike Ness Academy of the Vocal Arts and Lyrical Content. Songs deal with the fucked up, fucked with, and basically everything's falling apart school of thought. Their last CD seemed trapped by the sonic walls they had constructed - early OC punk. And by looking at it solely through a mirror, sounded firmly planted in the early '80s, not the late '90s, making it feel, well, dated. This time out, the noise by this three-piece is more sonic, punchy as fuck, and galloping through the end of the '90s. Bad Religion bits tempered with real bits of furious playing - not poppy, just real easy to listen to: like it's easy to see your reflection in a knife but it's sharp and dangerous. That said, when Mark doesn't sing I like the band about twice as much - the music is excellent, like Big Drill Car's clean bristling tied to the bumper of drunken splendor of barely-held-together Replacements, but almost every time he sings, the band slows down - or seems to. He needs to go a bit faster or the band needs to play slower (this I don't recommend) for it to gel. Here's the dilemma, he sings on all but the last song and the instrumental parts aren't that long. It's hard to get around. - Todd (No address given)

CYPRESS HILL

"IV" CD

Though not as dense sonically as their last album, this still packs a mean punch. Cypress Hill still continues to produce hip hop that is miles above most of their contemporaries. Muggs provides some killer beats while B-Real, the newly-rejoined Sen Dog, and guests wrap their flow around them like a boa constrictor on its prey. There is also a skit of sorts with B-Real scoring some *moti* from Cheech and Chong, which is

good for a laugh or two. Fuck the biters, naysayers and those who just don't understand. Cypress Hill is the shit. The neighborhood's going to be bumpin' for a good while. - Jimmy Alvarado (Columbia. You can find this in any mall, stupid)

DAGOBAH

"The Garage is off Limits!" CD

I expected melodicore/pop punk from this label. What I got was a mature rocking punk release. More mature in ways that it sounded like the early Goo Goo Dolls in that rock sort of way. But the punk comes from the sort of trashiness they expound in their music. Then they blend it all in with a '90s punk edge. Another fine release from the great folks at Crackle. - Donoththead (Crackle, PO Box HP49, Leeds, LS6 4XL, UK)

DAMNATION

"Touch Me Where I Pee" CD

This is way too fuckin' short, man... Two friggin' songs?! I mean, you fiddle with my eardrums, get me all excited, make me want to scream - and then nothing. Bastards. This was obviously released with masochists in mind, 'cause it's some primo shit, but there ain't enough to keep you satisfied through the night. - Jimmy Alvarado (Destroy All Records, 3818 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026)

DAN BERTOLET

"Invisible Friends" CD

I found this in my cubby at Flipside. Either they sent it to me or some alleged friend stuck it in my box. Whichever way, this blows. Slowass, drooling, alternative guitar pop of exactly the kind I absolutely loathe. The Sluggs are as fast (not!) and one hell of a lot more entertaining than this crap. Dan, please give it up and become an insurance salesman. Thanks for the nice jewel case. - ShitEd (Noisetank)

DANCING WITH JUDY

Self-titled CD

A band I would see at an unknown bar playing in the background while I was trying to talk to my friends over a beer. - Donoththead (Slag, address unknown)

DARE TO DEFY

"Somewhere Between Poverty and Promise" CD

Another east coast release of metalcore that seems to be released a lot on that side of the country. The west coast puts out a lot of pop punk and the east puts out a lot of metalcore from what I can tell from the reviews pile. These guys have more of a black metal meets grindcore kind of sound. Very bottom heavy and sludgy. Vocals from the bottom of the throat. Guitars and bass sound almost tuned down to the same key. The drums are precise and have the standard huge drum fills with double kicks. I'm not sure what they are singing about since no lyrics were made available. The vocal style associated with this type of music make it hard to understand what is being sung. For all you closet metalheads out there. - Donoththead (Chord, PO Box 15793, Philadelphia, PA 19103)

DARE TO DEFY

"Somewhere Between Poverty and Promise" CD

Yawn. Jockmetal Biohazard wannabes. Circular file this one. - Kirin (Chord)

DAVID E. WILLIAMS

"A House for the Dead and a Porch for the Dying" CD

There is simply no one else like David E. Williams in the world of music today; he is virtually without peers. No one writes with the opulent bitter gut-wrenching sarcasm and wonder he does. No one has the voice, the ear for pop-hooks, or, quite frankly, the tenacity, to do what David Williams does. I've heard a few pale imitators, but they fall so short it's laughable. Listen to this in headphones, and you'll see why David Williams enjoyed the admiration of fellow-musicians such as Rozz Williams and Eric Christides. I'm quite sure, in due time, that David E. Williams will have his cake, and eat it, too! - Kirin (Ospedale, PO Box 2422, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

DAVID E. WILLIAMS

"Pseudo Erotica" CD

The fact that this album was recorded in 1987 is simply more proof that David E. Williams has been ahead of his time for a very, very long while. I've yet to hear a D.E. Williams recording that didn't leave me a little breathless over his voice, and a lot stunned over his lyrics. Find anything you can get your hands on by this man, and make it yours. - Kirin (Ospedale, PO Box 2422, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

DAVID ALLAN AND THE ARROWS

"Shape of Things to Come" b/w "Vanishing Breed" CD

Instrumental guitar nutjobs will find this right up their alley with the two selections here. "Shape of Things to Come" (the same cover that the Ramones pulled out on their "Acid Eaters" LP) and the Davie Allan original, "Vanishing Breed." Like I said, these two numbers will have ya diggin' out your Dick Dale vinyl in no time flat. Hope there's a full-length on the way from Mr. Allan

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I'd rather be flag-burning

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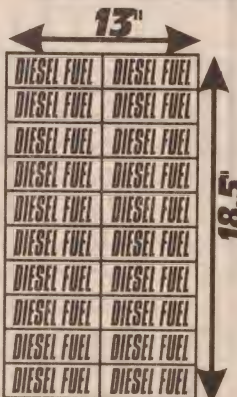
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DEAD LAZLO'S PLACE

"Lonely Street" ☼

When I first heard their (to me) legendary 7" on Fearless Records, I thought what a fucking great band. I conferred with a local record store owner at the time and discussed the merits of the release and we didn't see eye to eye. He thought that the 7" was a throwaway. I disagreed and decided that I'm my own person and I can only go by what I like. I thought that many more people thought the same as the store owner and I would have a hard time getting more from a band that I thought mattered. Low and behold Nicky Garrett of UK Subs/New Red Archives had the same opinion as I. I'm writing this while I'm listening to this release for the first time. I'm only three songs in at the moment and I love this as much as their 7". Old school Southern California punk with additional instruments that most PC punks would have a hard time dealing with. The acoustic guitars, keyboards, piano and farfisa (?) don't take away from the music, but add to make it more dynamic. Every song on this release is a keeper. I'm usually apprehensive about a sophomore release because bands usually can't top the previous release. This release not only continues from the 7" but progresses to even newer heights. This is definitely a more mature punk release that the jock, fuck assholes who are dictated on what they should like won't get into this. People who got into the latest Swingin' Utters release will probably appreciate this. I love the way Gizz's vocals sound which I think make them sound unique in a time of clone bands. This is a good listen all the way through and I've only listened to it twice at this point. When you think of 1998 and what was an essential release, I hope you feel the same and say the Dead Lazlo's Place release was one of the highlights in a glut of punk releases. I need to get my punk points up and actually go see these guys the next time they play. As long it's close to my house... -Donothedead (New Red Archives, PO Box 210501, SF, CA 94121)

DEAD WORLD

"Thanatos Descends" ☼

Brutal in the best way possible. Industrial music like it was meant to be; the audio equivalent of a lobotomy. Yeah, it's got a healthy dose of guitars but there's no cheesy dance shit here kids, this is the real deal, the cat's pajama's, and the bee's knees. I dare you to put this in your ears. I've been listening to industrial for a while now, and I've never heard anything quite like this in my life! Highly, highly recommended! -Kirin (Malsonus/Bloodlust, PO Box 18193, Denver, CO 80218/JAF Box 7962, NY, NY 10116)

DEAD BOYS, THE

"All this and More" ☼

A two CD package that contains rather decent live material recorded at three CBGB gigs and one from San Francisco between April of 77 and March of 78. There are multiple versions of all the crowd pleasers, such as "Sonic Reducer" and "Caught with the Meat in Your Mouth," tunes from the 2nd album, from the later shows, such as "Catholic Boy" and "Flame Thrower Love," and some rarities such as "Death May be Your Santa Clause" and "Search and Destroy." Comes with some classic photos of the band vomiting, bleeding, flashing and mugging, a few fond odes from Arthur Alexander and Cheetah Chrome and over an hour and a half of musical shenanigans and mayhem. Unlike many bands, the Dead Boys didn't rely on any studio trickery for their official releases and this live material shows how tight and powerful the group was despite their well documented drug/alcohol use during this turbulent era in their brief reign of terror. For rabid fans, it just doesn't get any better than this. -P.Edwin Letcher (Bomp, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

DEAD VOICES ON AIR

"Piss Frond" ☼

Mark Spybey (the soul/sole menace behind DVOA) lets lose his best work of sound emotion to date with "Piss Frond." I feel he may have some obsession with urinal secretion because if memory serves me I have an old Zolviet France (legendary sonic gods from the UK that Spybey was a part of) CD that was soaked in the substance before sale. It's a double CD with stellar artwork that gives life to the sound packed away inside by Spybey as well done in the tradition of pioneer industrialists such as Voice & Sound, Zolviet France, and Controlled Bleeding. -Bart (Invisible)

DECLINE, THE

"The Loaded Gun" ☼

I had this friend that had a VW bug which the door couldn't lock and the seat belt rivet sometimes popped out from the floorboards because it was so rusted. I never rode in the passenger's side, but on two distinct occasions, while whipping left-hand turns, I saw two people fly out of that car, and the sound they made is remarkable similar the howl of the lead-luckist of the Decline, Brian Conboy: a huge what-the-fuck-just-hap-

pened yowl, mouth filled with chips of asphalt. The songs are as simple as they are sonic and strong as road rash. I hear quite a bit of the Angry Samoans' approach on how they take short, hard jabs that motivates this shit right along. As punk as possible, this side of your mom getting a tattoo of a gun on her forehead. -Todd (Hostage, 7826 Seaglen Dr., Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

DEE RANGERS

"Fall Down" ☼

Sweden sure must have a ripping '60s garage punk scene happening. They replicate it so well. Even the recording procedure and equipment must be the same. Based on what I have received, those records could easily been released in the '60s. The title track was a mixture of cow punk and '60s garage punk. The remaining 3 songs reminded me of a mixture of early Rolling Stones and '60s garage punk. For those who can't escape the '60s even though they were born after it. -Donothedead (Savage, Margaretav, 26 G, 187 74 Taby, Sweden)

DEICIDE

"When Satan Lives" ☼

I was stoked to find that this was not picked up by another reviewer. Hey, it has the word "Satan" in the album title! I'm always curious to hear a band that I heard about but will not spend my own hard-earned cash to try out. I'm glad I didn't spend the cash. This is a live recording. I hate live recordings. The power does not come through as it would if recorded in the studio or actually being there. The guitars sound thin, the drums don't feel like they are kicking you in the skull, the bass is behind everything and the vocal style just comes off a little silly without the studio effects. This is more for their hardcore black metal fans and not one to get if you are trying them out. I'll try some other studio release to make my decision. Early Napalm Death meets early Slayer. -Donothedead (Roadrunner, 536 Broadway, NY, NY 10012)

DELTA 9

"Unequilibrium"

This is a collection of stuff from the Vinyl Communications roster remixed by Delta 9. If you are familiar with VC's releases, you know you are in for one extreme noise fest. All brain bogging material here. There's some remixed stuff from the Self Abuse and Relapse labels as well. All around this is a great sampler as noise and soundscapes, some really killer stuff here. -Thrashhead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

DEMISE

"End of an Era" ☼

Back in late '80s in southern California when either metal or straight edge ruled supreme, Demise, along with bands like No Comment, Infest, Man Is The Bastard (then called Charred Remains), Lack Of Interest, and a few others, were pioneering what would later be dubbed as powerviolence. Basically those bands were the only bands around here playing straight up, no holds barred hardcore. Very early '80s influenced, but also borrowing from the English grind-core scene at the time. The tracks from the CD from their killer self titled 10" EP, the "Cruel Reality" LP, the "Furnace of Tension" 7", the live 8" flexi, and a couple of early demo tracks. All the songs are like a blast to the face. Live, these guys were equally as brutal. I remember one and only time I caught them live at the Anti Club. They blew my fucking mind. Killer band. If you like hardcore, pick this up. It will cave your skull in. -Thrashhead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

DENIZ TEK

"Equinox"

11 cuts too many of arena-excess, Pearl Jam-sounding dribble with a lead singer who sounds like he's trying to come off sounding like one of the Van Zants... don't do that. The South doesn't and WON'T like that. Yet, on a better note, it looks as I have a new jewel case. Thanks, guys. -Designated Dale (Citadel Music Mgmt. PO Box 316 Darlinghurst NSW 2010 Australia. (P.S.- CUT OUT THE FUCKING LAME ASS WANNA-BE JIM MORRISON POETRY "READINGS" ON YER FUTURE (god forbid) RELEASES!)

DESPISED N.J., THE

"1999" ☼

When my evil peepers caught a glance of this CD cover amongst the CD heap down at the Flipside office, I first thought that this was the same Despised from Atlanta, GA whose 7" I went apeshit over. Nope. Completely different band whose residence is the same as The Wretched Ones and the Mad Daddys - New Jersey! And speaking of NJ, these guys remind me of another classic band from that area - The Misfits, especially on cuts like "Nonconformist" complete with back-up vocal chorus chants. If I had my balls in vice and had to describe The Despised N.J., I would probably go with an oi-flavored Misfits, 'cause I know the oi crowd out back east are down with these guys. I still swear by The Despised from Atlanta.

though, even if this N.J. version gets the job done. - Designated Dale (BP Distribution, PO Box 4377, River Edge, NJ 07661-4377)

DEVIATES

"My Life" ✨

The title track reminded me of 7 Seconds. In fact, the band reminded me of a better version of 7 Seconds or what 7 Seconds could have become. This is classic '90s sounding Southern California punk mixed with 7 Seconds. I just can't get over the fact that the singer sounds a lot like Kevin Seconds. So if you like 7 Seconds, you would like the Deviates. Hey, by the way, did Fletcher (Pennywise) play on this or did he show them how to play the Fletcher way? I guess I should mention that they sound like Pennywise, too, with Kevin Seconds of 7 Seconds. -Donofthead (Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

DEVICES

"If You Forget Me" ✨

Deamy, sexy love songs. I see Sara singing these songs lying on a piano in a small, dark club around the 1920s. She has a beautiful voice, between Sinead O'Connor and PJ Harvey, but uniquely her own voice. Music similar to Low with slide guitars, organs, and a little faster groove. Piano takes this music to a higher level - very moody - blues, purple... get the idea? Check them out. -K (Splinter)

DIAMANDA GALAS

"Malediction and Prayer" ✨

Christ almighty, there's just no one like her, and this is pure, brilliant, enthralling Diamanda. She's the Tori Amos of Hell, the Gifted Siren of the Seriously Maladjusted. From the very first song, "Iron Lady," you know you're in for it; you might as well just sit back and give in, 'cause Diamanda's got you right where she wants you, and she won't let up. Trust me, it's not in her to do so. The things she does with a voice and a piano are sacred heresy; kinda like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Mozart, and Scott Joplin if they'd all joined bodies and gone stark-raving mad. People who talk about "Women in Music" always seem to somehow forget Diamanda; gee, I wonder why? ...perhaps because one note from her, and the Liith Fair clones would shit their Birkenstocks? If you don't get goosebumps from this, you're fucking dead. -Kirin (Asphodel Ltd./Mute, PO Box 51, Chelsea Station, NY, NY 10113-0051)

DICK SPIKIE, THE

"Beginning of the End" ✨

It's time to pull that dusty leather jacket out of the closet with the studs missing in places. Boy, doesn't that jacket smell musty. Soak that bar of soap in hot water to make it soft. Nothing like having an itchy head using soap to spike up that hair. Now it's time to get a copy of the Dick Spikie CD. Put that baby on and start pogoing like there was no tomorrow or until you get dizzy. Brings back memories doesn't it? Well, at least those of you that were around in the mid '80s. Old school UK punk that sounds like the vocals were recorded using the wrong speed. The vocals are so gravely low that they seem misplaced. Without looking at the band members, you would swear these guys were from the UK. This is something that would have easily been released on Secret or have been on one of those "Punk and Disorderly" compilations. Guess what, these guys are Japanese and they have the look, sound, and have the attitude to make you believe different. Many of the 10th generation wannabes can't come close to replicating what the Japanese do on a regular basis. If you don't want to look back into the past to see what was around before you got into punk, at least go off my recommendation and consider purchasing this. It replicates what punk is, better than what your friends think punk is. -Donofthead (Helen of Oil, 35 Becton Lane, Barton on the Sea, New Milton, Hampshire, BH25 7AB, England)

DICK ARMY

"Winners By Default" ✨

This is harshly warm and fuzzy. It rocks along like an anger that makes you happy. It makes me feel like somehow, just by jamming to this, that I can fight better, though I know I have no logical reason for feeling this way. It hits me like Beam hits an unnamed fellow Flipsider, only I don't have to get my ass kicked in the end. -Juan Bastos (A Major Label Records, PO Box 1503, NY, NY 10009)

DIMESTORE HALOES

"Shooting Stars" ✨

"Shooting Stars" owes as much to Buddy Holly as any punk rock band Chaz and co are into. And my bet is that it's probably intentional. This is a good three song blast of rock and roll that hints at Chuck Berry and the Dolls. "No Happy Endings" has a Mick Jones/Clash feel to it, and to these ears, anyway, is actually a pretty song. Blue wax, if you're into that kinda thing. Good stuff, but I've come to expect nothing less from this band. Hail. Hail rock and roll. -Reflex (American Punk, 802 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

DISC

"2XCD" ✨

Two full length CDs of nothing but manipulated noises pulled from destroyed CDs. The result is pretty interesting and can be quite enjoyable. -Thrashhead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

DISC

"GaijinCD4" ✨

The material on this disc is comprised of sound made from destroying CDs and then playing them. Some interesting things come out. This also come with a second CD with is a destroyed CD. Whether they used that particular CD or not is up to you. Pretty cool. -Thrashhead (Vinyl Communications)

DISENCHANTED, THE

"How Can We Lose When Were So Sincere?" ✨

A more ferocious Blanks '77 with louder guitars. Welcome to the Jungle! -J.Cyclo (Mother Box, 60 Denton Ave, East Rockway, NY 11518)

DISMEMBERMENT PLAN, THE

"The Ice Age of Boston" ✨

If you like the way your teeth feel coated after you eat too many sweets and if you like wallowing in your solitude by marking the one-year anniversary of the last time your MIA girlfriend called you, you may enjoy wallowing in this CD. I never did like the taste of raw sugar cane. -Jessica (Interscope)

DISMEMBERMENT PLAN, THE

"The Ice Age of Boston" ✨

Dorky post-punk college rock from Washington, D.C. Despite the overbearingly precocious lyrics: "The luminous arc / of a lover's shoulder / backlit by the moon," and the immeasurably diverse number of influences cited to ensure that no two songs sound the same, this comes off as suspiciously made-for-radio. However, I thoroughly enjoy my visits to their Web site (very well written) and I'm hoping the new full-length will rectify my present state of disinterestedness (not to be confused with whogivesaluckness). -Money (Interscope)

DOG EAT DOGMA

"Dogzilla" ✨

More mid-tempo Canadian crap. Sorry, but this just doesn't rock. The lyrics are almost clever (i.e. Kaos rules!, Freedom Of Obsession, etc.) but the point and the music just escape me. '80s punk themes with some of the most lethargic music I've heard on this label... sorry, guys, it's too slow. The little red box on the back of the CD says "This is a CD rom for your computer as well as a full music CD." I dicked with this thing for an hour, trying to get it to work. However, after 13 tracks of sleepy pseudo-punk, it's just as well: better luck next time. -Carey (Sudden Death, PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0)

DOMINIONS

Self-titled

A fun, beautiful, and pleasing record filled with Fisher Price-type music for lovers, spots of noise, and a few rockers. Aces. -Bart (Autotonic)

DONNAS, THE

"The Donnas" ✨

I really like 2 of the 23 songs on this comp. of early Donnas material. It starts to get annoying after a while, frankly. Whiny little pre-adolescent (cute?) girls doing Ramones rip-offs. You can't like this and make fun of Spice Girls/Menudo/Bad Religion/New Kids On the Block. Leave it for the pedophiles. -Bart (Lookout!)

DOOM KOUNTY ELECTRIC CHAIR

"Stealing Defeat from the Jaws of Victory" ✨

Can't seem to take this thing from my car's tape deck. Eleven loud and powerful songs connected by b-grade sci fi, horror, and blaxploitation film samples; whose energy refuses to let the listener get bored. This O.C. trio, fronted by two sharp dressed brothers, slam home a hook with askickin' authority. The relentless drums and the driving guitars tend to bury the vocals on occasion, but the choruses in "Burn," and "Desperate" (my idea of what pop should sound like) stay impaled in your brain long after the songs have ended. This is the most promising Land of Disney band I've witnessed in awhile; with attitude enough to make ol' Walt turn in his grave. Doom Kounty (great name) ought to have a contest to see who can catch the most movie references between songs, it'd be a challenge worth rewarding. F.Y.I., they deliver live, big time. -Pooh (Persuasion, PO Box 133, Anaheim, CA 92815)

DRIPPING LIPS, THE

"My Heaven" ✨

A brand spanking new band for Brian James of Damned and Lords of the New Church fame. His guitar work is the strongest aspect, but the rest of the band is tight and rambunctious enough to keep up. The most out front element is the vocalist, Robbie Kelman, who sings in a mid to high range and uses some kind of distortion device and/or gobs of reverb/echo. The A-side and B-side, "Once Upon a

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Time" are fine sing-song rockers. Though not as strong as the early Damned classics, they are a lot harder edged than some of the throw away pop they turned to later in their career. Both of these tunes are found on the group's debut album but these are different takes. -P. Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

DROPKICK MURPHYS/OXYMORON Split

The Dropkicks' second outing with singer Al Barr and although gruff as a dog barking that's been chasing a slow-moving car for ten miles, the band's fricken strong. "Ten Years of Service" (and don't take it like a long-hair acoustic pussy version) is a folk song about the propensity of corporations, right now, laying off thousands of workers who've committed ten or more years of loyal service to them only to be downsized. The second song's a cover of Cocksparrer's "Watch Your Back" (the original is available by on the recently re-released "Live and Loud!" - see the review, this issue). Germany's OxyMORON are about fifteen times better than I last remember them. Heavy-washed vocals that zoom by with the infectious speed and control of the Buzzcocks and the headful of snot and piss that could kung fu with Rancid's fast moves action for action. A lot more tricky and fiery than I remembered. Well worth seeking and buying. -Todd (Flat, PO Box 7504, Quincy, MA 02269)

DROPKICK MURPHYS

"Underpaid and Out of Tune" For some it's difficult to fathom how an Irish-American oil band has been able to come so far so fast. Hopefully, after listening to "Underpaid & Out of Tune," (or as I like to call it, "Under-appreciated and Out of Print") it will appear pretty obvious to critics and naysayers alike that these Boston yobbers are no flash in the pan. This release, the Dropkicks so-called "Early Years" compilation, brings many of their early EPs, 7s, and a smattering of live tracks from the "Do or Die" record release party together on one disc. It also includes tracks from the split 7" recorded with The Bruisers, (Al Barr's old band), and for those who are inclined toward fits of immodest nostalgia and susceptible to doses of whiskey and sentimentality in equal measure, i.e. most of Boston's Irish-American population, then this represents a near-perfect capitulation of the Mike McColgan era. Also featured is a cover of the Pogues' "Bill's Bones" and the Clash's Career Opportunities" and "Guns of Brixton." -Money (Sidekick, Astra Nobelgatan 9 703 61 Orebro Sweden: sidekicks@burningheart.com)

DYSPHORIA

"Hope Without Reason" Metalcore that has that has that '90s straight edge thing going for them. I looked up the word in the dictionary an it defined dysphoria as anxiety. That is a very good description for the the type of music they play. Pissed off, throaty vocals over sludgy, metallic power. For those into things more metallic, give these boys a try. They mix it up to keep things interesting. -Donothedead (PO Box 590, Buckingham, PA 18912)

E-CLASS

"Chances Ditched" This is a pretty good first record by the boys from Denton, Texas. Raw, Clash-inspired rock and roll. Actually, it's more like a band inspired by a band inspired by the Clash (and no, I don't mean a Rancid rip-off). I like it. It makes me want to pogo. -Juan Bastos (Grade Nine, PO Box 267, Denton, TX 76202)

ECBOR

"World Beaters" I really liked the Digital Hardcore thing a lot, but to be honest, I burned out on it pretty quick, primarily because, after two or three songs, it starts to sound the same. Atari Teenage Riot seems to have developed the blueprint and every other band under the "hardcore" banner since has opted to copy said blueprint verbatim, right down to the fact that it sounds like the same girl screaming for all the bands. ECBOR are a little bit different, though. Sure, they have more than their share of the hackneyed boomboomboom "We are German, we are pissed, we like to scream dumb lyrics in broken English 'cause we figure more people will listen that way," and the girl apparently sings for them, too; but what sets them apart is when they drop all the bullshit and start to try and create something different. On three or four of the 13 songs on this, they drop all the cliches and lousy lyrics and start creating some pretty cool soundscapes backed by some wicked beats, not unlike Ministry's more inspired "industrial" moments. Still, three or four songs does not a good record make, so my suggestion would be to find that kid you hang out with who tries desperately to be cool, get him to buy it and record the good songs. Maybe their next will be better. -Jimmy Alvarado (DHR 30, Dean St., London, W1V 5AN UK)

ED TEMPLE

"The Act of Gabriel" Fancy-pants college kids will honestly believe that this CD is the "coolest" thing since their hand-me-down BMW from Mommy and Daddy... Isn't that fucking special? You MUST attend Fuck U, if ya are into this. Like track #14 on this soon-to-be-sailing frisee says - "thank you, goodnight." Something I couldn't agree with more. -Designated Dale (Blue-Moon, 2075 S. University Blvd., #264, Denver, CO 80210)

EISERNE GARDE

"Garde de Fier" Uplifting and inspiring, these songs and marches were recorded in 1935 by the Romanian Iron Guard. The sound is very good, and the "absinthe green" color of the vinyl is intoxicating. These recordings are rare in that they reflect such simple, elegant joy, and a transcendent sort of beauty. Highly emotive, this gorgeous double 7" set is a definite must-have for those who appreciate the mystical allure of marchsongs. -Kirin (Aorta c/o Petak, Postfach 778, A-1011 Wien, Austria)

EL DIABLO

"Texas Rocker" If the Reverend Horton Heat was more "rock" than "abilly," if REO Speedealer took 15 ludes followed by 2 quarts of vodka, then you'd roughly be in the headspace of El Diablo: "Sure as Shit" punk rock is not afraid of its showing its country ass. But the B-Side owes almost as much to the unholy trinity of AC/DC, Gary Glitter, and fill in the blank of a glam band I don't know and don't want to know. Just for sake of argument, how many bands have a song like "Set it on Fire," telling you how much they're gonna rock, and it almost sounds like they're reading from an instructional manual with musical backup? Hmmm. I like the A-side, but that's no way to endorse you spending your hard-earned clink. -Todd (Sin City, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

EL DIABLO

"The \$6.66 Ep" First this starts with a old school hardcore meets the '90s in "13 Gears." Second song, "Jailbait," is a little too rock in a redneck biker bar kind of way. The third song, "Sure As Shit" seems to follow great in title after that rock song, but it actually is the best song on the CD. Straight forward punk is what you get. From what I can make of the lyrics is white trash girls like to shake there ass for cash. After is "White Trash!" another song making fun of the white trash population. It's more of a rock number. Last is "Devil's Bowl" that has that '90s punk sound. I have mixed feelings... -Donothedead (Goldfront/Sin City)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"Clock Wise" Thing is, with EF and their ever increasing barrage of collectible vinyl, it's hard for the novice to know who is the singer and when the record came out. This single is the last of the Scott-era EF tracks, both good songs. "Clock Wise" is an EF original, the flip a Crime cover (SF late '70s punk band) that demonstrate, once again, the strength of this band and this particular line up. My copy came on cool ice cube clear vinyl. -Reflex (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"EF with Rik L. Rik" Four song live EP chronicling the short-lived collaboration between LA rock and roll veteran Rik L. Rik and NY area superband Electric Frankenstein. The songs represented here are all Negative Trend and F-Word era Rik songs played straight ahead by EF. The quality of the single is rough and live, recorded in New Jersey late in 1997. Sounds, not surprisingly, like a bootleg, but I'd rather listen to this than most slick sounding stuff I've heard lately. Woulda been kinda cool to hear Rik do some EF stuff, but the company that put this out may have been targeting Rik's, not EF's, contribution here. The vinyl is yellow, and the sleeve, though gatefold, is cheesy - combining a 1978 era Rik pic with a 1997 Scott line up photo of EF. Recommended yes, but be forewarned, it's live, and knowing the merchandise machine that is Electric Frankenstein, a good runner for a possible (my speculation here, not a band suggestion) of the EF/Rik full length document... "Electric Frankenstein: The Rik L. Rik Months" or something. Only time will tell. -Reflex (Munster, Apdo. 18107-28080 Madrid, Spain)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"You're So Fake" First warning - unless you're a vinyl nut or a collector, you can find both of these fantastic tracks on the awesome Electric Frankenstein/ Hookers split CD. The biggest attraction then; the cool Art Chantry Frankenstein cartoon and the green vinyl. Guitars are vintage EF all the way around. The A side is a great song, but for me it's the B side, "Rocket in My Veins" that has the true Frankenstein stomp: Steve's vocals are tough; the vocal tracks layered - hard to tell if Steve is doubled up on himself or if it's Dan singing underneath. Whatever, sounds great. That's all that

tell if Steve is doubled up on himself or if it's Dan singing underneath. Whatever, sounds great. That's all that matters. - Reflex (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 99227)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN/ THE HOOKERS

"Listen Up, Baby!" "s/l" **Split** ✨

EF are back with original vocalist, Steve Miller (no, NOT from The Steve Miller Band) in tow. The one song that stuck a bit from their set of songs was "Social Infection," complete with hammering and choppy guitar riffs. Go, Satan. The Hookers have got a hell-on-wheels wave of tunes that sound like they'll take your whole gang on with songs like "RockNRoll MotherFucker" and "Look At Yourself." Music to rip flesh by here, like REO Speedealer and Zeke. The Hookers features Adam (orig. Nash, Pussy and 9 Pound Hammer drummer) on vocals. -Designated Dale (Man's Ruin, 610 22nd St. #302, SF, CA 94107)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN/ THE HOOKERS

"Listen Up Baby" and "Must Kill! Must Kill!" **Split** ✨

An awesome pairing of bands on one CD, Electric Frankenstein and The Hookers each dish up eight songs. Clocking in at forty minutes, this is like two mini-albums smushed into one. First is Electric Frankenstein who, known as a singles band, belt out a batch of songs that sound like, well, singles. There's lotsa hooks and snags, the quality is great, the consistency fluid. It's a surprise to read that the recordings are done at two different studios and with different drummers... Steve Miller is back singing for EF on this one. For whatever reason, his voice has the defining sound that defines Electric Frankenstein. I've been running this through my head a while and I've summed it up like this: as much fun as Elizabeth Taylor had with all her later husbands, you knew she had to go back to Richard Burton because it was just... well.... right. It made the most sense, they were the perfect foil for each other. Same thing with EF and Steve Miller, he's back because he's the perfect foil for them. It works. Listen to this, the proof is in the pudding. The Hookers blast "Must kill! Must Kill" is hellfire and brimstone. A touch primitive in recording quality compared to the EF tracks, it makes up for it in sheer firepower. The Hookers are, in a word, awesome. Highly recommended on all counts, it's a knockout punch. -Reflex (Man's Ruin)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"Up from the Streets" **CD**

This is the first time I heard EF and I sure am a Johnny-come-lately. I'm definitely not the first to find out about a band. There are way too many bands putting out releases for me to give a cold try. 2 songs of punk rock'n'roll to enjoy with a good cold beer as I'm doing right this minute. They definitely have a '70s rock thing going on this release. The production is very good but still lets them have kind of a trashy bar thing going. I'm not sure if they are like this always, but this does bring back some memories from my childhood. -Donothedead (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

ELLIOT SMITH

"XO" ✨

If you have not bought this yet, do so. Beautiful guitar. Beautiful voice (thick, genuine, and sexy). Depressing stories, yet inspiring and real. Layered sounds. Simple. Folky. A gem. Will stand the test of time. -K (Dreamworks)

ENCLAVE

"Sonatas & Interludes" ✨

Cool packaging in the shape of a match book. Musically not my cup of tea but was interesting. I'm coming off a post turkey day feast and a little too many beers to think of what this sounds like to me. A post punk, repetitious noise barrage that would be great background music to a multi media art show with all the guest frying on a few hits of acid to build the effect while a bus load of retired senior citizen Bingo players play in the background. -Donothedead (Filter Cap, 2425 B Channing Way, #585, Berkeley, CA 94704)

ENDSTAND/AURINKOKERHO

Split ✨

Two bands from one of punk epicenters, Finland. Endstand start this CD and play mid-tempo hardcore that sounds a cross between '90s straight edge and emo with throaty vocals sung in English. The guitar is recorded thin and just kind of buzzes. The bass is punchy though and the drums are a little bright. The songs do have the potential for much more power but the production just does not justify their music. Not that they need to spend a ton of money, but the music could have been mixed better. It just has too much of a live sound. Aurinkokerho, on the other hand, benefits from the lack of production. The guitars are fuzzy but bold, the bass is echoed which gives it a gloomy sound. The drums sound just right without sounding like garbage cans. The vocals are sung in Finnish but have that early gothic sound. They play a late '70s,

very early '80s punk. Enjoyable through every song. My choice of the two. -Donothedead (Halla, PO Box 139, 00131 Helsinki, Finland)

ERIK CORE

"Releasing the Dog Within" ✨

Bleah. A guy that knows 6 chords playing acoustic guitar as fast as he can. Not flamenco guitar, mind you, but steel string. He's got a fast right hand, however, and his timing is good (Unless he used a click track, that's cheating). The worst part about this is he gargles thumbtacks and razorblades while screaming about junkies, America, etc., etc., blah, blah, blah. Is this the dog within? What, an amphetamine-addled schnauzer? This sucks... death metal "unplugged." -Carey (Royal Earthen Troves Music/Erik Core, PO Box 21470, Oakland, CA 94620)

EXHUMED/NO COMPLY

Split **CD**

Exhumed belt out two tracks of some seriously brutal grind. With lyrics and a cover that would probably disturb even the biggest Carcass fan. Sick shit here. No Comply are a killer two piece that do one crazy grind track, with a kazillion speed changes. Brutal split. -Thrashead (Agitate 96, c/o Richard Ramos, 11479 Amboy Ave., San Fernando, CA 91340, or Open Wound, 10367 S.W. 4th St. Miami, FL 33174)

FAKE HYPPI/HEADACHE

Split **CD**

Fake Hypi do some good hard punk and hardcore here. One song has this melodic but jazzy quality to it. It makes for interesting listening. The hardcore song sounds like early '80s straight edge hardcore. Headache are more melodic punk, but they have a really fucking rough edge, that gives it power. Good split. -Thrashead (Panz, BP 5058, Toulouse, Cedex 5, France)

FALLOUT

"Spit on the Innocent" ✨

Grand Theft Audio decides to release another new band, and this one was a damn good choice. From note one this Aussie powerhouse completely decimates you with a wall of sonic aggression. This is straight up, brutal fucking thrash with no let up. The production is top notch. It's really thick, you feel like you're drowning in sound, but you can hear every instrument tearing at your ears. The playing is astonishingly tight and precise. Total fucking power here. There are 30 brutal studio tracks, and a live set as well, that show this band live is a force to be reckoned with. One listen to this will lay you to waste, and definitely warrant many, many subsequent listens after. A cut above the lot. -Thrashead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

FALSE ALARM

CD **CD**

Old school punk rock brought to you by veterans of early American hardcore. False Alarm has been around for nearly two decades and I'm glad to say they haven't lost any of that early '80s anger. I hear influences by the Ramones, Adrenalin O.D. and Black Flag. I guess they found a good thing and stuck to it! False Alarm was assembled in 1982 by the Aragon brothers Paul, vocals, Floyd, guitar who still remain and Mike Brekett (NOFX) and Jordan Hillier (RIP). Though I'm sure as in many other bands that have been around this long they went through their own trials and tribulations, but it sounds to me like they made it through unscathed. Bass player Brent (Sacro), Art (Twister Naked) on drums and Dylan from the infamous band (Weed) now fill the line-up. At a recent gig I've heard that Keith Morris praised the band. These guys are keeping that true sound alive in a world of MTV and Marilyn Manson. I look forward to hearing more from False Alarm in the near future! To ask about obtaining one of these demos or show info they can be reached at the web site below. -Southern Fried Keith (www.punker.com/falsealarm)

FARTZ

"Because This Fuckin World Still Stinks" ✨

Finally, somebody decided to get smart and got this fucker out. This should have been out at least five years ago. I myself have waited a long time for this one. Time to go back to my childhood. The Neos, Poison Idea, Terveet Kadet, and of course the almighty Fartz, from the same state that brought you Nirvana. I remember times I would start my day blasting the "World Full of Hate" 12"EP at extreme volume early in the morning. What a great way to wake up. This is early '80s US hardcore at some of its most brutal. Blaine's voice was like a cheese grater scraping across your ear drums, while the band raged at full intensity behind him. Even over 15 years later this blows a lot of stuff away that is considered and called hardcore. If this came out today, it would blow minds. As a matter fact, it still does. The CD contains the classic "Because This Fuckin World Stinks" 7"EP from '81, the absolutely killer "World Full of Hate" 12"EP from '82, both in their entirety, and well as the "We See You Crawling" 12"EP from '90, which was a collection of comp tracks and demos that never saw the

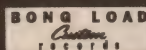
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light of day until that came out. They are all on here in all their brutality. The Fartz also were known for their killer social and political lyrics. Some of the lyrics may be outdated, because of the people involved, but the ideas still pretty much hold true into today. The LP version of this reissue even has a reprint of the poster that came in the original version of the "World Full of Hate" 12". The CD has all the artwork, but obviously it's really small. There are also some liner notes from Author Wilum Pugmyr, who has also been a big fan of the band since day one. All the music is here - that's all that matters. Not only that, you also get to hear Guns'n'Roses bass player Duff McKagen bash the skins on some of the later songs. Pretty funny, huh? Vocalist Blaine went on to join the Accused after the band broke up. All the Martha Splatterhead stuff is Blaine ripping up his vocal chords. I believe his best stuff is here on this CD. Even now, years later, when I hear the stuff from the "World Full of Hate" 12", I still want to throw stuff through windows. Fucking absolutely classic. - Thrashhead (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141)

FETISH PARK

"Alluvial" ✳

The third "trip" into Fetish Park with the hottie and seductive rhythms of "Alluvial." Not your typical fetish rhythm machine as this is the one vision of the alluring Carla Subito out of Germany. Earthy tones and black and whites out lay the flowery romance of the soft-shaded lips and skin inside the cover and behind the CD... and that's just the kind of sensual trip you'll have to make through your mind to get to Fetish Park. -Bart (Extreme, PO Box 147 Preston 3072, Victoria, Australia: extreme@well.com)

FINAL EXIT/GONKULATOR Split CD 12

Final Exit ruin your ears and your stereo with some ultrabrutal noisecore, that's extremely heavy on the low end. Fuckingouch! Then Gonkulator take you straight to hell. Brutal black/death grind madness. Ultra evil split. -Thrashhead (Fudgeworthy, 8 Stevin Dr., Woburn, MA 01801)

FINAL EXIT

"Too Late for Apologies" © 12

This is the Final Exit from Sweden not Japan. These guys crank out eight tracks of killer straight edge hardcore, which owes more to the early '80s than today. Great hard-hitting tunes with really well written lyrics. I've heard, unfortunately, they maybe no more. They also have two killer CDs. Find this stuff, it rocks. -Thrashhead (Third Party, 21 Nancy Ln., Amherst, NY 14228)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM

"The New Professionals" ✳

Ever have your stereo explode from someone blasting it with a flame thrower it when you're listening to it? If not, imagine that all the flames were guitar licks, the stench of burning plastic was caustic shouts, that the bass and drums were the muzzle flash and chunky sizzle, that and all of that confusion of "who the fuck just shot my stereo, you motherfucker?!" as you lunge at a person in a silver suit with a large faceplate. This is going along with so much heat it's hard to breathe and look without squinting. Imagine a garage on fire with an inoperational garage door opener, a band inside and the only way you can get out is play faster, faster, raunchier, sloppier, crankier. There, you have it. That's the Fireballs of Freedom. Immediate, rapid spaz. Not recommended for driving under 55 mph because it made me want to stomp the accelerator for no good reason. -Todd (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 981020)

FIRESIGN THEATER

"Give Me Immortality or Give Me Death!" ✳

The gang's all here for this pre-Millennial, mind-expanding shindig with the elusive, but always punctual Firesign Theater. After years in the wilderness (y'know, the time artists turn out albums no one buys), the four original members of America's red, white and blue answer to the limey Goons and Pythons re-unite in time to shake up our Y2K funk with a welcome slab o' CD and what a doozy it is. The boys add a dozen new skits and characters to their pantheon of greatness; Captain Happy Pandit - the Radio Now News Eye in the Skyman, Unconscious Village - I am Asleep! The Celebrity Stalker Report, and Chump Threads' Sports in Your Shorts. Anyone who treasures their "How Can I Be in Two Places at Once When I'm Not Anywhere at All" record will get a thrill on the return of Ralph Spoilspout to the loving public. This is a must-have, gotta get it, even if I have to steal it record! Millennium doomsayers unite! This is the record you've been waiting for. For comedy fans, just try not to laugh. For those in law enforcement, bite the big one! -Martin Banner (Rhino, 10635 Santa Monica Blvd., LA, CA 90025-4900)

FLAT DUO JETS

"Lucky Eye" 12

Eighteen tunes crossing all things America: both thematically ("Virginia Surf," "California Luau") and stylistically (think Tom Waits, Mojo Nixon, Violent Femmes). Acoustic and electric takes on rock, blues, and he-haw, but nothing stood out like aural equivalent of the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, or Mount Rushmore. In their trek from North Carolina, these guys sound like they may have gotten stuck in Kansas. -Pooch (Outpost)

FOETUS CORRUPTUS

"Rite" ✳

Once a Foetus bootleg, now "legally" available to the paying consumer. This live show I want to say was done somewhere in the late '80s (no info is given) and features the cunning line up of future/then members of KMFDM, Swans, Pigface and, of course, the infamous drunkard Jim Thewell/Foetus billed as his alter-ego, Cint Ruin. It's a classic outing and well worth it as you get devastating versions of "English Faggot" and Marc Almond's co-written (but he, unfortunately, isn't on the recording) jam with Foetus "Slut." The title must be pretty funny when you're tanked as it's what a dog says, as there's a dog on the cover. -Bart (Jungle/Invisible)

FORTUNE & MALTESE AND THE PHABULOUS PALLBEARERS

Self-titled ✳

19 of the 21 tracks were originally released as an album on Screaming Apple Records. Thankfully for me and other "connoisseurs" of retro rockin'. Get Hip has seen fit to make this collection available again. If you get behind Untamed Youth in a big way, Fortune, Maltese and crew should get you just as excited. One look at the cover, with the Paul Revere and the Raiders makes the early Makers fashion statement, and you gotta know that frat rock is spoken here! Most of the songs are originals but sound like '60s vintage pop/rock ala Sam the Sham, the Kingsmen and any number of groups found on comps of the Pebbles variety. The covers include the Everly Brothers', "Gone, Gone, Gone," Bobby Fuller's, "Take My Word" and "Let's Dance" that I can't help but think of as a Ramones tune, though it was a hit when they were in diapers the first time around. Hell, maybe it will be a hit when they are in diapers again some day... But getting back to the disc at hand, there are lots of harmonies, organ fills, classic guitar work and non-stop teen beat action on a veritable plethora of good time punk/psych/pop music. Yeah, I like it. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

FORTUNE & MALTESE AND THE PHABULOUS PALLBEARERS

"Leave No Stone Unturned" ©

One of the better known proponents of what I think of as frat rock, probably 'cause I've seen someone else use the term for similar stuff. Be that as it may, F & M and crew have a strong '60s vibe and have been fairly prolific. This single is a tad on the mellow side compared to other musings I've experienced. There is a Byrdsy guitar groove that permeates both sides. "Leave No Stone Unturned" was chosen as the A-side and is the softer of the two which may signal a shift in direction for the young five piece. Though they don't have the nasal dude/lough girl duet action, the band reminds me of Sonny and Cher... or maybe early Chesterfield Kings. They have the tight pop with an underlying edge format going on. The second piece, "Time has Gone," is grittier but also has some sweet harmonies and toe-tapping rhythm. It is not unlike Dylan's, "Baby Blue," and features organ fills and snottier vocals. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip)

FOXATIONS

Self-titled © 12

Four tracks of nice and basic old style punk rock. All the tracks have that cool raw edge to them. Nice, grating guitar, loud rhythm section, and shouted female vocals make this one a sure fire listen. Cool stuff. -Thrashhead (Scooch Pooch, 5850 W. 3rd St. #209, LA, CA, 90036)

FRANKLIN

"Personal Emergencies"/"Major Taylor" ©

This one surprised me. The packaging looks like someone photocopied it out of a magazine, but the 2 songs within are actually OK. The vocals are pretty cool. A nice high-pitched but non-metal harmonized vocal track. The guitars have a nice sound as well; this would be good music for a keg party or a road trip. I'd like to hear a full-length from these guys. -Carey (Tree, PO Box 578582, Chicago, IL 60657/Franklin, 206 Montgomery Ave., Oreland, PA 19075 bsokel@msn.com)

FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY

"Re-Wind" ✳

I really like Billy's work, and as the founder of FLA and contributor to the original early '80s Vancouver industrial scene that changed the face of the music forever

he must be respected. This is a double CD of re-mixes from the last effort by FLA to "cash-in," as he put it, when I asked him about its sound on the "new" electronic popular with today's teen youth culture. Disc 1 is all re-mixes by FLA with cool little sub names, i.e. "Was It Worth It? Mix for 'Oblivion.'" Disc 2 consists of re-dos of fellow old-skoolers from the Wax Trax! days: Front >242<-, Fini Tribe (When's the last time anyone's heard from them?!), as well as work from Cydonia, Eat Static, Kalte Farben, and Collide. All work is, of course, quality as it bares the FLA seal of approval. -Bart (Off Beat/Metropolis)

FUCK ON THE BEACH

"Fastcore on the Beach" **O B2**

One of the most maniac bands out of Japan right now. Imagine being dumped head first into a blender and the grate, chop, and puree settings are all being hit simultaneously. You get the idea of what this ripping 13 tracker 45 rpm killer will do to your ears. -Thrashead (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA, 94142)

FUCHTAT

"Here's Ten Reasons Why" **✳**

Here is Winnipeg's local Fal band. Obviously heavily influenced by many melodicore bands that have come before them. Mid-tempo to fast punk with tight melodies and good production. Reminded me of Good Riddance for their ability to write hook-filled pop melodies with good musicianship. Not a bad song in the bunch. -Donofthedeat (Crack, PO Box 29048 Eatons Place, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4L1, Canada)

FUNERAL

"Where's My Leather Jacket?" **✳**

There were a lot of great bands that slipped the cracks in the southern California scene back in early '80s. Obscure bands like the Cheifs, Secret Hate, Artistic Decline, Modern Warfare, Hypnotics, etc., etc., etc. Funeral were definitely one of those bands, like the aforementioned bands, deserved a lot better than they ended up with. They left a 12"EP from 1980, and a 7" from '81 in their wake, both of which are on this CD with loads of unreleased tracks that are all quite amazing. All the tunes here are good, rocking early '80s punk rock with the So Cal melodic tinge to it, while remaining raw as all fucking hell. There is also a country influence that comes through on a couple of songs. Not surprising for the fact that half the band and founding members of Funeral went on to play for Tex and The Horseheads in '83 after Funeral broke up. Currently, Funeral members are in bands like the swing band The Sweet And Low Orchestra, and the U.S. Bombs. This is a great document that deserves your attention. Definitely check it out. -Thrashead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

FUNERAL

"Have You Seen My Leather Jacket?" **✳**

For the young, lame or just plain stupid, Funeral were a band from Long Beach who were way underrated, in my book. While the Vandals and other comparatively standard local groups were hoarding all the glory, these guys were plodding along virtually unnoticed, playing some of the coolest punk rock in LA County. Situated somewhere between the initial Hollywood punk explosion and HB muscle-bound hardcore, Funeral rocks in a mode that is not too fast, not too slow and packed to the gills with hooks. These guys were so cool that Detox, on their first album (one of the greatest albums I ever owned that was, sadly, stolen from me mere weeks after I bought it), even covered "Eddie's Drunk Angel" in the middle of "Placidly Polka." What? Who's Detox?? You people are fuckin' impossible. -Jimmy Alvarado (Grand Theft Audio)

FUZZ FACTOR

"Make Their Move" **✳**

12 songs. Two, maybe three different melodies. Common themes: broken heart, alienation, betrayal, rebellion and personal discovery. -Jessica (Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave. S. Hamilton, Ontario, L8K 2S9, Canada)

FYP/GRUMPIES

Split **O**

FYP's song, "Untamed and Useless," hate to say it, is mature pop punk. Catchy, measured, fist-pounding, singable, even a bit sad. Huff, breathing hard vocals, punchy drums. Even when with bubblegum pop blowing huge pink balloons, it stands out because it's melancholic. And this is a band that's been infatuated with taking shits and diarrhea. "Oink Joint" is low-fi 4 track hip-hop with meandering and laced horns, Beastie white soul, a "square" talking about marijuana, that, too, is really strong because it's a.) good and b.) I was not expecting it from FYP at all. Grumpies sound like they not only drowned in liquified sweat tapped it into the elementary school drinking fountain troughs, they took Super big Gulps home to feast on and feed their goldfish to watch their eyeballs pop out of their heads. Giddy, super-electro, pre-adolescent hyper-dumb-smartidity that's so raw and fast it's hyp-

notic. The first song rips into Robert DeNiro for being such a dink for compromising his art to be the pigfucking monster in "Frankenstein," rounding out the chorus with "you suck's." Without losing a beat, taking a clip of "Some Kind of Wonderful" (I think) charge with full panty scrunch into Lita Ford's "Kiss Me Deadly." Hard to go wrong. -Todd (Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

GASP

"Drome Triler of Puzzle Zoo People" **✳**

I've been seeing these guys play various shows for the past few years. It's about time they got a full length release out. Gasp play some awesome thrash, but that's not the main focus of their material. They like to mix heavy elements of various forms of experimental noise, psychedelic, and prog rock influences in with the thrash. It works extremely well - you definitely can't really put a label on them. What's great is instead of sounding like a mish mash of sounds that don't quite come together, or being weird for the sake of being weird, they honed the sound to be consistent, and to mix well together. This is a really intense and interesting listen all the way through. I'm glad to see this finally out. People will finally get to hear another hardworking local band. -Thrashead (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA 94142)

GENERATORS, THE

"Welcome to the End" **✳**

These guys are mucho talented. And tighter than trying to fistfuck a mannequin. Great harmonies with keyboards that DON'T come off as soundin' like shit. Sounds a bit like if ya threw Elvis Costello, The Clash, and The Joykiller in a blender, then added a dash of the Damned for flavor. Tastes fan-fuckin'-tastic to me! More, please. -Designated Dale (Triple X, PO Box 862529, LA, CA 90086-2529; www.triple-x.com)

GERMS, THE

"Germsicide" **✳**

Yup, this is the first ever Germs gig, recorded at the Whisky in June of '77, that was once LP only. Nowadays it's L... what? By the time the band got into the studio, there was a new drummer and most of these songs had been pushed aside by the faster, stronger material that made its way onto their stunning gem of a debut. Here, the band is loose as a goose, probably drunk and/or high as a kite on various motor response-numbing, uncontrolled substances and doing their level best to plod through these simple, early tunes. Some of the highlights include Rodney Bingenheimer introducing Belinda Carlisle to introduce the band and explain how their lack of personal hygiene and moral turpitude led to her not being a member any more, the sloppiest of covers of "Sugar Sugar" and Darby (then known as Bobby Pyn) goading the audience on. At times Mr. Crash could pass for deal when he can't seem to figure out when to come in but the group manages to get through, "Forming," "Sex Boy," "Get a Grip" and 7 others. -P. Edwin Letcher (Bomp!, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

GINA GO FASTER

"Stereophonic Action Plan" **O**

Fire your cover artist (which, regrettably is the bassist/vocalist). Nothing makes me say "pass" than nondescript animals in riding a fifth-grader's rendition of a rocket. After skipping over this over ten times in the pile I realized, "Hey, I liked this band's last 7". What a treat. The last one (with dog on motorcycle) was like burning a barn, staying inside, and enjoying the sizzle of flesh. This one's no different. Energy-fueled hearts of fire splattering all over the place with knocked-loose guitar crunch that reminds me of one of the best albums of the decade, Rocket From The Crypt's "Circa Now." Even the slower songs have energy dialed and tattooed at 11. "Time Beau Hall" has resting points, yelling parts, and borders on what could be considered a mini-epic. No wank, lots of spunk; good, smart, punched to the floor, yelling at the sky, full tilt rock'n'roll. Never heard of 'em besides the 7's and consider me a fan. -Todd (King Bee, PO Box 1164, PO Box 1164, Denver, CO 80202)

GIRL TROUBLE

"Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays" **✳**

There was a lot of praise for "New American Shame" which came out a few years ago on Empty Records. This is every bit as good, tune wise, and the production is even better. The band has a subtle country flavor infused in their rabid brand of rock and roll. The best band I can think of, by way of comparison, is the Cramps, but Girl Trouble have their own, highly individual groove going on. There is a unifying grace the band achieves through a solid bass line, simple yet effective guitar riffing and a steady back beat. Nothing real flashy; but tight, complementary and rhythmic with an ever present, slightly syncopated drum pulse that anchors each song. K.P.'s voice is part Lux Interior and part Johnny Cash with a smidgeon of Bryan Ferry thrown in. The songs are clever and memorable stories of life, love and loneliness in the Pacific Northwest and on the road.

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GOATSLAKE

"The Innocent IV" **O**

Two tracks of total sludge rock. Total Black Sabbath worship here. Slow, heavy, and plodding. Reminds me of a funeral death march. -Thrashead (Prosthetic, 6230 Wilshire Bl., Suite 128, LA, CA, 90048)

GODSTOMPER

"Gunculture" **O B2**

The bay area's damaging duo are back to pummel your skull in with their extreme sound attack. Eight tracks of pure fucking mayhem. Listen as Godstomper kicks god and your ass. Fucking crazy. -Thrashead (Dogprint, Box Office 84, Suffern, NY 10901)

GREAT UNWASHED

"Welcome Back to Real Life Again" **O**

Mid tempo punk rock with occasional college-rock leanings from Germany. It just don't seem to get my blood pumpin'. Oh well. -Jimmy Alvarado (New Lifeshark, Postfach 700320, D-44883 Bachum, Germany)

GRINNERS, THE

"Psychoville" **O**

Imagine, if you will, the singer for Unsane fronting Los Ass Draggers. Yes, it's that intense. I'm trying desperately to find a way to properly rave about this, but I'm so blown away that the only words coming to me are "Fuck, this is so fuckin' cool" and it keeps reverberating in my head like some unholy mantra. Hey, Thrashead, all our legal battles aside, I think you might eat this for lunch. They're from Sweden to boot. Excuse me while I go clean myself off now... -Jimmy Alvarado (Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, Germany)

GROVER

"Husk" **✳**

Moody 8 songer which I assume is their demo/first release since it was self-financed and they are soliciting financing and gigs. Experimental but with sort of a jazz/fusion jam session kind of vibe mixed with rock. Included for all you people with computers is a CD-Rom program. It includes a video of one of their instrumentals and an interactive book by Steve Garner. Since I just got my computer, I can't seem to get the book to run. I'm still catching up on technology. -Donofthedeat (65 Institute Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham, B147EY, UK)

GUTTERMOUTH

"Live - from the Pharmacy" **✳**

If you happen to be one of the many, many people who put a band like Guttermouth on a pedestal, then do yourself a favor and skip the following review, 'cause your feelings are more than likely to be "hurt"...I'm gonna say this - there was (and still is) more than enough bands like this that flooded the record bins and clubs to make me wansa puke ten fold - fast. "funny," and sometimes pop-filled hardcore inspired bands. Tons of 'em. And, though there were some that I had found pretty cool, I was never a Guttermouth fan. After listening to this CD (16 live cuts + four new songs), it confirmed my feelings that, even though there ARE people that are gonna swear by this, that it's just another jewel case to add to the heaving Fat/Fearless pile... And while we're on the subject of this CD, that song, "Chicken Box," sounds like (a LOT like) that old tune from Doggy Style (remember them?). "Get Raw." The liner notes from the inside of this start off as sounding like a history of So. Cal. punk - what in the name of FUCK does it have to do with Guttermouth? Keep to the roots of YOUR band and the ones YOUR members were in before, "2nd wave" or whatever. Now, all you fans, dry your eyes, 'cause this is HARDLY a personal attack on any of the members of Guttermouth... I'm merely calling it as it reads. I'm even quite sure some of 'em are pretty good kids and I know this for a fact because Clint W., their original bassist, happens to be the bassist for a band I happen to play in, so pull THAT outta yer ass and wipe it. Anyways, if you are a Guttermouth completist, you need to pick this up (because I know you're gonna anyway.) May God have mercy on us all. -Designated Dale (Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave., Suite F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

HANKSHAW

"Every Day I Wish You Harm" **✳B2**

In all seriousness, not even when I've sat on my balls while riding my bike has my voice come to as close as high as Harold, the singer's. The dude must be pre-nut, de-nut or something along the lines of a eunuch (grape peeler in harem) - he sounds like a girl. Take it how you want to. It just is. I'm not ragging on him, it's just real weird looking at the picture: Harold. The band list: Harold. And it sounds like Harriet. He looks old enough for them to drop. For crying out loud, the backup vocals are even higher - by Greg, not Grace. Why am I obsessing on the vocals, well, because the rest's emo without the core, which is another way of saying radio-friendly indie pop. Slowed down Superchunk (hail the mighty Superchunk) put

through the predictable and easy-to-listen-to filter with barely chunky parts (soaking in the milk a little long?). It's pretty. It's sensitive. No me gusta. Ends with Pat Benetar's "Hit Me With Your Best Shot" while missing the target like a not only blind but encyphaletic cupid's arrow. Fuck. Pat had a deeper voice. Creepy. Bad creepy. "Every Day I Wish You Go Back Working at Subway" is my alternative album title for this one. -Todd (Doghouse, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

HATERS

"Cultivating Calamity" ✖
Grinding metal that sounds like it's swirling around - that's Cultivating Calamity. Nice and noisy stuff in the Haters tradition. That and the "Predetermined By Accident" and "Drops Ascending" 7"ers are on this CD as well. One fun noisefest. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

HEARTBREAKERS, THE

"Live at Mothers" ☐
The only reason I'm going to compare the Heartbreakers to Bob Dylan today is that I just a:) fell asleep to Bob Dylan time and time again while trying to write a review and b:) once again realized how large of a saddle the Heartbreakers rode in, how true their shooting. I guess I never took in nor got Bob Dylan but I never fully realized how many sources the Heartbreakers tapped and adopted, and in turn, helped create, foster, and thrive: bits of folk, swing, blues, hard rock, hillbilly - but what they accomplished is more with their twists of glorious desperation, the beginning of the creation of punk musicians as loveable fuckup ideology by starting some of the first sessions in the school of how you can play a guitar extremely badly and that equaled extremely goodly (and to many, godly). Yet, yet beyond all of the cloning of bands that conform to this template, it's undeniable that the great shame of the Heartbreakers is that there's no reason that Johnny Thunders, Walter Lure, Richard Hell, and Jerry Nolan shouldn't have bronze statuettes of them pissing on the side of a rock'n'roll museum. The up side to this is, it just reinforces that the ass-wipes that tout Backstreet Boys as best male group of '98 are still feasting off the wrong host: greed, not rock'n'roll, hell, not even music. More for us. Really, it's possible, I'd even recommend an album of Johnny Thunders farting or ordering sauerkraut. This recording's not bad at all. -Todd (Munster, PO Box 18,107, Madrid 28080, Spain)

HELLCOPTERS

"Looking at Me" ☉
A-side was on my favorite record from last year - their import full-length "Payin' the Dues." B-side is a slow, Stookey number with the awesome title "Rock Hammer" which sounds a real lot like Motorcycle Boy to tell ya the truth. A very good thing. -Martin McMartin (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98227)

HELLBENDERS, THE

"Pretty in Public" ☉
If it's one thing that I can thoroughly get into to, it's a band like The Hellbenders adding their two cents to the punk'n'roll family tree. Enthusiasts of The Hummers, Pleasure Fuckers and the like will find this of interesting nature with rippers like "Pretty in Public," "The Bastard Son of Epstein Barr," and an elbow-connected-to-your-eye socket version of AC/DC's "Beat It Around the Bush" (Where the hell did ya learn to play that guitar, Hans? NOW I know why he's known as the sixth Humper!) Recommended. (Like I really need to tell you THAT, dunce) -Designated Dale (PO Box 1278, Temple City, CA 91780)

HELLDORADO

"I Can Quit Any Time" ☉
The first thing I noticed was vocalist, Steph Sakes. She sounded to me like Exene on first listen, but not so much now. The album opens with a tune done in a radical cow punk fashion. The overall tone is a hard-edged grind. There is an aggressive nature here that is illustrated by their cover, a burning building on the front and nuclear explosion on the back, and by a number of the songs, "(I Want Your Head on My) Barbecue Grill" and "I Wish You Were Dead" being the most in your face examples. The band is from all over the U.S.: Texas, LA, Boston, Missoula, but have ended up in Seattle where they combine their influences to come up with something a bit different than what you might expect. They don't have a bass player and make up for the fact by thrashing out some rootsy/punky straight ahead rock with sweet/tough girl vocals and plenty of noisy guitar excess. This is an LP-only release and is limited to only 1,000, so if it sounds inviting, you better jump on it quick. -P. Edwin Letcher (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

HELLENIC ZEAL

"Neptune's Horses" ☉
This 7" didn't leave any impression on me at all. It's like, trippy but trying way too hard. If you like those

"resurrect the gods of doom" bands like Nebula and CandiMass you'll like this. -J. Cyco (call 'em at 039-428-0754)

HELLWORMS, THE

"Crowd Repellent" ✖
Weird fucking guitar sounds straight from Alternative Tentacle hell. Very good. Complex arrangements, a bad ass bassist and a drummer who is not afraid to use double bass; the guitar comes at you in short angry bursts or locks on with the bass for crazy, fast, ascending/descending runs. These guys can go from that to lounge-style noise... strange lyrics and an even stranger voice. It's impossible to really categorize these guys by genre, so that makes them cool in my book. Buy it if you like innovative rock that doesn't wuss out. -Carey (Let Them Eat Records, 3288 21st St., #144, SF, CA 94110/Licensed to Alternative Tentacles)

HENCHMEN, THE

"Motorvatin" ✖
Awesome! I'm not sure if the band is putting out better records or if I'm just digging them more, but this fourth full length is killer diller. The tried and true organ/guitar/drums line up is going strong and to the first time listener the tunes probably all sound about the same. A true Hentchmen connoisseur, however, will find a wealth of new wrinkles in their patented brand of high times in the garage sound. The manic trio busts out with some instrumental gold, "Rat Bones" and "Naked Sister," and a fresh batch of people-watching, observational vignettes such as "Polish Lady," "Poor Sherilee" and "West Side Brat." The second half of the CD (side 2 if you opt for the vinyl) went down live and offers a peek at the boys doing some great songs for an appreciative Michigan crowd. Their cars, girls and beer personas come to the fore in this environment. A unique retro vision with distinctive vocals and a firm grasp on the two and a half minute rock and roll opus. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

HENCHMEN, THE

"My Catalina" ☉
The A-side is also on the band's, "Broad Appeal" full length on Norton. I believe this is a reissue of a single the trio put out a while back on Front Porch but it's new to me and it's a welcome addition to my Hentchmen collection. The cheesy organ/guitar/drum formula is applied liberally to "My Catalina" and two non-album cuts. "Contagion" is a tasty instrumental

number with spooky organ chording, choppy guitar work and sloppy drumming. The last tune is the weathered standard, "Down by the Old Mill Stream." As is the case with everything I've heard these guys do, there is a slip shod charm that was probably attained by recording this puppy in one take in somebody's living room. Another slacker gem. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

HI-FIVES, THE

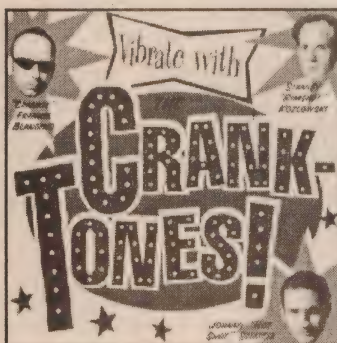
"Get Down!" ✖
Dapper foursome with a retro rock look and a timeless pop guitar sound. While the average frat cat typically sings about bottomless kegs of swill, souped up sedans, and voluptuous "creatures" in tight sweaters, these lads are busy analyzing every minute aspect of the "relationship" they are either in, fresh out of or yearning to establish and nurture. The standard double guitar, bass, drum and lead vocal with harmonies format is put through its paces on such solipsistic excursions as, "Back Again," "She Makes Me Good," "When You Destroy Our Love" and "In the Meantime Please Don't Leave." There is plenty of '60s charm, Buzzcockian pop sentiment and jangly, up beat rhythm. My favorite moments are the slightly off key harmonica solo (supplied by busy body Russell Quan), the appropriately titled closer, "Class Dismissed," the instrumental cover, "Black Sand Beach" and the rare piano work. -P. Edwin Letcher (Lookout, PO Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

HIMINBJORG

"Where Ravens Fly" ✖
French black metal, pagan style; fast and furious, interspersed with moments of stunningly eloquent regal mayhem. Similar in philosophy and style to Storm, Enslaved, and to a certain extent even Burzum and Ulver, Himinbjorg will leave your ears bleeding and your heart pounding in pure heathen ecstasy. Far beyond recommended! -Kirin (Red Stream, PO Box 342, Camp Hill, PA 17001-0342)

HISSYFITS, THE

"All Dolled Up" ☉
Rock solid pop rock with female harmonies. The Hissyfits are a three piece but they sure get a big sound out of their guitar, bass and drum kit. The A-side, "Something Wrong," has a booming bottom that reminds me of some songs by the Move, "Do Ya," etc. The song is about the neurotic nature of the relationships our heroine keeps finding herself in. Can't live with 'em, can't live without 'em stuff with all the



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blame for the screw ups being selfishly claimed by our gal. The flip, on my copy, is "In My Dreams" but on the sleeve, it says you either get that or "Decorate." I'm not sure, but the sleeve mentions 500 records being pressed on pink vinyl and 500 on red: maybe the other song is on the other colored pressing. Anyway, this is in a similar vein as the Gloo Girls but more bawlsy. -P. Edwin Letcher (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

HOLLYWOOD TEASER

"No Flakes" ✨

They definitely have what it takes on three of these songs - premium glamour trash at its best but the other 10 almost seem like a different band. Must be the producers fault. But for being German, it's really scary just how Hollywood glam they really do sound! One thing I don't dig though is the blatant covering up of glam. The lame cover art mocking a box of Corn Flakes and the lack of a back cover smack of hiding the fact of how glam they are from a public that still hides their fascination with the cross-gender art-form. I find this a cheap plot to wheel in customers while inside the CD they have a bazillion pics of how glam they are (even a few with Captain Sensible's Punk Floyd, who seems to be wanting to do anything other than hang out with 'em). -Bart (Loony Tunes, A. Bohler, Maistic, 27, D-87437, Kempen, Germany)

HONKYS, THE

"Honk!" ✨

Delightful pop genius. Silly and innocently insightful. This CD is the perfect antidote for a world where so little is truly fun any more! Way beyond recommended. -Kinn (Brrapp, PO Box 3805, Simi Valley, CA 93093)

HOUSEBOY

"1465 Tamarack Street Press Room" ✨

Pretty good stuff here: very fast, very melodic, killer guitar sound. The lyrics are somewhat thought-provoking as well. Angst with a touch of sadness and a little glimmer of hope. The drummer is fucking incredible. Nothing particularly original except for the vocals: they tend to go free-form over really tight arrangements, rather than the clean, harmonized vocals following the melody, which is usually the style in this sort of music. I'd like to see these guys live; I wonder if they can jump as high as that Ten Foot Pole guy. -Carey (Stiff Pole, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742)

HUMDINGERS, THE

"See Ya Later Aviator..." ✨

The singer sounds like the singer of Screaming Weasel. Most of the music sounds like Screaming Weasel. Guess what this 10 inch sounds like? I'll give you a hint - it rhymes with "preaching measles." Oh, fuck it, this slab of vinyl is bound to go the distance as soon as I carry it out to my balcony. I will give credit where credit is due, though - that photo on the back sleeve of this made me fucking laugh. Bonus points for the humor factor. - Designated Dale (Bizzarro, 1045 Springmill Dr., Hoffman Estates, IL 60195: skapunkstr@aol.com)

HYDRAULIC RAISINS

"Wailin' in West Covina!" ✨

In theory, this should be listed with the comps under the V/A heading, as not only are the Raisins represented here, but also obscure garage madmen The Rhythm Surfers and The Spectrums. Nonetheless, it is these Hydraulic Raisins' name on the spine, as it is their material that comprises the bulk of this release. Rhythm Surfers contribute two trax here... the instrumentals "502" and "Big City Surfer," recorded circa '63. Both cuts, originally put out on Daytona Records, would've been right at home on the "Pulp Fiction" soundtrack. Very raw and very primitive. The Spectrums are at times just downright nasty... it's safe to say that they were The Bomboras of their day. "Topless" is a raunchy number with a drum fill that sounds suspiciously swiped from the more famous "Wipeout." As far as The Hydraulic Raisins go, they're a tad more mellow than The Spectrums, still, they deliver the goods and then some. I'm sure that they were the life of many a frat party way back when. Would have loved to see 'em... wait, I take that back... 'cos that'd mean I'd be in my sixties by now. But you all know what I mean. I do confess surprise, however, that "Mountain Dew" hasn't been worked to death from said soft drink's ad campaign. This disc was a most pleasant listen, garnering several repeat plays. Includes very extensive liner notes courtesy of rock'n'roll historian/Dionysus shit-worker/scene workaholic Deke Dickerson, who was responsible for these tapes seeing the light of day after conversing with all the bands' shared drummer at a yard sale in West Covina. Buy it, as it's a shiny pearl within the rock'n'roll oyster. -Action Tim From Pomona (Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

HYDRAULIC RAISINS

"Wailin' in West Covina" ✨

Some honest to god garage music from the '60s. This package reminds me of several others that Dionysus/Bacchus Archives have put out through the years. The recordings were made over a number of years and chronicle the work of Dan Braymer as a drummer and as a recording engineer working out of his garage. Three of the many bands he played with left behind some decent recordings and offer an overview of the changes that the scene underwent from early to late '60s. Unfortunately, there is no recorded history of Dan's earlier gig, playing drums for five female accordion players known as the Teen Charmers. The Rhythm Surfers have a fairly descriptive moniker and their two tunes are about as typical as the genre has to offer, though "502 (Like Getting Pinched on a 502)" has some rather silly laughter scattered throughout. The Spectrums carried on this instrumental tradition, through a couple of studio tracks and a couple surprisingly clean rehearsal tapes, on a cover of Link Wray's, "Jack the Ripper" and some original surf workouts. Then came the Hydraulic Raisins. The band did some instrumental work but also featured a singer and I have an idea that they were primarily a vocal group. The singer seems to have been a huge Dylan fan. The boys dabbled with folk, country, and rock. My favorite track is their cover of "I Don't Need You No More" which was a Rumbler's tune that I think of as a Drags song thanks to massive repetitions of their version. Kind of like a Pebbles record with a common thread. -P. Edwin Letcher (Dionysus/Bacchus Archives)

I WILL I

"The Pope's Ring is Made of Stolen Gold" ✨

Heavily Death In June "inspired" doom folk, but the first song tries to be this funk piece that just goes nowhere and is absolute rubbish. But if you skip track one, the rest is right on in its own right/sound and threatens to become a force to be reckoned with in the Current 93-dominated realm of apocalyptic folk; probably 'cause the guy lives in "Jenkintown." Who the hell lives in "Jenkintown"? It's like you shut down the drinking fountain and starve the town. Those places scare the hell out of me but props to you if you can hack it. I just think people deserve better... I don't know. Catchy in that negative sort of way. Good for the ex-lover you "owe a gift to." -Bart (I Will I, PO Box 2083, Jenkintown, PA, 19046)

IAO CORE

"Armaddidium Vulgar" ✨

You got a whole group of mixed sounds on here. Some musical, some not. Overall the CD has a real ethereal quality to it. Sometimes it comes out and bites you in the ass, but mostly it's pretty subdued. Good mellow stuff. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

ILLBILLY BOYS, THE

"Here Comes Trouble" ✨

Very hard edged rockabilly with a monster bottom end and double guitar drive. These four cats know the value of an eight ball, an ace of spades, a vintage ride with a flame paint job and a set of fuzzy dice hangin' from the rear view mirror. The music is thick and relentless and it isn't hard to figure out what fascinates these fellers when you listen to them sing about being the "Meanest Cat (in Town)," brandishing a "Jackknife" or planning a "Jailbreak." Most tunes feature a lead vocal with back up shouts from the rest of the crew. There is some warble and hiccup action but not like some nervous Nellies. Full throttle, bar band boogie on the nine listed tunes and the "mystery track" that I'm guessing is titled, "Too Much Trouble," that kicks in after an irritatingly long silence... CD abuse. Tight and mean. -P. Edwin Letcher (Lo Fi Mad Scientist - no address listed)

IMMORTAL DOMINION

"Endure" ✨

Here is an unlikely combination, Bill and Stephen of All/Descendents recording a speed metal band. This release was recorded at the Blasting Room. I guess you use whatever studio you can afford and is close. Don't get me wrong here, they did a great job. Speed metal in the Slayer vein. Brought me back to the mid to late '80s in the crossover days. Not bad except for the cover art. I think we had enough pictures of Vikings before. It's sort of cliché to use that type of artwork. -Donofthedeard (Maelstrom Music, 1540 N. Formosa #10, LA, CA 90046)

IMMORTAL DOMINION

"No Title Given" ✨

Take Strapping Young Lad, add the guitarist from Exodus, take away all originality, then record them playing Bush songs. Congratulations! you have the feisty, yet amazing, Immortal Dominion. -J.Cyco (Maelstrom Music)

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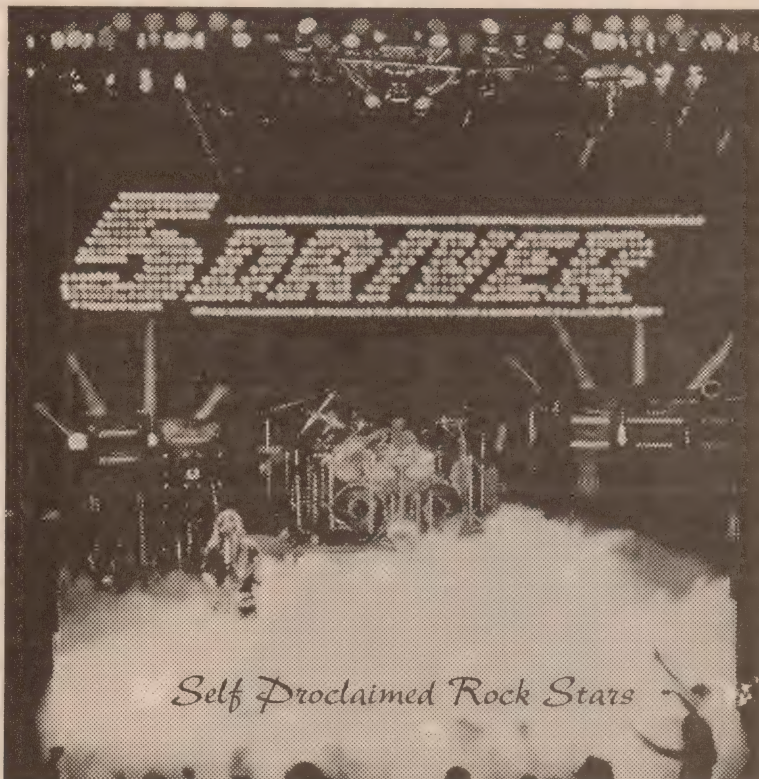
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IMPALED NAZARENE

"Rapture" ☼

The unholy gods of black thrash, or nuclear metal as they call it, are back to claim your puny soul with their evil musical attack. Every song is a first rate thrasher with no let up. This CD is a total killer. Sex, death, and satan, will fill your ears with no hope for tomorrow. Seriously though this has to be one of the most powerful full length releases out this year. Like I said before, every song is just amazing. The Finnish never cease to amaze me. First Terveet Kadet, and Rattus, now Impaled Nazarene. Hail satan! -Thrashead (Osmose, 4470 Sunset Bl., Suite 6, LA, CA 90027)

INSIDE

"Seven Inches to Wall Drug" ☼

I think this is a complete discography of a band I never heard of. Is this emo? I have never researched all these years what the genre is and what it sounds like. My guess is this is what emo sounds like. The singer sounds like he's crying inside as he belts out the lyrics. The music is very moody and emotional in that college rock meets punk kind of way. I guess you can categorize this alternative too - whatever that means in the '90s. -Donofthedeat (Motherbox, 60 Denton Avenue, East Rockaway, NY 11518)

INSOMNIACS, THE

"Guilt Free" ☼

'60s influenced rock from a trio out of New Jersey. "Guilt Free," is pretty straight forward stuff with slightly snotty vocals, constant tempo, and an obligatory guitar break. On the B-side, "Mud in Your Eye," the gloves come off and the lads dive right in for a mod revival piece, complete with Keith Moon, power sync drums, Pete and Roger smooth harmonies, Steve Marriott style, out of control closing vocal gymnastics, psychedelic wah wah change up middle section, and power chords all around. The info/hype sheet that accompanied this release, is full of not so subtle and very apropos name dropping "hints" that include the Jam, Creation and Raspberries. The sleeve photo of the dapper band with blue, yellow and red Who target motif completes the scooter culture image quite effectively. -P. Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

JABBERWOCKY

"Finger Poppin' Time" ☼

According to my sister Sarah, who's sitting in the living room with me as I play this, "Whoever gave those guys a record contract should be shot." I wholeheartedly agree, adding only that they should let wild ele-

phants trample on the body for a few days, then, sparing all expense, blast the body into space to keep it from polluting the environment. -Jimmy Alvarado (Incognito, Senefelderstr. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, Germany)

JACOBITES

(featuring Nikki Sudden and Dave Kusworth)

"God Save Us Poor Sinners" ☼

Touchees of all the greats, like the Stones, Bowie, Mott, and even hints of Mr. John Gazale inhabit this here disc. Great rockers like "Heartbreaks" and "God Save Us" will satisfy the most jaded fucker in the smoky bar while tastefully done tunes like "Cramping My Own Style" and "Second Time Around" cut through the shit, complete with piano and organ. Dramarama fans should give this a very worthwhile spin. Yet ANOTHER packed release from Bomp! that people probably just won't get. Their loss. -Designated Dale (Bomp!, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91519)

JAWBOX

"My Scrapbook of Fatal Accidents" ☼

What a great CD. Here's the story: Jawbox, I feel, are going to be a band like the Pixies. Tons of people are going to like them a decade too late, so in 2007, I'll see if my theory's right. Jawbox's formula is like a sleep-deprived truck driver with a Ph.D.: dangerous in ways you wouldn't suspect, smart, always thinking as hard as they're working: Brains? check. Guts? check. Rocking drive? check. Pure creation that confused and pissed a large stratum of punks? check. Pure creation that was never embraced by the mainstream? check. A band that's gonna be on the tip of 1,000 emo bands' tongues in a year or less? Bet your fucking ass - but don't blame them. If you've never heard of them, it's ironic that almost two years after their breakup, this would be a great starting place. By almost pure accident, I picked up their first full length, "Grippe," in 1991 from blindly picking something from the Dischord catalog, and Jawbox was doing something - for lack of a better way to describe the concept - amazingly circular. Their music wasn't fill-in-the-blank with a scream anthem, it didn't seem to exist as bits and pieces, and this gave the album complete containment. Airtight. Who the fuck cares? It was the first time I expected different things from rock: blatant thoughtfulness without necessarily compromising sonic puncture. I must of listened to it over a thousand times, many days five times or more in a row, finding more to like with each listen. They released a nice bulk of stuff after that and I've picked up everything I've come across, just adding to that initial momentum. That all

said, check this amazingly satisfying retrospective with almost unheard of packaging: a list of each and every gig they played (with date, place, and who was on the bill with them - it takes an entire 14-page booklet), a complete discography (I never knew they did a split with Leatherface), a family tree, a 26-page booklet chock-a-block full of photos. The album tracks (22 in all) go from Peel Sessions, unreleased and studio (including their first release, "Bullet Park" from the Maximum Rockroll comp "They Don't Get Laid, They Don't Get Paid.") live (at RFK Stadium), and covers (Cole Porter, Big Boys, Tar, REM, Minutemen, Cure, and Buzzcocks respectively). By all means, if this sounds in the least like it's up your alley, order it from the source if you have to; it'll open an entire other world if your ears are tuned to it. -Todd (De Soto, PO Box 60335, WDC 20039: jwbx@aol.com)

J86, THE

"The J86" ☼

Bar chords, drum machine loops, spoken word riffs and lots of feedback make for a muscular combo that is somehow more than just the sum of its parts. Think Portishead with testicles. "Three Wood" tells the story of a homicidal golf pro who receives messages from his three wood while he cracks under the pressure of the PGA Tour. The world may not need another cover of Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues," but this one is pretty good. -Money (John Brady Bogdan 801-568-7621)

JEJUNE

"This Afternoon's Malady" ☼

Puke. The music is not bad. It's emo and it rocks at times... then the words come in. No! It's so sappy that it's unbearable. Lightning Seeds? I was disappointed. I expected much more. I love the CD jacket, but musically this is lame. Thumbs down. Maybe a new singer could help them. A trade-in. -K (Big Wheel Recreation)

JELLO BIAFRA

"If Evolution was Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Evolve"

3 ☼ 3 picture disk ☼

Yeah, if your attention span's that like the life expectancy of a fly in a hurricane, it's easy to scoff at Jello. This is his fifth (I think) spoken word album. And this one's a triple dose. (The LP is full-on Winston Smith designed picture discs (Winston's done everything from the DKs logo to Green Day's "Insomniac" cover), suitable for framing - you'd might have to buy two sets so you can display all six sides simultaneously.) As I'm getting older, I find the less I completely agree with Jello - yet - the more valuable he's become,

and the more I admire what he's standing up for and what he's standing against. As stupid as this may sound, there are about ten people in the English-speaking world that I'm aware of that are simultaneously independent thinkers, have a punk rock background and ethos (read: Dead Kennedys), always has a lot to say, can contextualize a world of information into understandable terms, and can introduce me (and you if you care) to new ideas that can be perused, verified, flushed out, or just FYI'd. I'm also happy that listening to Jello after all of these years, that he, like Michael Moore and Rich Mackin, don't toe specific party lines to get very fundamental social problems across, infusing a humanity and more of a big question of "why" than espousing a strict dogma of a pre-described ideology. It's a basic equation: who do you want to listen to and why - who should you believe? I like Jello because he seems to be earnestly shooting for a better world, and if not that, a more balanced and informed one. That said, the mirror that Jello's holding up to the world in the late '90s is pretty fucking grim: Prisons are bursting at the seams, most news coverage is becoming solely entertainment, corporations are finding helpful loopholes to bugger the environment at unprecedented levels while naming sports stadiums after themselves (i.e. the Independence Bowl is now the Weedeater Bowl), Mumia Abu Jamal's still in jail, more attempts are being made to send shitloads of plutonium into space via the space shuttle, how America is becoming either a) the fall of Rome or b.) the new Soviet Union, why the death penalty is bad (and this I wholeheartedly agree on - "What if they kill an innocent person?") and way, way much more. It's almost become an empty assertion, but get educated, not indoctrinated. Jello's always a great start. This comes with my highest recommendation. There's talk of a book being released soon. If you're not a sissy scared of paper cuts, I suggest you pick that up, too. -Todd (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092)

JERKY TURKEY

Self-titled ☼

The three-piece French equivalent to Bad Religion (If they had Greg sing on this). -Designated Dale (Total Heaven, 6 Rue De Candale, 33000 Bordeaux, France)

JESUS & MARY CHAIN, THE

"Munki" ☼

Absolute punker-than-fuck genius - the punk record of the year, hands down. -Bart (Sub Pop, PO Box, Seattle, WA, 98101)

from the desk of:

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JESUS PRESLEY

"Baptism of Love" ☼

There's about 8 million instrumentalists on this album, all with the same goal in mind: Making the listener horny, lounge-style. The following is an actual transcription of a conversation upon listening to this. Me: I'm here to clean your pool, ma'am.

Her: Oh, well, would you like me to take my clothes off? Jesus Presley - the new era in retro '70s porn soundtracks, best listened to after a lot of hard liquor. -Carey (Burning Nun Publishing, no address given)

JOHN WIESE

"Catwoman Is Cat Vampire" ☼

Total fucking noise. Harsh electronics mish mashed with screaming and other noise to completely assault your senses. Everything hits you at high velocity and high volume. Fucking painfully nice. A total crash-a-thon. -Thrashead (Helicopter, 24846 Walnut St. #205, Newhall, CA, 91321)

JOHN GAVANTI

"An Opera" ☼

Re-issue of an old no-wave operetta (think Queen whacked out on some slow acid flash backs) with members that went on to be in now Atavistic staples such as: Don King, DNA, & Mars. The artwork is late '70s as hell to fit the time of this recording. Lots of sax solos for you free jazz freaks. -Bart (Atavistic)

JOHN HINDS

"The Strangest Music" ☼

The best in "music that irritates" transcends the "if Negativland were guitarists" realm of sonic explorations. Tracks range from the nearly 22 minute "A Walk Through the Woods at Night" to the 12 second "Answer Man." Hinds maneuvers a rambunctious range of styles from classical Indian raga impressions to Hawaiian bedspring riffs to sparks-flying hard rock clatter. The secret of his strange success is in the luxury of doodling with decibel deliberations. -Gerry Fialka (Omni Sonic, Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030)

JOHNNY FARMER

"Wrong Doers Respect Me" ☼

Delta blues from an old man and his guitar, built on 60 some odd years of hard work and abuse as well as the regular ups and downs of life. In one song, "Death Letter," he is informed by mail that he should come home because his baby has died. This is just one story among nine others and two instrumental tracks from a self taught rustic with a crusty voice, a smooth delivery, and a wealth of chops both with and without a slide. For most of his life he played music for no one but himself, priding himself more for his finesse behind the controls of a bulldozer. There is an honesty to his blues that comes from experience rather than stylistic endeavor, if the liner notes and lines on his face don't lie. There is also a light edge that permeates much of the music and he ends most numbers with "thank you very much." Grandchildren have been known to have that effect. Very real, heartfelt tales of despair and hope served up in as minimal a fashion as you could ask for. -P. Edwin Letcher (Epitaph/Fat Possum, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655)

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION

"Acme" ☼

Very similar to other records, however, did not rock me like previous releases. "Magical Colors" is a cool song. Elvis? I can't say that this CD is bad. If you love this band, you'll dig it. It just packs less of a wallop. Love songs, blues style. I like the noisier stuff. "Attack," the last song, rocks. It's industrial - Blues Explosion style. I give it a 7. -K (Matador)

JONATHAN RICHMAN

"I'm So Confused" ☼

I've never been a huge fan but I have had a few albums through the years that have either made me smile or groan depending on how absurd the songs were. This collection was produced by Ric Ocasek, who adds the odd keyboard lick, and is witty but subdued rather than over the top zany. Of course, there is no way to hide the quirky side of this pop icon for an entire album and his unique vision comes through on songs like "Hello from Cupid" and "The Lonely Little Thrift Store," with a bit more gusto than on others. His unmistakable vocal mannerisms weave their way through ten other songs, several of which showcase one of his other fortes, exaggerated pathos. Long time followers will be pleased to know that the honest feel is still evident through the courtesy of Jonathan, Tommy Larkins (drums) and Darryl Jenifer (bass). -P. Edwin Letcher (Warner)

JUDAS PRIEST

"Jugulator" ☼

Once upon a time I thought the Rick Rubin school of thought which melded the likes of Anthrax and Public Enemy was a refreshing idea. Now I'm so sick of rap-metal I could just toss my Spaghettio's. Judas Priest is the last band I ever expected to go the way of alterna-crap metal, but it has happened. There are

moments when the old, heavier, balls to the wall Judas Priest shines through, but the moments are few and far between. Close your eyes and this could just as easily be a Corrosion of Conformity or Alice in Chains album. I wouldn't mind this album at all if it were made by C.O.C. or Alice, but coming from Judas Priest, it's heart sickening. -Karin (CMC International/BMG)

JUNIOR KIMBROUGH

Self-titled ☼

Snake-eyed, wasted on cough syrup, sure enough dangerous blues. If nothing else, you have to love Junior's direct approach: "I want you nude girl / just like you came into this world." Junior Kimbrough is Jimi Hendrix on lighter fluid and ludes. Junior is Jimi Hendrix sitting under the Arch in St. Louis, pissing in the Mississippi. Junior is Jimi Hendrix at the end of the line with nothing to prove and less to lose. -Money (Epitaph)

K.K. NULL

"Extasy of Zero G-Sex" ☼

Zeni Geva skullcrusher and master noise guitarist K.K. Null is back in action of new CD's worth of sound. Ten tracks of very nice and interesting soundscapes. All done with guitar and various electronics. The stuff on here sounds like it was done with various synths and computer interaction, but nope, it's all guitar. Quite impressive. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

K2/AMK/HATERS

"Three Phenomena" ☼

K2 from Japan and AMK and Mr. Hater himself G.X. Jupiter, all somehow got together and popped out three epic noise pieces that will rearrange your brain. All sorts of crazy shit going on. It all hits mile a second, you have no time for a breather. Fun damage to the tenth power, right fucking on. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

KAISERS, THE

"Squarehead Stomp" ☼

I love this band! This is a CD reissue of their first album which came out on No Hit/Wireless, out of England, back in '93. If you missed it then, Get Hip is making sure you have the opportunity to rectify things. The Kaisers are the closest I've ever heard to the Milkshakes' brand of early '60s Mersey Beat recreation and furtherance through new material based on the naivety and exuberance typical of the era. If the thought of seeking out vintage guitars and amps, dressing up like Liverpool bumpkins of the past and playing Searchers covers sounds boring to you, pass on this by all means. I, on the other hand, get misty eyed when I hear the likes of The Big 3 or Gerry and The Pacemakers. These retro rockers are in the same leaky boat and are not content to let time obscure the excitement of "the good old days." Hind sight being 20/20, the band hardly offers up a set of all the "good" pop styling and none of the "bogus" filler that one might associate with the original albums by their bespectacled, pimply rock ancestors. Great cheap sound too thanks to the predominantly one take live recordings at the legendary Toe Rag Studios. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 152317)

KARATE

"The Bed is in the Ocean" ☼

Think Synchronicity-era, droning Sting vocals. Think no distinct direction, think minimal variation. Thought it would be good to fall asleep to. Think listening through a couple of times is enough. -Jessica (Southern, PO Box 577375, Chicago, IL 60657)

KASSOS, THE

"It Would Be My Pleasure to Fuck You Up" ☼

Antidote to Hole. One pipebomb on the cover. Seven get hucked around, jumping off the vinyl, when the needle finds the groove. Some things I thought about while listening to this: perfectly chopped and fast-ringing cars with dents and rust spots, dirty fingernails on the tips of calloused hands as capable of a sweet caress as a bitch slap, having two cases of beer and still thinking, at the beginning of the evening, that it may just not be enough. Musically, they huff the some carbon monoxide that helps along the Drags' dementia, helped disable and self-destruct the Molars, and the train that's hit every last band that strips their sound down to dirt to plow the fertile fields of raw, fuck you rock. Highly recommended if you like blisters and sweat better than 60 tracks to record a guitar. (Unrelated tangent: the back cover looks just like three dudes standing on some pavement. Upon closer inspection, they're standing on a huge, brick-inlaid pentagram.) -Todd (Vendor, PO Box 15134, San Diego, CA 92175)

KID 606

"Don't Sweat the Technics" ☼

This is all digital noise. There's pretty scary frequencies being hit on this CD, so watch your speakers.

There's also some techno beats added with some of noise. It's makes for a pretty interesting and nice combination. Good stuff. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

KING DJANGO

"Roots & Culture" ☼

I thought this was going to be a regular reggae release. Boy, was I wrong! The reggae is there mixed with some first generation Jamaican ska but most of the songs are sung in Hebrew or Yiddish. I'm not sure of which since I don't speak either language or my wife, being Jewish, doesn't either. Traditional reggae with a new twist? Hey, aren't we always looking for something new and exciting? Well kids, here is something new. My mother-in-law said she felt like she was at a Jewish wedding reception. For those of you, including me, who feel betrayed and ripped off by HR and the Bad Brains reunion tour. Buy some underground reggae and not the Bad Brains or HR back catalog. Do not support those who try to capitalize because they used to be somebody. -Donothedead (Triple Crown, 331 West 57th #472, NY, NY 10019)

KIROUS/SHARPEVILLE

Spirit ☼

Both bands on this release hail from Finland. If you know anything about Finnish hardcore, you know they play a very harsh style of hardcore that is legendary. Kirous play 4 songs of Finnish style thrash barrage that is absolutely crushing. On the other hand, Sharpeville play 2-tons-of-bricks, pounding power hardcore. Reminded me of the Amebix in their power. Not fast in power but physical emotional power. Their songs trudge along like a steam roller flattening those in its path. -Donothedead (Merwi, PO Box 53, 15141 Lahti, Finland or Halla Publications, Kartanontie 9, 12400 Tervakoski, Finland)

KLASSE KRIMINALE

"Mind Invaders" ☼

At first I was excited to review this record because the band is from Italy and I was gonna tell a bunch of Italian jokes. Then I read the lyrics translated into English and the band bio and the press release and the newsletter and the handwritten letter that all came with the seven inch, and I realized that these guys were pretty serious about trying to break down barriers built up by grouping and naming different factions of society, so the "your mom's got a mustache" joke soon lost its humor. These guys are the real deal. Apparently they've been doing their thing for a long time over in Europe, and they're tough enough to be on GMM or Helen of Oil (which they're not), or to play with Agnostic Front (which they did). Two songs are in Italian, and they do a killer cover of Sham 69's "Angels with Dirty Faces." It's definitely worth grabbing if you can get your hands on it. -Juan Bastos (K.K. c/o Marco Balestrino C.P. 426 (centrale) 17100 Savona, Italy)

KODIAK

"The Upsetter" ☼

Intricate guitar rock is all I could hear. I guess they are emo or something mixed with college radio stuff according to their press release. OK for what it is. -Donothedead (One Loudser, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE9 1NW, UK)

KRAWALL BRUDER

Self-titled ☼

This is some kick ass punk rock out of Germany that sounds like most of what I'm hearing from the Boston area these days. I've got no idea what they're singing about or who or what Krawall Bruder is, but the energy and power of it reminds me of the Templars or the Trouble or someone like that. Fucking off and beer. Sounds good in any language. -Juan Bastos (Walzwerk, PO Box 1341, D-74643 Kunzelsau)

KRIGSHOT

"Terrorist Attack" ☼

Total Mob 47 worship. Intense wailing thrash from start to finish. This EP will leave your ears and speakers decimated. Complete brutal sound attack with great lyrics. One of the year's best, buy this now! -Thrashead (Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY, 41017)

KUNG FU MONKEYS, THE

"Hi-fi auf Tio" ☼

Fun, fun stuff. Etherized vocals all the way around, that had me thinking there was an Annette heading this Beach Blanket Bingo, but it's all Frankies. Take 7/9ths Beach Boys, 4/72nds Ramones, 12/72s an all-girl surfpop band from the '50s that I have no way of naming, and the rest is taking hits off the balloon-filled helium at your local party supplies store, getting light headed, stealing boxes of Goldfish cracker because you're naughty like that, and you've got a good feeling for this "if AM had any sense of humor or balls" band. A little slab of black vinyl sunshine. If you like your pop funny as hell with a completely straight

face, snatch this up. To quote them, it's full of "spunk, pizzazz, and heart." -Todd (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta Ave., Corvallis, OR 97330)

LAGWAGON

"Let's Talk About Feelings" ☼

Day 1: I am confused that this is a major label release or a CD by another band. I wasn't sure if this was a promo for the new Blink 182 or something since it didn't sound like what I thought Lagwagon had sounded like. The Fat stuff is usually not this overly produced, in my opinion, and I really am not an expert regarding Lagwagon. From what I remember from some comps that I have, they have never sounded this poppy and clean. They cover Agent Orange's "Everything Turns Grey" and that sounds too polished to stand next to the original. Also, there is barely a hair over 25 minutes of music on this release. Day 2: After a few more listens this is a great pop record minus the Agent Orange cover. I guess I had a preconceived idea of what these guys should have sounded like since I have never paid attention to them before. That made me a little biased while listening to this the first time. I was wrong for doing that and by judging this release on its own I found that it was a worthy listen. That is why I'm doing the review this way. The songs were very professionally done and I actually own and liked the major label release of Blink 182. I use the Blink 182 for a reference because that is what this CD sounds like to me musically. The instruments are very polished with the added flair of the high production. The guitars are very clean, without sounding thin. The bass is punchy but not bottom heavy or distorted. The drums sound like they came straight from the music store and were tuned by a drum tuning specialist. They are very precise, tight and accurate. The vocals are mixed in perfectly, making it very easy to hear all the phonics of the lyrics. Day 3: I really am enjoying this release and it's holding me back from doing all the reviews I have to do. I know people are reading this and are saying that this is another release that is marketed for the kids. At one point or another we were kids or naive when we first started listening to punk and we had to get introduced somehow. Whatever we got into motivated many of us to find other bands. This is what I am assuming is a mature release and what they eventually evolved into personally. It just shows that they are not afraid to grow and develop as a band. Many people might not like this but I definitely do. I am a firm believer of doing the music for yourself and this shows to me that they have. Being in a band myself, I find it hard to play the same style of music over and over again. After all my drunken ranting, give this a try and see if you enjoy this as much as I have. The cover artwork is worth the purchase price alone. -Donothedead (Fat, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119)

LAGWAGON

"Let's Talk About Feelings" ☼

I put this one on and immediately my friend said, "Is this... Lagwagon?" I know *that* sound anywhere." 'Tis true, 'tis true. -Jessica (Fat)

LEATHER STRIP

"Yes-I'm Limited Vol. II" ☼

Sweet re-mixes of a few LS songs by Apoptyma Bezark, Second Disease, Funker Vogt, In Strict Confidence, Lights Of Euphoria, Controlled Fusion, Fall Out, Collapsed System and Trylok. 'Bout time for this one to come out this side of the Atlantic. -Bart (Metropolis/Zoth Ommog)

LEFT OUT

"Have a Nice Day" ☼

I found this to be a little generic. I guess they sounded like a cross of Pennywise and Strung Out. Nothing really stood out for me. It sounded too predictable. The vocals were real flat too. Don't get me wrong and think I'm this anarcho punk that hates everything about melodicore/pop punk. I like a lot of it and a lot of varieties of music that is not punk. To the band's credit, they are tight and was recorded well. It was not my cup of tea while listening to it. -Donothedead (Better Days, 1591 Bardstown Road, Louisville, KY 40205)

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS

"Nemesis Online" ☼

Can you sense the Zeitgeist? I really can't cite many bands doing this, but this is what gives LPDs their ironic namesake... from their foundation in the late '70s to their first record in 1980 on Death In June's then fledgling NER label, LPDs have released 40+ records (including solo stuff, limited packs, etc.) and have managed to be a band that still maintains it absolutely necessary to have every one of their mind-blowing releases. In a class all their own. -Bart (Soleilmoon)

LESS THAN JAKE

"Hello Rockview" ☼

After listening to "Hello Rockview" a few times it becomes pretty obvious that this is an intensely personal album for the Gainesville ska-stars. Yet, after listening to "Hello Rockview" for the hundredth time, I still can't tell if LTJ loves or hates Gainesville. Filled with local lore and very specific references to the Gainesville

scene, it's difficult to understand the immense appeal of this release. But the seemingly narrow scope is only an entry point for an exploration of post-adolescent, post-college dropout, post-slack themes and issues. LTJ tap into both the malaise of a dissatisfying existence and the anxiety that precedes the changes that get you out of it. Very impressive. -Money (www.less-than-jake.com)

LIBERTINE

"Rise Above" ☼

Rock-punk with D-Gen's knack for Clash hooks and emo topics along with a good dose of U.S. Bombs street-gravel tossed on the vocals make this update NY bunch worth checking out. -Martin McMartin (Kado, 1400 Military Trail, Suite 208 A, Delray Bch., FL, 33484)

LOCKWELD

"All the Power" ☼

They aren't kidding about the power. Some extremely powerful noise here. Done with various electronics and some power tools. Throw in some yelling and various other vocals, and you have yourself a pretty intense experience. There's some excellent layering of sounds on this CD. Lockweld know their craft well. Definitely watch for more from these Ohio noisemakers. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

LOIKAEMIE/SMEGMA

Split picture disk ☼

Loikaemie pull off an inspired oi slug/hugfest covering Bob Marley's "One Love, One Heart," and being no big fan of reggae, quite enjoyed the stout-pounding, boot-stomping, guitar-heavy rendition, and secretly wish this could somehow be added on as a mystery track on an official Bob Marley CD. Their second song "Uns're Szene" is just as strong: dynamic and gruff-vocaled oi that understands the power of chants, time breaks, pacing and hyper-clean production. Catchy because it's played so powerfully and takes time for the guitars to play and not noodle. Smegma's more standard oi. Fuzzy and a bit flattened guitars and bass that repeat the same riff again and again that sounds like a plane landing, and a vocalists that sounds like he's talking pretty fast, not quite singing. "Workingclass Pride" has a lot owe to Crass and stripped down Rudimentary Peni. OK, not fantastic. Loikaemie is worth keeping your eyes out for. -Todd (Knock Out, Postfach 100716, 46527 Dinslaken, Germany)

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT

"Oddities (Live, Rare, Acoustic, Remix)" ☼

When I first saw this, I assumed I would hate it; not only because of the word "remix" on the cover, but also because of the weird goth crap littering the insert. Well, assumption is the mama of all fuck-ups... this is good ambient goth stuff, with surprisingly good guitars and a wide variety of textures. Some are hard, dark, and depressing, others are mellow. I hate goth, but I like this. Good music for hallucinogens and fucking. Nice background music for a candlelit heroin party. Buy this, but remember how much you hate goth... it starts weak but picks up steam. -Carey (Metropolis, PO Box 54307 Philadelphia, PA 19105, London After Midnight PO Box 1377 Hollywood, CA 90078-1377)

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT

"Psycho Magnet" ☼

Very '80s sounding. Kinda like The Cure meets The Furs in an almost electronica far-stretch way. They would have been HUGE in the Depeche Mode-soaked era. (You know who you "back when hair was big and cool" types are). Richard Blade would beat off over this. Ah, well, that's HIS problem... -Designated Dale (Metropolis, PO Box 54307, Philadelphia, PA 19105)

LONG SHOT

"Do You Know Who Your Friends Are?" ☼ ☼ ☼

Straight ska with Pepsi chaser. Although the recent KROQ-induced swing craze has conditioned me to resist the swing formula (lounge set + dance hall = Gap commercial) that's kicked around a bit here, the relentlessly bubbly guitars and heavy organ presence on the love songs sound positively swell. -Money (Longshot.ska@usa.net or www.angelfire.com/ca/LongshotSka/index.html)

LONG GONES, THE

"Prepare to Burn" ☼

I got their 7" a while back and it was a Chuck Berry on crack, rock and roll blast. So is this, their first full length outing. Question: How does one "prepare to burn"? Do you eschew the U.V. safe tanning lotion? Never mind. What you have here is some classic, amped to high heaven, power boogie with some of the fastest walking bass lines going. Feedback is used to open and close many of the guitar-rich songs. The vocals are shoved right in your face and have plenty of grit thrown in. Like the Dirtys, Spaceshits, etc., all the songs sound about the same. If you have a problem with ballads, you have nothing to worry about. The two covers, "Earthquake Shake," by the Skunks and "Give

Up," by the Pagans, are given the same breakneck treatment and blend right in with the originals. Songs like, "Can't Pay the Rent," "Sick in Bed," "Can't Stand You" and "Rather Be Alone," showcase the bands apparent obsession with desperation and life on the edge. One of their thank yous is to the Candy Snatchers and I think the two groups would make for a strong double bill. -P. Edwin Letcher (Shake It, 4136 Florida Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45223)

LONGMONT POTION CASTLE

"Best Of... Vol. 2" ☼

Prank phone calls. Some pretty funny shit here. Just as good as volume one. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista, CA 91912)

LOS SUPER SEVEN

Self-titled ☼

David and Cesar from Los Lobos, Joe Ely, Rick Trevino, Ruben Ramos and legends Freddy Fender and Haco Jimenez get together to play some Mexican standards and a couple of originals and this disc is the results of their efforts. While the songs themselves are great, the overall performance lacks enthusiasm. Their lackluster efforts are most damaging to the *jarocho* and *huapangos* on here, which, when played properly, is some of the most taut, intense music I've personally ever heard, filled with breakneck rhythms and fingers flying all over the fretboards. I mean, fuck, they play the songs well, but there's no "oomph," you know? To their credit, "El Canero" and "Margarita" almost make up for the rest of the tracks. If this were put out by anyone else, I probably would be jumping around screaming its praises, but considering the caliber of musicians involved here and knowing their histories, I just can't do it. Sorry. Jimmy Alvarado (RCA. See the Cypress Hill review to find out where you can pick this up)

LOVE & ROCKETS

"Lift" ☼

Back to the traditional L&R record design, press photo, as well as sound, but mixed with more sampling and techno (showing off their new home of LA's influence) for probably the best L&R outing since "Express." What is funny though is with the recently Red Ant-funded Bauhaus reunion tour, promotion was done for this record at those shows! I laughed my ass off... hahahaha! Peter must have been so pissed... but not only does it show that Peter Murphy's career is in the shifter, it does show that Peter made the most psycho-

logical sacrifices for the Bauhaus outing, so props to him. Unless he's back on snort. -Bart (Red Ant)

LUCIDNATION

"American Stonehenge" ☼

Sometimes I win and sometimes I lose when I dive into the mystery meat bin to get stuff to review. I usually feel sorry if no one has picked up a certain release for a couple of months to review. I know what it takes to rehearse, play live, and record. I've been there and it is not easy. I feel if someone made the effort to send something for review, it should get reviewed. I remember the first time I saw a review of a release from my band. I was excited by the fact that the band name was somewhere else other than my pee-chee folder. Well, back to winning or losing. I lost because I don't like college radio alternative music. -Donofthead (Brainfloss, 1015 N. Kings Road #313, LA, CA 90069)

LUNACHICKS

"Drop Dead Live" ☼

I was privy to about a dozen of their first twenty gigs when they were too young too come into Tramps or wherever to open for Freaks! They were killer then, and they wallop harder now. One of the best and most entertaining bands in punk rock, and their last two full lengths on Go Kart are stellar. -Martin McMartin (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

LUNGBUTTER

Self-titled ☼

It's hard-core inspired, but the show's over, kiddies. You can stop banging your head and slow down the circle of that poorly misshapen circle pit that I have been envisioning in my mind. I've been amused. -Jessica (c/o Earwig Studios, PO Box 34705, Birkenhead, AK 1310 NZ, www.superband.co.nz/earwig)

LYNARD'S INNARDS

"Houston, We Have a Problem" ☼

Good and standard poppunk. A cool Buzzcocks cover, "Time's Up." All the parts are there; it's recorded well, you got your pasty lime vinyl, a slick sleeve with a crustacean holding six shooters photo, a great band name, and they can all play their instruments well. If I said 'em live, I wouldn't walk out on 'em but I doubt if I'd go seem 'em if they were the only ones on the bill. Does that put it into perspective? No need to harsh on 'em but the genre's being explored by the likes of the Queers and Connie Dungs in more distinctive and exciting ways. -Todd (Harmless, 1437 W. Hood, Chicago, IL 60660)

MILLENCOLIN

LIFE ON A PLATE

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MAD 3

"Teen-Age Delinquent!"

A truly awesome rock and roll band is back with another raging, full length assault. The Japanese trio is made up of '50s obsessed guitar master, Eddie, '60s obsessed drummer, Kyo and '70s obsessed bassist, Haruto. But, rather than take turns being the dominant member, they combine their bents and add blood thirsty howls and various instrumental excesses to come up with their own sound. Imagine a group with Link Wray, the Stooges, the Stray Cats and the Ramones giving equal input and you'll have an idea of where these cats are coming from. Their English is extremely limited but they follow the lead of early Guitar Wolf and do mostly instrumental material - "they're definitely not a surf band, though," so that's not an issue. Hell, their vocal numbers shred big time too, thick accent and all. I'm not sure how many tunes are covers but, they do scorching versions of Johnny Kidd & the Pirates', "Please Don't Touch" the Vibrators, "Baby Baby," Duke Ellington's, "Caravan" and "Inside Looking Out," which I think of as a Grand Funk Railroad number. Consummate musicianship, aggressive drive, great material and a spirited love of focused sonic chaos. Definitely one of my current favorites. -P. Edwin Letcher (S.F.T.R.I., 4450 California Place, #303, Long Beach, CA 90807)

MADCAP

"On My Own"

These guys remind me of Cringer or early J Church. It's almost scary that the singer sounds like Lance Hahn. Maybe I'm one beer pass my limit. Very melodic and pop like in their approach of happy-go-lucky punk. I guess this put a smile on my face and let me go on my merry way. -Donoththead (Paradigm, PO Box 3275, Hollywood, CA 90078-3275)

MAN OR ASTRO MAN?

"Cuts and Volts"

The prolific and ever exciting Man or Astro Man? are back in G-Force saddle. Side one is yet another tension building, instrumental work out augmented by some sampled mission control banter and features some trademark wavy guitar up front. On "Draining Their Batteries," the guitar shares center stage with the synthesizer which provides some trippy counterpoint and fills to the usual frantic melody line and intricate chord structure. There are no TV sound bytes on the B-side but, when the breaks hit and the rhythm machine pauses for a split second, the electronic, sci-fi movie gurgling works just as well. Another winner. -P. Edwin Letcher (Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

MANU CHAO

"Clandestino"

I'm going to be objective despite the fact that I firmly believe that you don't send half-assed Xerox copies of a release's cover to reviewers. It's just bad form, guys. I can understand if the package is supposed to be that way stylistically, but it's obviously not the case here. Enough of that, though. Manu Chao plays music that is sick with styles from all over the Americas and the Caribbean. Reggae, samba, salsa and more are spliced seamlessly together in a smooth, mellow vibe that, if I still smoked pot, would never leave my stereo. The lyrics, in Spanish, French, and English, are often political in nature. This is a really good release, which makes me wonder why it was treated so shabbily by the people who sent it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ark 21, 14724 Ventura Blvd., Penthouse Suite, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403)

MARS MOLES

"Punk Religion - Back into the Unknown"

Had to happen. A highly de-Yes'd, punker version of the only LP not offered in the Epitaph back catalog of older Bad Religion, "Into the Unknown" takes up the first side of the album. All solos are kept to five seconds or eradicated altogether - which makes for some surprisingly short songs - the longest clocking in at 1:51 (They actually start "The Dichotomy" and 35 seconds into it, stop it and say "this song sucks so bad" so they go to the next.). In a world of remix albums that sound the same, this makes some sense: naked, on fire, stripped to the dainties versions of space cowboy galactic music originally penned and recorded by an adored, if temporarily fan-confusing band. Every time I listen to the "lost" BR album, I don't necessarily dislike it but it makes me think it could fit real well between Kansas and Asia in a jukebox that never gets changed because the locals love the predictability of a drinking soundtrack and I seriously ponder that with all the rabid and not-so-rational BR fans out there why one of the band members didn't get killed or at least stabbed. I think the Mars Moles are - shit I have no idea, they used to be called Sexy Bacterias, the cover to the LP jacket was taken in Croatia. They're not too bad. I found myself thinking that the current BR lineup could incorporate some of the MM's versions into their 99 set list for some beauty results. -Todd (Nejc Jakopin, Postfach 100726, 47057 Duisburg, Germany)

MASONNA

"Frequency LSD"

Masonna is back with another ear and brain splitting CD. Maso is still doing the noise that he is known for. A lot of layering and texture, as well as volume and intensity go into this. If you're already a Masonna fan, you probably already have this. If not, pick it up, it's a killer one. -Thrashhead (Alien8, PO Box 666, Station R, Montreal, Quebec, H2S 3L1, Canada)

MC5

"Starship: Live at the Sturgis Armory 6/27/68"

Smokin' set from June '68 where the revolution sounds like it's comin' down fast and funky from the "Kick out the Jams" opener through the rockin' "James Brown Medley" - it ALL sounds dangerous. -Martin McMartin (Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

MC5

"Starship: Live at the Sturgis Armory 6/27/68"

Absolutely essential listening for any self-respecting MC5 fan. The recording came off the board from one of many shows the band did while building up a following and a reputation. As such it captures the clean/raw energy of the performance, rather than the crowd chaos in a way that bootlegs just can't. About half of the material found its way onto their first album, which was recorded four months later. "Tutti Frutti" showed up on a subsequent release. That leaves five tracks that are new to me which is probably the biggest inducement I can offer to rush out and grab this. The band stretches out for a dirty funk, James Brown medley that shifts and drifts through "Cold Sweat," "I Can't Stand Myself" and "There Was a Time." They also do a laid back cover of "Born Under a Bad Sign." The other two cuts, though, are even bigger selling points. "Revolutionary Blues" is a rather basic workout except for the fact that the lyrics were never nailed down and Rob Tyner is left to his own devices. And then there is "Black to Comm." This was the group's signature song and represented their chance to let it all hang out in a rambling experimental mind-fuck jam. MC5 manna! -P. Edwin Letcher (Total Energy)

MIGHTY JOE YOUNG/KENISIA

"Split"

Couple of ska bands trying to cash in on the monkey card. There oughta be a law. -Reflex (Joint Header, 45a Deane Rd., Warrimley, Bristol, BS15 4NB, UK)

MILLENCOLIN

"Same Old Times"

Ahh, the mighty Epitaph. Despite all the nonsense surrounding this label and their supposed selling out, supporting jock rock, etc., I have yet to hear a release on this label that is not tight, fast, and cleanly engineered. (Except the Red Aunts, but that's another story). Milencolin is good. I have to admit, the ska punk annoys me, but the rest of the album, especially track 1, totally blazes. Fast, precise picking and hard, fast drums... what is it with the Swedes and punk rock vocal harmonies? They always seem to blend so smoothly, even at some unbelievable tempos. Must be the accent... I'd love to see these guys live on a bill with the Satanic Surfers and Adhesive... They could blow up a Volvo or something... -Carey (Epitaph/Burning Heart)

MINCH/CADAVR FEAST

"Split"

Cadaver Feast play eight hard noise thrashers with some structure to them. The titles are disgusting as fuck. Total sick humor. As far as Minch's 38 tracks go, throw any semblance of music straight out the closed window. Noisecore with the emphasis on total fucking noise. What can you say about an Igloo cooler player. There's some real funny, but intense shit on here. Obnoxious split, pretty cool. -Thrashhead (Jim Lasagna, 3329 Torrington Av., Parma, OH, 44134)

MISTER GUILTY

"Self-titled"

Yeah, this is guilty. Guilty of sounding like The Violent Femmes trying to rock at times. My gag reflex kicks in at the name of The Violent Femmes so you can pretty much figure that I'm gonna test out the psi/breaking point of this here CD (as well as distance flown, as gaged from the balcony). I hope that The Clash know how badly you butcher one of their classics, "Train in Vain." What's this world of rock coming to? -Designated Date (No Address)

MONDO PUFF

"It's Fun to Steal"

Lo-fi but not in that annoying way. Mixed with a live DJ and weird stuff type music. Hilarious title mixed with the white collar crime/pimp cover shot rings for killer creative artwork. I think my fave is the last number called "Night Security" 'cause it's kind of quirky or romantic or both, in a sort of way. -Bart (Bar/None, PO Box 1704, Hoboken, NJ., 07030 / www.bar-none.com)

MOTHER SUPERIOR

"Deep"

A power trio with roots in the arena rock of the '70s and power funk that was so popular earlier in the '90s. Some of the bands that came to my mind while the group went from wah wah excess to speed metal grind to quirky back beat to soulful moan include Grand Funk Railroad, Pymy Love Circus, Robin Trower, Korn, Led Zeppelin, the Red Hot Chili Peppers and the Doobie Brothers. Henry Rollins produced the set and coaxed a whole lot of over the top bluster and wall out of the band. I would imagine they would feel right at home on a bill with the Count Down. One tune is called "D.T.M.M.Y.F.G.?" and will probably generate a number of queries to the band as its meaning. I'm guessing "Do the Mother Mumbo You Funky Girl." Someone let me know if I came close, please. -P. Edwin Letcher (Top Beat, PO Box 931274, LA, CA 90093)

MOTHERS AGAINST SEX ASSOCIATION

"Pause/I'll Be Your Sister"

Weird industrial/goth with a viola on the song "Pause." "I'll Be Your Sister" was completely different. It had a goth kind of a sound but mixed with some glam trash to make things interesting. -Donoththead (Hiljaist Levy, PO Box 211, 33201 Tampere, Finland)

MOTORPLANT

"Inside the Walnut"

College rock and I personally didn't like them but I pulled a review off of their web site. "New Hampshire's Motorplant is a modern-rock band of the first order. Inside the Walnut is by turns heavy and gritty (thanks to mixing engineer Glen Robinson) and melodic and delicate (thanks to evolved songwriting that relies on brains as much as brawn)." "Inside the Walnut is surprisingly mature, pro and totally kickass. Steve Blanchard's vocals and guitar playing are fully in command, and his songs express concern about this here miserable world without the whiny angst common to his early-twenty-something age group. Motorplant has clearly absorbed the conventions of hard rock, but can produce sensitive-guy pop ("Take the Blame"), environmental worry ("Get It") and jagged girlfriend-consciousness ("Ovulating"). Seven Days (Vermont News, Views and Culture) - Nick Gass - (Northeast Performer Magazine) - Donoththead (Shinatown, PO Box 238, East Randolph, VT 05041)

MOUNT MCKINLEYS, THE

"The Cake Eater"

Mix of retro rock and a more modern jangly style. This is the best thing I've heard them do and I'll admit that the reason is primarily because both songs are instrumentals. Nothing against the singer: I'm just kind of hard wired that way. It's like the Makers and Mono Men: I like the vocal stuff but my faves are the groups respective non-vocal albums. Go figure. Any way, the double guitar/bass/drum line up is augmented by some excellent Theremin and it works for me. The B-side, "Hindenburgh Nine," has a hard rock edge that brings to mind the excesses of such late '60s bozox as Blue Cheer and Grand Funk Railroad. I'm not a huge fan of Theremin, but if they could maintain the experimentation, tonal compatibility and spacey atmospherics, displayed here throughout a whole album, I'd be happy to give it a spin. -P. Edwin Letcher (Anthracite, PO Box 10785, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)

MOURNING NOISE

"Death Trip Delivery"

Back in the early '80s in New Jersey besides the Misfits, there were a few other ghoul oriented punk bands from the same area. There was the Undead, Rosemary's Babies, and Mourning Noise. Unlike the Misfits, Mourning Noise didn't get into the theatrics and make up, etc., but they could crank out some fucking killer punk rock very comparable to what the Misfits were doing. When it comes right down to it, it's not surprising that Mourning Noise's drummer and one the founding members Steve Zing, grew up right across the street from Jerry Only and Doyle, and also ended up being the drummer for Glenn Danzig's post Misfits project Samhain, with ex-Rosemary Babies drummer, now on bass Eerie Von. The tracks on this CD comes from their 1982 EP, an LP from '84, demos from '81 and '85, and a WFUM radio session from '82. The whole CD is great, classic early '80s horror punk all the way through with no let up. If you dig the Misfits, you have to get this, it will blow your mind. -Thrashhead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

MR ZERO

"Voodoo's Eros"

There is a band out of France called the Squares. These guys are from France too and sound so much like the Squares that I tend to believe it has to be the same group... but I wouldn't bet money on it. The band is stuck firmly in the '60s with the Kinks being the closest musical sound alike I know of. The vocals, however, are run through some form of distortion and given that dirty metallic quality that makes so many Billy Childish releases sound so fuzzy/antique good. In fact,

I dare say that most fans of Thee Mighty Caesars and Headcoats would be pleased to add this to their stash. There is a tribal Bo Diddley groove on some of the tunes and the wine-swilling Frenchies display a marked predilection for going off on voodoo tangents at the drop of a beret. The cave man crude, guitar/drum/bass, mid tempo rock instrumentation is augmented on a few by some sort of clicking percussion and at times by the singer's guttural, animalistic growling. If you are looking for the new Parisian rap stuff, look somewhere else. This is garage grind all the way. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

MSBR

"Collabodestructivists"

Boy, that title a mouthful. MSBR aka Koji Tano did some collaborations with US noise artists Crawl Unit, Basic Noise, and Daniel Menche, all of which released as extremely limited edition acetates, in some of the most brilliant packaging I've ever seen. The editions were 100 or less. Some of those pieces are on this CD. Some of them got reworked. In either case, you get to hear the sound without having to find and pay the high collector price for the originals. Getting to the point, there is also some very fine noise and soundscapes on this CD. -Thrashhead (Isomorphic, 17709 108th Ave. SE, Renton, WA 98195)

MURDERERS/JERKOFFS

"Split"

Murderers: holy christ, Johnny Rotten finally put something out worth a piss and on par with his early talent and not as bloated as his swelled-as-much-as-a-drowned-beaver ego? Nah, it's just a shining recreation by Bob Fuckin' Murderer and the rest of his creeped and leatheryed sots that bring out the best in punk as artform, lifeform, and style - crisp yet sloppy playing that's melodic as roadrash; cantankerous menace that owes quite a bit to being ugly and unfortunate. Duane Peters better watch out for whoever coos "Go Away" in the quieter parts of that song because it sounds exactly like that US Bomb-er. Like taking a trip from '77-'81 with late '90 eardrums. "Grab Another Beer" was so good, that even at 7 AM, I'm drinking the other half of a left-for-dead, on-the-floor Lucky Lager. The Jerkoffs go more directly for the throat: shouted choruses about killing modern day hippies ("Phuck Phish"), and if there was any justice in the world (who the fuck am I kidding), they'd be considered comfortably right in the middle of new hardcore, not the metal/falsetto/wetblanky Kornhole stuff that's getting touted as the real deal. These guys have the assault down that reminds me quite a bit of the Dead Kennedys' "Plastic Surgery Disasters" (sans Jellos after frog voice) spliced with the Middle Class. Nice split. -Todd (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

MUSHMOUTH

"Out to Win"

I thought I was going to get '90s skate punk and what I got was a looser version of Strife. Mean as fuck metal that is under the flag of punk. I can picture one of their shows with big jocks beating up on the weak in the crowd. I love the music, but I hate the crowd that comes with it. I know violence comes with the territory, but I hate jocks. Little penis syndrome. The guitars are definitely heavy, the bass is punchy and deep, vocals are throaty and shrieking with bile. The weak link of the chain - the drums - they sometimes don't seem to fit in parts of some songs. I guess that is what bugged me. They seemed to be at times also not too even - like when a drummer is first learning. The songs are powerful with that east coast hardcore flavor. A straight edge sound without the straight edge lyrics. With more listens things will even out with more familiarity. I give this a B- for effort and songwriting and would be higher if the drums didn't bother me. -Donoththead (Triple Crown, 311 West 57 St. #472, NY, NY 10019)

MY SO-CALLED BAND

"President Lust"

Meandering. I can only describe this as '79-'81 style punk/garage that reminded me of Simpletones or maybe a garage version of the Squeeze. Sort of melodic but with that punk simplicity. The keyboards included add an artsy feel to this, supporting the stripped-down production of the recording. Hearing this in '98 sounds weird to me. If this had come out 20 years earlier, this would have been a classic. By coming out now it just seems like dated nostalgia. The Monica Lewinsky reference with Clinton on the cover is getting old. -Donoththead (Yessa, Inc., PO Box 31725, Charlotte, NC 28231-1725)

MYSTIC EYES

"Little Girl"

These guys are a bit of a self-contained Pebbles comp. Their name is taken from one of Van Morrison's finest moments with Them, and both of the songs they've chosen for this single are '60s pop classics. "Little Girl" is the stand out hit the Syndicate of Sound rode to rock immortality and that the Dead Boys like so

much they used a live version of for their debut album. This is a rather slick take and the vocalist handles the incidental giggles and banter much like the original. The other side, "She's Gone," is a bit sleeper and is borrowed from the Dovers. I'm not sure who else has done this tune, but it's on at least one '60s various artists package. The band does a fine job of recreating the vintage feel. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666 Canonsburg, PA 15317)

NASHVILLE PUSSY

"Kicked in the Teeth"/"Nice Boys" ☼

Good ole redneck punk'n'roll here. Nashville Pussy rip up an AC/DC and a Rose Tattoo song a piece. They give them a good aggressive re-working. Great rocking stuff. Up to par with their other classic releases. -Thrashead (Scooch Pooch, 5850 W. 3rd St #209, LA, CA, 90036)

NASUM

"Inhale/Exhale" ☼

Ah, those crazy fucking Swedes. From the land of Mob 47, Anti Cimex, etc., comes the ultra grind brutality known as Nasum. Living up to their other releases this is thrash and grind to the tenth degree. From note one you get a solid sonic punch to the psyche. The pummeling does not let up until all 38 tracks are done. Great lyrics to compliment the brutal grind. Fast and heavy to the extreme is the order here. If you like serious fucking grind, you would be stupid not to pick this up. This is one fucking hard thrashing. Fuck yeah! -Thrashead (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

NEANDERTHALS, THE

"The Latest Menace to the Human Race!" ☼

Wow! Right up my alley, that's for sure. A powerfully fun mix of early to mid '60s guitar rave up, frat rock, sing-a-long rockabilly pop and monster consciousness. The band likes cars, girls and booze, as evidenced by "Girl and a Hot Rod" and "Too Many Nights in the Gin Mill," among others, but their true colors shine on classic numbers like, "Werewolf from Outer Space," "No Brains" and "Jungle Zombies (Ate My Baby!)." Eddie Angel, of Los Straitjackets fame, wrote the lion's share of the material and demonstrates his guitar wizardry throughout. The recordings were done at London's renowned Toe Rag Studios and were produced by Liam Watson who has been instrumental in a number of garage gems in recent years. If you like sax-heavy boogie and tunes like "Betty Lou's Got a New Tattoo," you'll dig the Neanderthals; they do a fine cover and

the rest of their musings are in the same vein. The Flamin' Groovies come to mind on several occasions. Take a trip back to the Stone Age. -P. Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

NECKBONES, THE

"64 Days"/"We're All Winners" ☼

Laid-back slower tempo twangy-ass Mississippi rock'n'roll. It's too slow for me, but if you're a fan of the blues and mid-tempo '70s rock, you'll dig this. The band is pretty tight without losing any of its rawness or regional influence. Check it out. -Carey (Misprint, PO Box 8189, Murfreesboro, TN 37133)

NECRO

"Get on Your Knees" 12" single

Self-described porno rap. The A-side blows mountain goats. Boring "Suck my dick, bitch" hip hop ala NWA's "Just Don't Bite It," a style that was burned out by 2 Live Crew years ago. The B-side, however, is loads better, even if it's still deficient in lyrical skillz. The beats on both songs are fuckin' dope, though. I'm glad this includes instrumental version of the songs. -Jimmy Alvarado (Fat Beats, 212-965-1862)

NEW WAVE HOOKERS

Self-titled ☼

Not bad but liked the movie better... -Reflex (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

NEW WAVE HOOKERS

☼

Let's get it clear right off the fucking bat that this isn't the other New Wave Hookers band that's from Oregon. THIS piece of shit 7 inch is from Germany and the reason WHY that I think this is a shit sample is because when I went to throw this on my turntable, I was primed to hear the U.S. version when all the sudden out of my speakers comes this music that sounds like the chase scene music for "CHiPs" (c'mon, man, how the FUCK could ya forget Ponch? I mean, really - he was the stereotype prick-on-two-wheels oinker). Then the following "number" sounded like something Rodney would shove down all our throats on those unforgettable Sunday nights, say like, THE FUCKING Monkees? (Shitcan those Sundays these days - fuck, they don't even give 'em hardly enough time anymore on his show for KROQ...or they even REALLY care?) Anyway, the insert sleeve inside convinced me that this indeed was NOT the New Wave Hookers you SHOULD be listenin' to, revealing that these flops are somethin' totally different (Getting back to peckerhead

Ponch and "CHiPs." I was hilariously informed that the lead singer of the band, "Pain" - from the "punk rock" episode - was an early role of William Forsythe... now THAT'S fucking cool - "I dig pain/dig it in my brain..." -Designated Dale (G-Punkt, PO Box 1612, 96306 Kronach, Germany)

NEW YORK DOLLS, THE

"Teenage News" ☼

Shit! Is it just me, or is Munster on a fucking roll? Whatcha got here is the Dolls live in Paris, 1974. For those Dolls freaks who most likely already have this particular live show on some form of bootleg cassette, compare your set list to this one so's you all can rest easy... "Personality Crisis," "Bad Girl," "Looking for a Kiss," "Give Her a Great Big Kiss," "Pills," "Vietnamese Baby," "Trash," "Chatterbox," "Puss'n'Boots," "Hoochie Coochie Man," and "Jet Boy." The sound quality on this here slab is pretty damn good, too. Improve yourself to a near-perfect human with rock and roll's near-perfect band, The New York Dolls. Like Phast Phreddie said long ago about the Ramones' first LP: "Anyone who hates this record is an asshole." Couldn't have said it better myself. -Designated Dale (Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

NINE LIVES

"Reignition" CDEP

Brian and Rob (ex-Black Train Jack) serve up six positive punk songs where BTJ left off. Rob's voice is amazing. Black Train Jack (along with Big Drill Car out here) remain my biggest "shoulda beens" from that era/genre and I wish these dudes all the best. -Martin McMartin (Mendit, Inc., PO Box 1096, NY, NY 10003)

NITWITZ, THE

"It Shows in Your Face" ☼

Sometimes I get these records from bands that I've never heard of and I listen to them and dislike them, but I listen to them again and again until I feel like I've given them enough of a chance that I'm justified in giving them a bad review. Usually by then, the repetition of it brings my dislike to a hate and I'm just plain vicious, wielding my mighty power as a Flipside reviewer to completely wipe the bad music from the face of the earth. Or so you would think. But sure enough, a new set of records comes through the mail and one record sounds exactly like the last one I tortured myself with. In fact, I could swear it's the same band, they just changed their name, moved to Europe, and started all over again. The Nitwitz is another example of this. The singer is one operatic

high note away from heavy metal, the guitarist started to redeem the band, then launched into a cheesy solo (I bet he sticks his tongue out when he plays it, just to be that much cooler), and the rhythm section seems to be content with this. And once again, dislike has turned into hate. Now I have to go kill a kitten to even up my karma. I hope you're fucking happy. -Juan Bastos (Intensive Scare, PO Box 142, NY, NY 10002-0142)

NO PEOPLE

Self-titled 12" ☼

Far and away my favorite demo tape of 1998. The lyrics from these Japanese transplants to Southern California are scarcely discernable on the nine roughly recorded tracks assembled here, but who cares? For example, on the song "I Wanna Be Alone" there's a line that sounds like "Anarchy is great" but it could be "I don't need a break" or "A wookiee ate a plate." Does it matter if what you or I hear is different from what the songwriter intended? With song titles like "With My Asleeping Legs," probably not. There's a terminal quality to these songs that's really refreshing. The verses collide with the chorus. Each measure competes with the next. And when it's over, it's irrefutably over, as if the band has to start all over again from scratch. No People is a much-needed reminder that if punk rock was pretty or easy, everyone would be doing it. -Money (For booking, call Jin at (310) 575-6612)

NO MEANS NO

"Dance of the Headless Bourgeoisie" ☼

The umpteenth CD from No Means No, and of course it's another classic. Every time this long running band puts out something new I always look forward to it. I have never been disappointed by this classic band. The music is your typical No Means No fare, which means it is not typical at all. They blend so many styles and have created their own sound. People familiar with the band know No Means No when they hear it. Bands are compared to them. They stand on their own. This CD is no exception. The title track, and the track "The World Wasn't Built in a Day," will send shivers up your spine much in the way that their classic song "Real Love" did. The other songs are equally as potent, and live up to the high standard set by the band. I seriously can't say enough good stuff about this band, they just fucking rock. Don't take my word for it, just pick this or any other of their releases, or go see them live, experience No Means No for yourself. If you're a fan, I'm pretty sure you

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already own this. Like I said before, another classic from No Means No. -Thrashead (Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141)


NO LESS "Boxed In"

Nine songs of complete thrash and grind damage from No Less. Fucking your brutal shit here. They also experiment with beats, sampling, and rap. It works really well. Great release. -Thrashead (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA 94142)


NO COMPLY/CHRIST MESS Split

No Comply from Florida crank out five harsh tracks of bass and drums thrash madness. There's a lot of killer racket here from just two guys. Christ Mess from Illinois, has ex members of Charles Bronson in it. It's along the same lines as well. Four tracks of completely brutal thrash that totally deserves your attention. Fucking rocking split. -Thrashead (625 Productions, PO Box 423413, SF, CA, 94142)


NOBODYS W/ JOE QUEER

"Queers for a Day, Nobodys for Life" 
I saw the Queers last night, and as they played, I realized that I knew the words to every single song even though I've never owned a Queers album or even borrowed one from anyone. But listening to the songs from "Move Back Home" reminded me of days in Flagstaff, sitting on the back porch with Money, burning, watching the snow fall, drinking whiskey and skipping class. Then I lived with a girl who always played "Love Songs For the Retarded" and "Don't Back Down," then I moved to Atlanta and hung out with a buddy who always played the one, I forget the title, something about being a dollar short. Plus, I think they're on every single comp released over the past ten years. And it got me to thinking about how many good times that band has been the soundtrack for. Now, B-Face is off in the Groovie Ghoulies, Hugh's gone, and Joe Queer has teamed up with a bunch of young bands. I see him getting ragged in other zines for this, as if he's going for a gimmick or whatever, and my response to those reviewers is: being cynical doesn't make you right or smart or anything but cynical. The truth of the matter is Joe Queer just caught a hell of a second wind. The Queers are now basically him singing for John Cougar Concentration Camp and they have the energy and enthusiasm of a band on its first tour. They're fucking great again. He's working with lesser known bands like Buck and they sound better for it. And he and the Nobodys team up like Taylor Wane and a dildo. It's a thing of beauty. "I'm OK, You're Fucked" and "Teenage Sex Machine" are pure Nobodys, "Slug" is pure Queers, "Rancid Motherfucker" sounds like the two of them have always been one band, and they finish it off with a pretty cool cover of "Route 66." This ain't no gimmick, man. This is punk rock. -Juan Bastos (Suburban Home, 1750 30th St. #365, Boulder, CO 80301)


NOCTURNAL BREED

"Aggressor" 
Viking-metal music for the war-charged hoodlums who call themselves Europeans, but without keyboards (Dimmu Borgir would be ashamed!). Actually, the first song is speedmetal, so at least that's good. -J.Cyco (Pavement, PO Box 50550, Phoenix, AZ 85076)

NOSTROMO


"Argue" 
Watch out fuckers, here comes Nostromo. These mad-men must rule Switzerland. The first song blares out like Slayer and just keeps pumping. The drums are so tight you could swear that they might sound like a drum machine. The guitars are precise and piercing, playing intricate riffs that bulldoze those ready for some sonic enjoyment. The band stops on a dime like a Midas brake job. Only if Slayer could play all their current songs at this level. This, by far, is the best metalcore or actually straight-up speed metal release I've heard this year. One drawback - where is the lyric sheet or insert? Bands out there, always include lyrics if you think the listener can't understand what is being sung. We want to see if you are half intelligent when it comes to lyrics. A mind-blowing release. -Donothedead (Snuff, PO Box 5117, CH, 1211 Geneva 11, Switzerland)

NRA


"Surf City Amsterdam" 
A German reissue of a fantastic Dutch classic, "Surf City Amsterdam" was the second full length from NRA (it came out in Holland four or five years ago) and is full of great songs, including a couple of my favorites - "Crimp in the Arm" ("You've got a load of bricks in your brain, you've got no fucking hair on your head, how could you kill someone because of hate?") and the hilarious (picture a Californian in Holland and you'll see what I mean) "Amsterdam Surf Song" ("Slowly drifting to the shore, you gotta surf the waves, you don't surf here at all, you're living on the edge of a Dutch canal"). The new package design is more like something from Estrus - secret

agents and bullet holes - than the last time out - a surf looking cover. Nonetheless, the music is the same, even ending with "American Tourist" (a keen observation of how ridiculous we must come off as a culture over there) and bam, done. If you don't have this, I highly recommend it for fans of surf punk/hardcore, especially this version (Bitzcore is a hard working label as dedicated to its bands as they are to soccer). For whatever reason NRA continue to be unsigned on these shores, though they have four full lengths and a fantastic CDEP over there, including one on Virgin. (Hey, ShiftED - before you ask, they retained their sound and style on that one, what surprises me is how they slipped it by, it's certainly not a radio album - no surprise). -Reflex (Bitzcore, PO Box 304107, D-20324, Hamburg, Germany)


ODDLAGER

Self-titled 
I had a hard time with the maturity level of these punks from La Mirada, CA, since songs like "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Stupidity" and "Cows Are Ugly and Stupid, So Shut Up and Eat Them" don't exactly paint a picture of a band that takes themselves all that seriously. Coupled with the flat, nasally vocals and the goofy lyrics, they remind me of early NOFX, only not nearly as fast. Some compelling guitar work, but as the name of the band suggests, kind of skunky. -Money (Weenie, 14449 La Pluma Dr., La Mirada, CA 90638)

OFF TARGET

"Off Target" 
British indie rock. Off Target epitomizes Mick's immortal words to Rocky Balboa: "To be the best you gotta eat lightning and crap thunder!" Off Target borrows the pacing and momentum of metal, strips away the goofy pageantry and drama, and meshes it with melodic stop-start rhythms. The result is a thunderous wall of sound that doesn't drown out the practiced precision of this crisp, cohesive unit. The opening track "Unprovoked" shreds and the Dead Kennedys cover of "Man with the Dogs" is pretty good, too. -Money (Off Target 43 Weaver's Hill, Fullerslade, Milton Keynes MK11 2BN. Or, call 01908 542525 or 01908 265554.)


OFFSPRING, THE

"Americana" 
People who are reading this right now must think this fuck has sure lost his credibility reviewing this. So what, fuck you too. I know I'm a kook sometimes, I even have some Abba and the Village People. Also, I even bought this on the very day it came out. I will not conform to all you politically correct punks out there. So that makes me more punk than you, so there. Write in and bitch about me and fill up the letters section because I offended someone. Just because they got popular or because they are on a major is a stupid reason not to like someone's music. I bet money that every punker out there that has criticism about the Offspring has at least has one major label release in their music collection at one time or another. Me, I have a ton. I've been a fan since their first album on Big Frank's label, Nemesis. I even continued to like them through Epitaph on to the major label release, "Ixnay...". My favorite song on "Ixnay..." was the ballad "Gone Away." That should give me more kook points. Well "Americana" is definitely a continuation of "Ixnay." "Pretty Fly" is saturating the radio airwaves as we speak. Pretty funny in the same formula as "Gotta Keep 'Em Separated." The kids are loving it for sure. The album continues in the same formula as their previous releases in my opinion. They get better as musicians on every new release. People can't see they are basically the same band from the time they first got into them. They haven't really changed anything but add some new styles of songs to their list. I don't have a favorite song at this moment but 90% of the album is good minus the "Feelings" cover and the psychedelic "Pay the Man." Otherwise this has more songs that are enjoyable than most releases out there. This is also a CD-Rom for all you computer geeks out there. You get a Karaoke machine and get to sing over 3 songs off of this release and you get to see all the videos they made for the last album. Get off your high horse and listen to this a few times before you pass judgment on this release. -Donothedead (Sony/Columbia)

OMAHA


"Non-par Mystifications and Self-Extractions" CDEP
Meandering, self-noosing, watch the pathetic guy choke himself, please end the song crud. Yeah I liked Jaxbox too, but they knew how and when to end a fucking song. More like non-par extractions and self-mystifications; self trapped and hallucinating the fact that other people want to listen to you pass out at your instruments. Grrr. Sleepy time and it's not even a decent dream. -Todd (Doghouse, PO Box 8946, Toledo, OH 43623)

ONE WAY SYSTEM


Self-titled 
Brand new release from these U.K. hardcore veterans. One Way System pop out two mid tempo punkers that are reminiscent of some of their older mid tempo material like "Jerusalem." They prove they still got it after all

these years. Nice single. -Thrashead (One Way System, 431 Burlington Ave., Apt. 5, Burlington, Ont. L7S 1R3, Canada)


OPERA RATION CLIFF CLAVIN

"Paradise Lost" 
Ironic. They hate TV and their name is from "Cheers." Uber-positive, Fifteen-inspired punk where the message's more important and self-imposed secondary to the music. Like troubadours, they're roaming the countryside, spreading a message: an "anti-racist, anti-homophobic, anti-American, anti-capitalist, pro animal rights, anti-sexist, anti-work, anti-property ownership (with insurance), 100% DIY, PC, pacifists band that wants to share these ideas with others and try to make this place better." On the up side, the music's good and cheap. They know how to record and give back to the community on which they exist. On the slippery slope, they seem pretty well entrenched in what they believe (see above) and anyone who doesn't agree (such as a TV watcher, or a person who is proud) is stupid or misinformed, and OCC's not adjusting for the thousands of shades of grey, the wild cards, and the people that don't believe in labels, polarities, or classifications. Example: My parents, whom I love dearly and are highly creative, fan-fucking-tastic, individualistic folks, watch TV. Does that make them stupid zombies? According to your OCC's equations, yes. As human beings? No fucking way. My dad makes totem poles in his spare time and does things with wood that Eudora Welty could write a boring novel about. Be careful when you point, no matter how helpful you believe the wag of the finger because you dismiss way too much. (including but not limited to: The fucks, the invisibles, the left-for-deads, the forgotten, the dismissed, the unclassifiable.) Platitudes are exactly the same elements that comprise the history you claim to disown. Not happy to be American? I urge you, in all sincerity, to save up all your money (the bane of capitalism - and you drive a van, a product of the system you despise. Ever heard of Crocker? He made his own fucking motorcycle and never went to school. (PS - do you really know how to make a bomb or do you just draw the pictures going to MTV studios?)) and move to another country without any support except your own skills (learned separately from any educational or vo-tec facility) and live by your own volition. Then tell me America - the America many wiggle in and below and think behind and truly love - is more fucked than a truly oppressive regime like China or Iraq (try being a liberated woman there and the result will be a nice acid facial). Seriously, just wondering. What's the direction? I hope it's not the opposite of what you despise. That route's already blocked. What'd ya think, the government's stupid? Yeah, that's why they control billions of people - hippies with mohawks (internal or not) included. Hey, I ain't angry with you, I like the music, I just want some of the communication you're offering. -Todd (Plan It X, 5810 W. Willis Rd., Georgetown, IN 47122-9117)

ORPHX

"Vita Mediativa" 
A Canadian outfit on a German record label licensed through the American token new school "industrial" label, COP International. Orphx, frankly, is a stellar outfit that has nothing to do with the usual brand of trash on the COP roster. They lend more to the true passion of the industrial revolution than what the moniker lends to today and the do it fantastically, creating a subspace of audio vision. While COP frankly has NOT been known for its quality releases as it has been helping to flood a saturated market with posers, in an effort to scare up some credibility COP has made their wisest move to date: licensing obscure but stellar releases through the German label Hands (PO Box 1701, 90707 Furtth, Germany). This has given the label its best two releases (see review for "Winterkalte") in its existence. Hands down (a little pun never hurt) I fear it probably went with Hands because of its main competition, Cleopatra and Metropolis, taking everything that isn't nailed down from Zoth Ommog as COP does not have the \$ the other goth-o-holics have for competition. Note the homemade sticker sloppily slapped on in haste as the only sign of COP. Cheers to COP for its choice to stay with the authentic German packaging & artwork, an error Cleo always makes to create an overseas demand for their own product. Not only is this a cheap way of Cleo making an extra buck below the belt but their versions are full of shoddy, two-bit artwork done by some quick over-the-counter home computer graphics and are riddled with more typos than my columns. -Bart (Hands/COP International)

OUR FLESH PARTY


"Manifest Destiny" 
All I hear is power chords and a vocalist that sounds like the singer from Alice In Chains. -Donothedead (Alamount Black, no address listed)

PAIGE


"Domicile" 
Reminded me of Concrete Blonde mixed with Lush for some reason but more mellow. This band seems to be

the type of band that gets played a lot on KXLU here in LA. Dark and moody without sounding gothic. The type of band that you would see at Raji's before they closed or Al's Bar. Interesting and mesmerizing. -Donothedead (PO Box 2820-110, Torrance, CA 90509-2820)


PAINDRIVER

"The Truth Is All That Matters" 
From the ashes of Ulcer comes this ripping new outfit. Nine tracks of total smoking fucking thrash. One head pounder after another. Great EP. -Thrashead (Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY., 41017)


PATARENI/BUKA

Split 
Patareni has to be number two behind Agathocles to be on as many splits. They seem to have a new release out every few months. From the discography list on the insert, this is release number 28. That is a lot of song writing. Patareni blare out 25 songs of grindcore punk. Buka contribute 57 songs of live recorded punk/hardcore. Buka reminded me of the live recordings from the early '80s from Finland or Sweden. It has that same feel. This is a D.I.Y. release from Croatia. It's on a CDR and the label was run through a color laser printer. The cover was probably done at a small print shop. I thought everything pressed in the former Yugoslavia was run out of a government run pressing plant under government censorship. Probably due to the turmoil and economic hardship in Croatia this is a easier and cheaper way to put out the music. When there is a will, there is a way. -Donothedead (Falsanja Kol'ko's, Davor, Kodzoman, Tuskanova 26, 10 000 Zagreb, Croatia)


PEACEFUL MEADOWS

"No Justice, No Peace" 
'90s sounding '80s hardcore that had hints of Minor Threat meets The Offenders. Almost Epitaph-ish in their production, the guitars were thin and the drums too bright. The thrash numbers were almost there but the guitar sound was a drawback. A lot of the songs that were fast were a tad too fast. They seemed forced and could have been a little more under control without sounding jagged. Live, they probably come off a lot stronger and force the issue better because you can actually feel the instruments. Not a bad release, but would have been better recorded elsewhere with a different engineer. I'll keep this on the backburner to see if I feel different later on down the road. -Donothedead (Allied, PO Box 460683, SF, CA 94146-0683)


PEAWEEES, THE

"This Is Rock n' Roll" 
'50s rock meets a sloppy post-punk sound. Showcasing influences all the way from Little Richard to Elvis. -J.Cyco (Mother Box, 60 Denton Ave, East Rockway, NY 11518)

PENIS FLYTRAP

"Tales of Terror" 
The ironic travesty of this record has nothing to do about how good it is, because it's great, but that the record needs the brain washing techniques of a cliché scene. And may huge shame fall on the so-called "SoCal punk labels" for passing by on the find of the "dead"cade. For what I'm getting at is when one of the founders of the scene from back in the day, Dinah Cancer, finally ends her silence to roar back with gore-core that smokes most else from the area these days out - all these scene labels we give our attention and money to do is release another crap wanna-be punk rekid or something of its crap equal while the real deal is staring them down in the fucking face! Point is that when you check out the crazy make-up and cool-ass dead look and some average dude, that's probably skipped over this review cause he hasn't "heard it before," would skip over it in the used bin 'cause they "copied Marilyn Manson" or whatever. Dinah did it first during the new-wave of death rock along side Christian Death when she was fronting 45 Grave with D. Bolls from Germs/Vox Pop. I mean do I have to play the sex card here? Is it 'cause she's a beotch? She's fucking tearing it up 10-fold over other aging "punk-ass-dumb-as-you-can-be" losers that play you fucks for ever last cent. You buy their shit overpriced t-shirts with, wearing them about with new-school crappers and pipes - idiots. Dinah hasn't lost a goulsh note/note or shred of confidence. She still looks as dead as ever! And come on, is the name not the coolest or what?! -Bart (Bloody Dagger, 7336 Santa Monica Blvd. #705, West Hollywood, CA 90046: Email: pgrella@earthlink.net)

PHANTOM SURFERS AND DAVIE

ALLAN, THE
"Skaterhater" 
Wow! The Phantom Surfers have been at it for 10 years! I had no idea. Of course, that's peanuts compared to their newest musical cohort, who can boast over 30. Like the collaboration they did with Dick Dale, this is quite a cool collection. "Skaterhater" is presented as a surf opera in three acts and comes complete with a story line, provided by "Murder Can Be Fun,"

editor John Marr. The saga involves Davie's "Blue" character riding into town on a hog to avenge the deaths and harassment of skate boarders, 30 years before, by uniting the new crop of mini-wheeled kids and serving up his own brand of destruction. As well as some fuller reworkings of older Allan classics, there are some new Allan songs, new Phantom Surfer nuggets, group efforts and three vocal numbers. "Blues Theme" has been given lyrics and is a fine example of why it didn't have any to begin with. The group vindicates itself with "You Meet the Nicest People on a Harley," which features some decent harmonies. The big story here, though, is Davie's mondo fuzz action. The murder angle is fleshed out by some simulated gun shots in one tune and by the other vocal number, "Murder Can Be Fun." This is the kind of record that keeps me smiling all day. -P. Edwin Letcher (Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712-2374)

PHOBIA

"Means of Existence" ✱
Orange County's almighty Phobia finally cranks out another killer release. Fucking brutal grind that kills. One rager song after another with no let up. Some really good lyrics on social and political topics, too. They have always been great at laying it down heavy and fast. This CD definitely shows what they can pull off. If you're a maniac about grind, crust, or just some good fucking hardcore, pick this up, and get blown away. Killer! -Thrashead (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA 94142)

PIGFACE

"Eat Shit You Fucking Redneck" ✱
The second live Pigface disc with some of the same tunes that its predecessor, the lovably fun "Truth Will Out," had. I guess it's fun to put out a bunch of records but I don't know how necessary this is. I mean I know Invisible has to pay Dave Baker some way and if that means releasing anything and all things Pigface, because it's the only thing of the Invisible roster to cross mainstream (with the high hopes for the first Ogre solo redisk dashed) with the same old easily chantable battle cry "Eat Shit You Fucking Redneck" then I guess he's doing it... for the kids. -Bart (Invisible)

PINK

"Ten Second Orgasm" ✱
Driving guitars laced with feedback. Pink depends on their plodding momentum to mask the limited range of

the vocals the way a woozy gambler relies on his luck. Pink crosses over into territory staked out by new metal enthusiasts like Orgy and Limp Bizkit and should easily win over some of their fans. -Money (Pink 703-924-0090)

PITKINS

"Over and Out" ✱
Acoustic guitars, a violin, duet vocals - another view not unlike Chumbawamba crossed with a very sedate Pogues - except that the songs suck. Methinks I'd rather eat Captain Crunch with crunch berries... even soggy ones. -Reflex (Jawbone, 5 Speke St., Norwich, NR4 4HF, England)

PLACEBO

Self-titled ✱
Don't confuse this Canadian band with the other American band by the same moniker. There is a difference here and there but both bands are female lead, both are horrific pop monsters, so only one minor detail keeps these bands separated... This band sucks (damn canucks!). -J.Cyco (PO Box 524, STN C, Montreal, H2L 4K4, Canada)

PLANET SEVEN

"Pleasurecraft Recovery Theme" ✱
Judging by the cover (and we all know that's a Bozo no no), I would have guessed this to be the product of sensitive, arty, alternative, college types. Well, if that's the case; this is their excursion into instrumental music with an emphasis on energetic yet melodic surf. They do some interesting things with the Dr. Zhivago hit, "Lara's Theme" and twelve of their own tunes. The band brings a variety of influences together and if not for the ever-present high-pitched and echo-drenched guitar lines and general lack of vocals, this might have fit in any number of other genres. There is a Motorhead meets Uriah Heep quality to the lone vocal track, "Cerveza," that is sung in some quasi-foreign tongue mixed with snatches of English. Some power chords and Theremin add another dimension to some of the songs, many of which capture the essence of their titles quite aptly, "Crime Wave" and "Panic Button" being prime examples. Jimi Hendrix is probably spinning like a top in his grave. -P. Edwin Letcher (Default, 2971 21st. St., SF, CA 94114)

PLUNGERS, THE

"Here are..." ✱
The Plungers kinda remind me of that other band from Japan, The Titans, but not as much of the r'n'r

that The Titans have to offer... The Plungers are a bit more of a whirlwind of punk noise. I had heard some good things about The Plungers, too, so I'm gonna keep my yap shut 'til I hear some more from 'em. -Designated Dale (Intensive Scare, PO Box 640338, San Jose, CA 95164-0338)

PRESSURE, THE

"I Wanna Call Someone" ✱
Started on the flip - "Delayed Reaction" which is a fantastic song. Slick little guitar line through the verses that is real spifty and extremely catchy. The vocals fluctuate from sing song talking to screaming. Very good song. "I Wanna Call Someone" is sung by a different band member - this one a girl - and is just as frantic in delivery. It's got the same trick little guitar lines. Great stuff. I really like it. The only drawback, if you can call it one, is that the vocal styles are so different that it almost sounds like different bands. -Reflex (The Pressure, 2135 Elden #3, Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

PROBEI

"User Friendly" ✱
I was ready to hate this because of the campy cover. The band members looked like German leather new wavers. Seeing keyboards and all the electronics also sent a shiver down my spine. What I discovered was '80s bubblegum new wave that was not only infectious, but made me crack a smile. The songs are happy and so mushy that they make Shonen Knife sound like a death metal band. This is what Weezer would have sounded like if they had keyboards and a female back up vocalist. I just can't stop smiling. -Donofthead (Trajectory, 1049 Rector Rd., Bridgewater, NJ 08807)

PROBLEMATICS, THE

"The Kids All Suck" ✱
Fast and ferocious rock and roll from Washington D.C. It would surprise me greatly if I went through their music collections and didn't find dog eared copies of Dead Boys, Thunders and Iggy records. The lead vocalist has the snarl down pat and when he's joined by his mates, the result is tough, not sweet, harmony. Most of the songs center around copping an attitude and/or maintaining it; "Make Me Lose My Cool" is followed by "I Guess I'm Not Cool Enough for You." The sonic seducers have chosen to do covers by the Gizmos, Zero Boys and the Undertones. Coincidentally, Thee Headcoats also cover "Teenage Kicks" on their latest. The energy level here is always

on high and I'd definitely say they sound like an east coast group... but a D.C. band, I suppose. as their Gizmos cover implies they don't want to be mistaken for Big Apples: "Real rock'n'roll don't come from NY." This punk boogie explosion should have the dancers on their feet and sweatin' at your next soiree. No bal-lads, baby! -P. Edwin Letcher (Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

PROCESS, THE

"End Times" ✱
Wild, thrashy punk band that sound like they are out of control, that same sort of nuts feeling you get from psychobilly. The songs are fast and flailing and the vocals are like sped up punkabilly. This has the sound of a band that would absolutely lay your lips and eyebrows back behind your ears from the blast during a live show. Makes me want to try to see them in a club sometime. I hear more "borrowed" riffs and arrangements than I like to hear from a band. Oh sure, everybody rips everybody else off, right? Yeah, but not this much, OK? I want to hear their next CD and see whether they grow to writing without liberating other people's riffs. -ShitEd (Industrial Strength, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804)

PRODUCT

"Dedication" ✱
Killer straight edge from Italy. All four tracks remind me of the better straight edge hardcore band from '87-'88. All the power and hooks are there. Some well written lyrics here. This is very high in the energy department. Some fucking rocking hardcore here. -Thrashead (Twilight, MBE 120 V. Della Grada 4/E, 40122 Bologna, Italy, or Green, Via San Francesco 60, 35100 Padova, Italy)

PSYCHIC TV

"Origin of the Species" ✱
The first of a series of 3 double CD sets with booklet with rare pics, info and lyrics spanning the return of the psychedelic era in the birth of techno/acid/house of the late 80s. This is a real must have for anyone researching life and music. This first set practically captures the birth of what came to be known in the '90s as "techno-dance." And so goes the story of PTV on tour in Detroit and came across some of the shit house they were putting out and decided to go back to London and do it right and they're - by creating a re-birth of the psychedelic age - what the progression of industrial into house was SUPPOSED to be about. How it got manipulated is a whole nother subject of

RADIO BLAST RECORDINGS

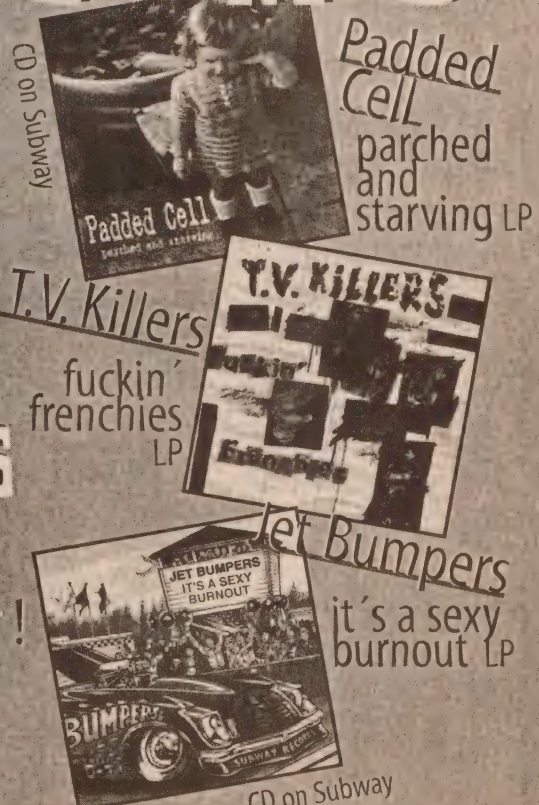
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research and far more interesting and contains the answer to why you go to work but you kids never were into that and that's why cohort theory works so well on you but, anyway, you just want to hear how cool the latest Martin Aikin's reissuing of PTV is. Well it is. It took me a very long time for me to hunt out all these important 12's back in the day and here they are nice and neat for you. Also there's some extra live stuff that I don't think compares to the studio gems but what the hell, they're freebies, right? Also I think it's funny that the lyrics are included since Gen stated before that he never looks back to the original lyrics for the live versions - disconcerts. -Bart (Invisible)

PUSSYCATS

"Playin' Dirty" ☼

This is what reminds me of those late, great Foxations. What this means to you folk outside of the LA perimeter is this: Snotty, yet sassy vocals. Mayhem-ordained, fast-paced tunes. True, they're nothing like the Foxes in that band was more garage-oriented, but these three Spanish gals pick up the pace with more frantic early '80s punk stylings. Genius. And their choice of covers is admirable in itself, with Pussycat renderings of not only Devo's "Mongoloid," but the WeirDOS "Helium Bar" as well! Goddamn. And their originals are real wall-breakers unto themselves, especially the frantic last cut "Gasolina." Truth be told, these Pussycats don't need any catnip whatsoever in gettin' hyper and outta control, as evidenced by the rendition of "Nasty" they threw into the hat. Good choice stuff here, and to any that disagree... ah, just go goose yourselves whilst listening to the latest Bootie and the Ho'lsh. -Senior Tim From Pomona (Hell Yeah, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

QUESTION MARK AND THE MYSTERIANS

"Sally Go Round the Roses" ☼

Well, the vintage garage master mechanics are back with a vengeance and not content to just ride the gravy train of past victories. As far as I know (and sometimes it seems like no one tells me anything), this is the first new studio work the band has done on this recent spate of touring and making radio appearances. "Sally Go Round the Roses," is a song I associate with all the folk bands of the late '60s and early '70s. The boys give it a bouncier treatment here and I find it easier to get a handle on now. "It's Not Easy" is a Mysterians original and has even more of the good time pop feel that permeates much of their finer work from the mid '60s, such as "96 Tears" and "Can't Get Enough of You, Baby." Like most of their tunes, one aspect of a relationship is zeroed in on and provides a framework for the guitarist and organist to trade licks off. In this case, "it's not easy" to find a love you can trust and if you do you need to make a whole lot of love. The band is super, on stage, and sound as bubble gum good, on record, as ever. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, Box 646, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

QUINCY PUNX

"Nutso Smasho" ☼ Rom

Pretty easy equation: beer is life. Quincy Punx are its punk rock disciples. The music's sloppy, (beer) funny (beer), it rides the short bus, owes a lot to the Angry Samoans and Circle Jerks (beer), and it's pretty fucking great. Guess what it makes me want to do? (Drink beer - and smash things up). Reminds me of when playing punk rock on a tape deck made other people make faces like they had diarrhea before they quickly rolled up their windows. -Todd (Recess, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

RAT HOLE SHEIKHS, THE

"Mad Cow Disease" ☼

Very much a home made product, being done on a porto studio in the living room, kitchen, etc. The "band" is a fellow by the name of Mike McCann who sings and plays everything except the drums which are provided by one Tommy Siikasaari. Before moving to Sweden, Mike played guitar in the Cannibals which featured Headcoats bassist, Tub Johnson. Much of the material is in a similar rootsy, cheap, rock/blues mode and on a few tracks he's got the Billy thing down to a science. The vocals run through some mondo distortion unit and all. Some of my fave moments are the smattering of instrumental numbers and the almost traditional side blues work. There are 25 songs and plenty of variety without straying to far from the garage rock feel. And, as if that weren't enough, he has a kid named Edwin. -P. Edwin Letcher (Beluga, PO Box 8158, 10420 Stockholm, Sweden)

RATS, THE

"It's War" ☼

This band's what used to be called the Confederates. They're a punk band with a very hardcore attack, in the style of old British thrash. They got the antiwar peacepunk thing working hard judging from their song lyrics, but as often as not their lyrics are ironic, seeming to be for something stupid, disgusting, or destructive. I predict that some humorless PC people will simply not "get" these guys. The music is just right, this approach (and also the other subgenre of American

powerhardcore bands like Billyclub, FiFi and Final Conflict) is what hardcore is supposed to fucking sound like. These guys are really good, this entire album sounds like it could be a reissue of '80-'84 stuff on GTA instead of a new album. The intention of the music is total fuckshit, the attitude is inyerface and the songs are well written. I recommend this to anyone who likes old hardcore from back in the days when hardcore meant punk, not metal. 15 songs, 41 minutes. -ShitEd (Industrial Strength, 2824 Regatta Blvd., Richmond, CA 94804)

RAW POWER

"Reptile House" ☼

Legendary Italian hardcore band that you should already know about. If you don't know about them, you lose two punk points. I first time I heard Raw Power was "Fuck Authority" from the "Welcome to 1984" compilation from MRR and then a tape from Chris BCT of Bad Compilation Tapes. Absolutely brutal and raw was what I thought when I first heard them. That tape is on the Grand Theft Audio CD. They had already released their debut album in Italy before this but I can't remember the title because I don't have a copy. During 1985 they came to America and recorded the classics "Screams from the Gutter" and "Wop Hour" which was released by Toxic Shock (now known as Westworld). They went on tour and just blew everybody out of their pants. Their mix of metal and hardcore was revolutionary at that time. No one could compare with them. I got to hang out with the band every time they came to LA and they were a great bunch of guys. One time I had tickets to the Ramones and scaped them so I could hang out and see them again. I still haven't seen the Ramones after all these years. Another time my brother Katz made xerox copies of their stickers to take with them on the rest of their tour since they ran out. They were so grateful and appreciative of that kind act from my brother. "After Your Brain" came out on Toxic Shock the following year and was disappointing because the lead guitarist Davide was not on it and it showed. 2 or 3 years after that release another killer record came out. "Mine to Kill" reunited Davide with the band and was released by Ratcage Records/Southern Studios. 1992 or 1993 came the Italian-only release of "Too Tough to Burn" which was released by Contempo. It was a good release but had that missing element of having Davide on guitar. That guy absolutely knew how to play a guitar. They toured America again but I didn't even know they came to LA or were in the states when they came through. I did get a tour shirt from the great people from Westworld and I still wear it to this day. Now come to the present, and they release an absolute screamer. The only original members that are left from the records that are my favorites are Mauro on vocals and Giuseppe on rhythm guitar. Full blast hardcore mixed with elements of speed metal. The song "Pay Up" reminded me of Suicidal Tendencies and the remake of their own song "Burning the Factory" was the only bummer because it didn't come close to the "Wop Hour" version. From start to finish this is a required purchase for those who like a little metal in their hardcore. -Donothedead (Westworld, PO Box 2091, Tucson, AZ 85702)

REAL MCKENZIES, THE

"Clash of the Tartans" ☼

Full tilt leather jacket with kill rock. I'm liking the fact that several bands are clashing the steins with and honking the bags of tradition, forcing old thoughts to update, charging them into this era with punk's power. (The Pogues are dead, long live the Pogues.) It's the hard drive, the contemporary steeped in the old, given reverence but also a swift kick in the ass, that makes songs like "Mainland" and "Will Ye Be Proud" rule: the use of an accordions and bagpipes revved up, sea shanty chants, electrified. Good shit, bordering on great. Makes me want to drink so much I'll piss on myself and not care. -Todd (Sudden Death, Moscrop PO Box 43001, Burnaby, BC Canada V5G 3H0)

RECEIVERS, THE

"Drop Out" ☼

Sneaky rock with crispy edges, unexpected pop fills, nice amounts of crackle and spittle, harmonized vocals, almost as if the Dickies (and shithellfire, they both do "Boredom") were 100% serious in their intent, mixed with a child group that never became stars, and used their bitterness to become not only virtuosos at their instruments, but virtuosos of their anger and resentment. No punk in sight but I like it nonetheless, kinda like the alter-egos to the Bay City Rollers. They sound pretty harmless but have the feeling they're carrying knives and wouldn't mind swallowing their teeth to reinforce a point. -Todd (Cheetah's, PO Box 4442, Berkeley, CA 94704)

RECEIVERS, THE

"Drop Out" ☼

We've all heard this review before: "High-school spawned melodic punk that has been pigeonholed along with..." -J.Cyco (Cheetah's)

RED FLAG 77/LOVEJUNK

"Songs of Praise" Spit ☼

Two bands pay homage to the Adicts. In fact, both bands on this split are from the same town. I saw the Adicts twice but never bought any of their stuff since it was so expensive at the time. For Adicts fans everywhere who want someone else's interpretation. The only song I really knew was, of course, "Viva La Revolution" and Lovejunk did a pretty good job. The Red Flag 77 side was the better of the two. They add a street punk punch to the Adicts material to give it more balls. For those who want to try out the Adicts without paying collectors prices give this split a try. The music is there even though the band technically is not. Colored vinyl is always a nice touch. -Donothedead (\$6 to Nytemayre, PO Box 356, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP2 0QU, UK)

RED ELVISES, THE

"I Wanna See You Bellydance" ☼

If this were what the name implies, it would probably suck ass. However, these Ruskie bastards have stayed true enough to their eastern European folk roots to keep it interesting. Lots of traditional Russian/Hungarian/pseudo-arabic scales and progressions. Fun songs, and the thick-accented lead singer talking about "six pack of beer" and being horny is priceless. Tight arrangements, good Telecaster work by whomever is throwing down those James Burton-style licks. (Zhenya?) Buy it... it'll grow on you. -Carey (Shooba Dooba; Red Elvise's, PO Box 5155 Santa Monica, CA 90409-5155)

REFUSED

"The Shape of Punk to Come" ☼

Pile of crap. If they really could see into the future they'd call it: "The way you'll be annoyed/waste your time for the next however long this stinking pile of shit is." Or the band could be called "CRAP" or "CRAPPY" or something to that effect. It's like they wanna be mod sooo bad but then they try to be the "punk band of the future/with something new" by adding samples but they're just this metal band that lies their limp dick somewhere between the styles while being too pussy to go anywhere with it. -Bart (Burning Hearl/Epitaph)

REJECTS, THE

"El Boomerang Rapido" ☼

If The Cramps and Rev. Horton Heat collaborated as kids to do cartoon soundtracks, The Rejects is what you'd get in the end. Hailing from Oslo, Norway, The Rejects show here what they're capable of with six songs that are sure to make ya wiggle in your seat like "Shutdown," "Tailchaser," and the tad-of-garage-soundin' instrumental, "Attack of the Rejeclacons." I bet these weirdos get people on their feet and dancing live, just 'cause they're that good. Check it. -Designated Dale (Hit Me!, Deichmansgt, 17 0178 Oslo, Norway)/e-mail: tveito@online.no)

RENFIELD

"Help Is Coming" ☼

Experimental jazzy-noise jive that won't put anyone to sleep, just because it's so damn annoying. The mix here of a violin, alto and tenor saxes, trombone, a bassist, and drummer with a vocalist on top of it all makes the most true blood of r'n'r wanna squirm. I could very well picture Renfield playing for a circus, however. Send in the clowns, motherfucker. -Designated Dale (Renfield, 18637 Strathern St., Reseda, CA 91335-1252)

RESIDENTS

"Wormwood" ☼

This album is debauchery on parade. It's got it all - incest, decapitation, hallucinations from bread yeast, a severed finger, strippers, a circumcision party, fratricide, infanticide, adultery, nails in the brain, colitis interruptus, exhibitionism, ritual animal sacrifice, and plenty of good old fashioned delusions. The source, though it may seem like it, is not a tabloid - or even "Melrose Place" but is, of all places, The Bible. Leave it to the Residents to pull up this batch of characters from The (not so) Good Book, a selection of folks that make the "Freak Show" and "Have a Bad Day" characters seem as appealing as the Osmond Family. Now I'm sure there will be some holy rollers that, in their fanaticism, will call this work a sacrilege and that's a shame. The band, in an unusual defense (?) of the work actually cite the source material reference the passages. I think, personally, that something like this actually opens lines of communication and interpretation, but my bet is that if the PTL Club got a hold of it they would just tear it apart as Satanic trickery. Whatever. It's actually an intriguing work, and though I don't like it as much as their last couple of releases ("Gingerbread Man" and "Pollex Christi"), I still think it's a great piece of cake. Personally I felt they coulda done this work in two or three discs - there's certainly more to be said here than there was in the Mole story. The many books in The Bible are loaded with so many meanderings and goings on. Musically, one of the things I liked best was the interesting drum machine stuff going

on - very unusual for the Residents to get so rad - and the employ of outside (female) vocalists who added great texture to the piece. Like everything else I have by this band, I slapped down my earnings to own it, and that is my recommendation. -Reflex (East Side Digital, 530 North 3rd St., Minneapolis, MN 55401)

RESIN SCRAPER

"Ridin' on the Small Bus..." ☼

I would have figured Reflex would have reviewed this. I think this is more up his alley. Actually, this was sent to my brother Katz's attention. Since he's being a grump and is super burned out on doing reviews, I get his stuff. I'm no band encyclopedia like my brother is since I lost more brain cells. My memory is not as good as it used to be. Don't get me wrong, you are reading my review and I do like this. This is Canuck punk rock with the emphasis on the rock. Old school punk rock reminiscent of the stuff in the early '80s mixed with a dose of Jack Daniels. Actually, they are probably a great drinking band to boot. Fun, rocking stuff here to make me want to have another beer. Thank god for bio sheets to give the readers something more than my opinion. These guys have been around for the last six years. They have put out numerous releases and were on the "It Smells Like Spring" comp. that came out not too long ago. Another cool thing about this release is that the cover was silk screened on the inside of an April Wine album cover. These guys are environmentally conscious and did something good with a crap record. Probably burned the record and re-used the sleeve. -Donothedead (Birdman Sound, 593-B Bank Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 3T4, Canada)

RESURRECTURIS

"Nocturnal" ☼

Heavy as fuck death metal from the Netherlands. I knew I was in trouble when it automatically started with the double bass drumming and a guitar solo for an intro. Guitar virtuoso solos rage supreme on this release. I thought it was high school again listening to Metallica's "Ride the Lightning" album. The vocals are the only thing different here. Deep from the bowels of doom vocals interspersed with screaming. Maybe I should read that Bible again... Maybe not! If any of you from Diamond are reading this review, please send me a release copy of the CD with the inserts and everything since you sent me a promo with just a song list. Also if you have a picture of the band, send that too. I'm curious to see how evil these guys look. -Donothedead (Diamond International, Postbus 2166, 1620 ED Hoorn, The Netherlands)

RIOTGUN

"Return to Ruin..." ☼

Fanfucks of Naked Raygun and the later-on-down-the-road Pegboy will get that familiar "sawblade engulfed in their ribcage" feeling when they throw this 7 inch on the ol' turntable and hear tunes like "Better Nation" or "Rollin' Donuts" rip through their torso. Better yet, give this the tested-true try - make up a comp. tape, along with some of the stuff I mentioned earlier, and play it in your living room while all your friends are getting lit up on their favorite booze that particular evening. Sooner or later, there's always that 2 or 3 of yer buddies that find it entertaining to start a pit in the middle of the living room, knockin' shit over like tables, chairs, or whatever. When Riotgun kicks in on that tape and over your speakers, say good night to your entertainment center. Let me know of YOUR test results. This has to smoke live. Enough said here. -Designated Dale (PO Box 7273, Fullerton, CA 92834; http://www.cosmoslink.net/~riotgun)

RITALIN

"Bedside Toxicology" ☼

Well, Ogre kept us all waiting and I really don't know why. I would like to blame Martin Atkins for this pile of turd. Maybe as label owner he wanted... I don't know, he's such a ham, though. I mean he's starting to make me feel like he's asking the goth/industrial kids to "Please like me, too" by prominently displaying his name in every nook and cranny. And what's the deal with every band he's ever had any ties to being listed after his name? But it's got Ogy's name is on it too so I place the blame on him as well. I'll just chalk it up as a wanna be sell out and sell the promo down the street. That's illegal, you know. But profitable. Figure you get 10 promos per issue, times that by 5 coin and that's like 50 bucks you can spend shooting smack... but Ogy's clean now they say so I don't know. -Bart (Invisible)

ROACHPOWDER

"Viejo Diablo" ☼

If I wanted another Black Sabbath rip off, I would buy Black Sabbath. If I wanted to hear another band that sounded like White Zombie, I would buy White Zombie. If I wanted to hear another band that sounded like Saint Vitus, I would definitely go and buy or see Saint Vitus before I would buy this. -Donothedead (The Music Cartel, 106 West 32nd Street, 3rd Floor, NY, NY 10001)

decade, here's what happens when bands go right, endure, and strengthen through time (nothing they've put out sucks or blows). First off, their sound: at Hoover Dam, wonder of hydroelectric power, in the bowels of the canyon walls to either side of dam itself are these turbines that are about as tall as a 747, basically the modern version of the ye olde cottage with a water wheel on the side. It takes metric tons of water to get these fuckers just to move, let alone hum. Thus Lake Mead. A nice little stockpile of potential energy to fuel the charging epileptic-inducing lights of Las Vegas. And this is in the desert where even when you cry, the locals sigh that you're wasting water. I stepped into Emo's in Austin about four years ago. Seaweed had plugged in. I had the album "Weak" spooled, looped, and cued in my mind, ready to go after listening to it about 500 times (cassettes in my cars become official soundtracks; auto repeat being what it is). And when they played, Seaweed became both the water and the turbines, meshing gears that fueled the thunderclap of kinetic energy that turbluted to the audience - and if only in my mind, if only for brief patches, it seemed that they had invented, patented, and kept in their mysteriously powerful instruments the key to electricity itself. My head was positive-charged, the permagrin welded with crazed intensity (and it's said that the energy of youth is wasted). Some people in the audience looked like they were going to cry. Some were jumping around like caged and tested-upon simians, some pogoed; it was so many simultaneous things and it's one of my top ten perfect music moments. And this "Actions and Inditions" is just as deceiving in its tender charm, sonic tangles of instruments, fist-shaking energy, and clean power; complex not because it's hard to understand but because it can simultaneously evoke rarely connected emotions. I began to read the press sheet to catch up on what hobbies the band had picked up in their hiatus (they got the drummer of Quicksand to do the whacking) and quickly threw it away at the sight that their publicist called 'em pop punk. Well, I guess you could put it that way: the songs are hummable and melodious, but that doesn't get to the heart of what makes 'em great - (besides, Seaweed predates the pidgeonhole), it's the twist, twist, twist, loop, turn, and... like they're balling your shirt up on an upraised fist right in front of your eyes and what's next is equally likely a kiss or a punch or a neat secret. And that's a wonderful thing to think of when listening to a band. (Tangent: when's the Fluid coming back? Another oft forgotten music wonder.) For those familiar with Seaweed, you'll be happy as clams (keeping with the nautical feel). -Todd (Merge, PO Box 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514; www.mrg2000.com/merge/)

SECOND HAND WILLIS

Split

Willis is a kind of goofy, nice guy punk band. The kind of band that has a funny song title for a not-funny song, but I've come to kind of like them the same way you like the geeky kid in science class who even the teacher makes fun of. Secondhand is less of an oxymoron. They sound like Youth Brigade may have if Youth Brigade had gone to a private New England college for four years before releasing "Sound & Fury." Or is that an oxymoron? -Juan Bastos (Mother Box, 60 Denton Avenue, E. Rockaway, NY 11518)

SELBY TIGERS

"Year of the Tigers"

This is a kinda cool surprise, driving and melodic octave ringing subversive pop punk (don't you love my catch phrases?) not unlike early Jawbreaker with nice female vocals which unfortunately are a little buried in the mix. Cute. Now what I'd love to hear is this band do justice to an actually fine pop song, The Cardigans "My Favorite Game" which was ruined by over production (I mean techno drum sound). I think this band is innocent and natural enough to pull it off. In any case this is a good one for the emo (one of the worst labels for a genre ever) and weird melodic punk crowd. -Squeaky (Bread Machine, PO Box 14624, Chicago, IL 60614)

SEPULTURA

"Against"

Sepultura's last album, "Roots," was a sludgy masterpiece unto its own (if you've never heard Korn). But, after two years, this Brazilian "Death metal-hardcore-thrash-worldbeat" quartet have topped it. They not only have a new singer (Derrick Green) but now Andreas, Igor, and Paulo have a new lease on life. The songs on "Against" are 100% better, the riffs are not only 100% harder but less intrusive, the sound is clearer and devoid of Ross Robinsons muddying tinkering. Sepultura has fully moved on to better things. The Sepultribe is back, and you can't bring 'em down! -J.Cyco (Roadrunner, 536 Broadway, NY, NY 10012)

SERVO

"Blueprint"

For those who love female led bands, here is another to put on your want list. Pop punk with a raw garage band sound. The vocals are sweet, the bass is grungy, the drums are wild and the guitars are what holds everything together. I don't know why there is all this hype over the Donnas. This band is so much better. Complete fun in the Shonen Knife kind of way but not included is a lyric sheet to read along to. I will keep my eyes out for more. I'm a sucker for great female led bands. -Donothedeath (Crackle!, PO Box HP49, Leeds, LS6 4XL, UK)

SEWERGROOVES, THE

"Two Time Loser" 7"

Thank you, thank you to Danny at Low Impact for sending me this. I reviewed the Sewergrooves previous release and thought that was great and here is another one. More great garage rock from Sweden that has an early Urge Overkill meets '60s garage punk feel. "Two Time Loser" is a scorching rocker that makes your head shake to the beat. The B-side, "My Heroine" had elements of early Kiss and I felt was the better of the two. Seek out and concur if I'm a complete idiot or right on the money. -Donothedeath (Low Impact, Box 475, 701 49 Orebro, Sweden)

SHAPES, THE

"Songs for Sensible People"

I don't know if I believe a word of it but, according to the liner notes and attendant info sheet, these five lads were a poppy punk band who put out a couple of singles and played around the English Midlands area from 1977 to 1981. Whether that's the case or this is a clever ruse, the band certainly has the sound and chops of the era down to a bloody tee. Like a lot of Brit bands, who took their cue from the Pistols, the Jam and the Damned, the Shapes play (or played?) a fast, energetic and hook-happy style of music that screams England 1979. Lead vocalist, Seymour Bybuss (get it?), croons about loony stuff like, "Alien Love," see "Batman in the Laundrette" and dating a tree ("Jennifer the Conifer"), in the thickest cockney imaginable. Seventeen blasts of tight, witty, memorable songs that would not sound out of place on old albums by the likes of Sham 69, Television Personalities or the Pop Rivets. -P. Edwin Letcher (Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, England)

SHATTERED FAITH

"1982"

Shattered Faith along with TSOL, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, the Minutemen, the Descendents, etc., were essential in bringing punk rock from the late '70s to the early '80s here in southern California. While the group of people from the late '70s were mellowing out and looking more accessible music to play, so they didn't have to get real jobs, bands like the aforementioned kept the raw spirit of punk rock alive and interesting. They also put out some damn good tunes, while inspiring others worldwide for years to come. This CD is their live album from 1982, as well as studio stuff from around the same time. The whole CD is extremely well done melodic punk with an angst that really hasn't been achieved since in the melodic punk vein. A great documentation of what was going on in southern California as well as Orange County at that time. Members splintered of and did tons of other great bands through out the years. Currently members of Shattered Faith are in the U.S. Bombs, the Pushers, and El Centro. If you like any of those bands or old southern Cal. stuff, pick this up, it's definitely essential. -Thrashhead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

SHATTERED FAITH

"1982"

Well Brian, it's about FUCKING TIME! I personally know close to 80 people who've been waiting impatiently for this puppy to come out. While I personally would've preferred more studio stuff (Josh Boy wouldn't cough up, huh?) and a greater variety of songs (hey, I'm a picky little bitch), I really can't find fault in the songs or the versions included here. Hearing "Right is Right," "Final Conflict" and "Trilogy" again after all these years is making me wax nostalgic. I, however, don't feel like sharing today, so there. I will say that if you like your punk brimming with hooks and originality, you'd be a complete moron not to own this. Hey Brian, howabout the Nip Drivers, Hollywood's Membranes, the Atoms, Monitor, or Savage Republic next? -Jimmy Alvarado (Grand Theft Audio)

SHORT HATE TEMPER/AMEN

Split

Short Hate Temper from Texas are back with five intense blasts to the cranium. Great lyrics and hard hitting artwork to boot. Finland's Amen belt out three tracks of some killer Finnish discore. Once again great lyrics, and a killer El Pollo cover. Great split. -Thrashhead (Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Convington, KY., 41017)

SHOWDOWN 76

"Splinter"

Musically the band was real good, but the vocals killed it for me listening to the title track. The production is real good for a DIY release. Almost major label quality to boot. But the vocals come off so flat. The b-side, "Apparatus" is the vocal range the vocalist should be singing. More of a screamed or yelled rage. Songs of personal love lost. The title-track was throw away and the b-side is a keeper. -Donothedeath (31 Hunstrom Road N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2K 5W1)

SHROUD, THE

"A Dark Moon Night"

A couple of things... first it's a great neo-goth record - the second for the So. Cal. gothers. Beautiful melodies, hooks, pleasant Shakespearean tones with quiet female vocals. The song "And Then..." is an absolute masterpiece, hands down - totally romantic. But I really could do without all the way over-glossed and outright dumb "caring-thoughtful-goth" photography... it's sooo overdone and schmaltzy. -Bart (Maggie, PO Box 25112 Fresno, CA, 93729)

SILKENSEED

"Hurry Home"

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah... More sanitized college rock having all the chops to make it in adult alternative contemporary. -Donothedeath (Rainforest, 1122 SE Ankeny St., Portland, OR 97214)

SKINT

"In the Firing Line"

Half-assed (German-style) street punk with trumpets and a cliché attitude. Maintain your dignity and stay far away from the firing line. -J.Cyco (No address given)

SKIPTRACER

"Triple Dog Dare"

Decent. Not great, but OK. Sort of a Bad R/early NOFX/So Cal beachpunk mix of punk styles with the band harder than the vocals in the newschool way. They have a good sound musically and a singer who stands out enough to make it work. So for the next one I want to hear better songwriting. There's two or three killer songs on this full length, so this would have been better culled into a 4 song vinyl EP. -ShiEd (Crashbox, 235 S. 11th Ave., West Bend, WI 53095)

SKRUIGNERS

"La Cosa Que Non Ha Importanza"

Italian hardcore that starts off great, then becomes marred by the wussy American crap that is being passed off as hardcore these days. Throw away those American records, guys, and start listening to early Raw Power, I Refuse It, Peggio Punk and the fabulous Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers instead. -Jimmy Alvarado (Elitichetta Punk, distributed by Abraxas Export, Piazza Maltoni, 1650065 Pontassieve, Firenze, Italia)

SLACKERS, THE

"The Question"

If you know Tim Armstrong, Rancid and Hellcat Records, they love that ska. Not that I know them personally but I do see a pattern. The Slackers play 2-Tone style ska from what I can remember from back in high school when everybody wanted to be mod. This release sounds like it could have come from that era. The music doesn't have that big studio sound and almost sounds live. This almost makes me want to buy a black suit, white button up shirt and a skinny black tie. -Donothedeath (Hellcat)

SLINGSHOT EPISODE

"Dead Air To Deaf Ear"

This is a real wordy single - lyrics include words such as "doffing," "timbre," "rapiers," "beguiled," "scintillating," "unconsciously" (try saying that fast in a lyric)... and that's just the first song "Lines in a Languorous Landscape." (Huh? Get me a dictionary, will ya?) What does it all mean! The band is fantastic, the songs are great (three of them), the lyrics are an enigma with or without Webster's (I'm kidding). The lyrics are about asshole guys. My favorite lyric is "Two dollars hanging in the balance between buying lunch and calling you long distance" - sell that to Sprint! - and the vocalist has great range - she can also beat the shit out of a song and scream like bloody murder. I like that. Great stuff. -Reflex (What Else, PO Box 3411, Dayton, OH 45401)

SMACK

"Criminal"

This 7" contains 5 songs, including such bitchin' titles as "Little Cunt," and a cover of "I Wanna Be Your Dog." The back sleeve babbles on about irrelevant shit like how they wrote certain songs and how this single is their most recognized blah blah blah blah... the production is weak, the vibe is barbituate-laden, the cover is a ridiculous butt rocker in leather pants grabbing his/her nuts and the musicianship is loose and unrefined. After reviewing this, I Smacked it into a wall. -Carey (Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

SMOOTHES, THE

"No Brakes"

Cleancut and cute looking, happy and bouncy sounding pop-punk-ska band that perhaps without the pioneering and profiteering of other bands in this genre (thank list includes Pietasters, Bosstones, Bouncing Souls, Cherry Poppin' Daddies) they would either be a Breeders/Pixies wannabe or simply not exist. As long as you dig this user friendly, pseudo eclectic sound you'll be charmed and taken by the skillful performance of the Smoothies. I'm sending this to my brother who even went to the Warped tour. -Squeaky (Side One Dummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

SMUGGLERS, THE

"Growing Up Smuggler"

Yet another live 10 year celebration by the world's premier garage rock and roll band, Vancouver B.C.'s the Smugglers show their longtime appeal is in their rabid enthusiasm (in front of 20 or 200) and versatility nailing it live. Recorded in Madrid, Spain. -Martin McMartin (Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, NY, NY 10012)

SNAKE CHARMERS

"Nuthin' for You"

On this ya get three jabs 'O rockin' like the A side "Nuthin' for You," which falls into the Humper-like category and B sides "Roll On" and "Bleeding" which you could clearly see Iggy blasting out back in the days of the Stooges. I'd like to see how the Snake Charmers cut across live, being that this 7" was done in Long Beach, CA, meaning they're local boys. Keep thy eyes open. -Designated Dale (Shrunken Head/No fucking address)

SNUBNOSE

Self-titled

No bullshit here. Just loud guitars, powerful drums, and a lot of yelling. Straight ahead rock'n' roll. No need for massive distortion on the amps when you're just rocking out. No atonal weirdness, 5 chords and a lot of energy, not usually my kind of tempos, but what they lack in speed they make up for in power. I want to see them live. -Carey (Sin City, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

SOCIETY GONE MADD

"Save Room for Dessert"

Society Gone Madd have been around for fucking years. They are still playing the same brutal old style hardcore they did when they started. You can bet they are damn good at what they do. From beginning to end this is a completely skull-crushing CD. These guys don't fuck around. Fucking killer early style thrash with no let up. Great tunes and great lyrics, all done with an angst that can't be matched. These guys are definitely one of the more underrated groups locally. Pick up this CD and find out how brutal they are. Hopefully this CD will get around and more people will take notice these guys. This thing fucking rocks. -Thrashhead (Viable Utterance, PO Box 7435, Burbank, CA 91510)

SOILENT GREEN

"Sewn Mouth Secrets"

Grindcore and metal fans alike will rejoice in a release like this one. Take parts of Pantera, Napalm Death, Brutal Truth and some Cajun spices and drop into a blender set at grind, this is what you get. Intricate guitars added with blazing fast drums and punchy bass makes for a powerful experience. The vocals switch from guttural to screaming. These boys from New Orleans absolutely know how to kick a guy in the gut. I hear a little hint of a blues thing in some of their songs. Interesting use of time changes and unorthodox beat structures. You go from power-chords to full-on grind to a blues rock thing like Alice in Chains. It keeps it interesting even though their songs are sometimes a little long. Don't let the pretty artwork on the cover fool you. These boys are very extreme. -Donothedeath (Relapse, PO Box 251, Millersville, PA 17551)

SONICS, THE

"Here Are the Sonics!!!"

Wow, what an amazing record! Not to be confused with a later effort called, "Introducing the Sonics," that also included "Psycho" and "The Witch" (along with some other fine rockers - "You've Got Your Head on Backwards," and "Maintaining My Cool," most notably), this album presents the rawest, raunchiest era of the band. This is just one of a series of Pacific Northwest vinyl releases from Norton that feature the coolest of the cool along with extra tracks and five columns of tiny text devoted to the groups. This particular disc shows the incredible strength and macabre vision their original material possessed and puts it in context by presenting a slew of covers the band learned their chops on, drew inspiration from, and breathed new life into at the same time. All the early gems are here: "Boss Hoss," "Dirty Robber," "Strychnine," "Have Love Will Travel" and plenty of dirty ass rock and roll hits of the day given a new level

of primal growl. The drum beat is as out front and frantic as their English counterparts, the Dave Clark Five, and the overall guitars/organ/sax/bass/drums format is even more cave man crude. Add Gerry Roslie's crazed vocals and you've got the crunch of Little Richard with an evil twist. Ouch! -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

SONICS, THE

"Boom" **O**
Continuing the Norton Pacific Northwest exhilaration barrage is this, the second album from the Sonics. The band had some new originals, written after the release of their amazingly raw and raucous debut, were getting to be a big draw on the local scene, and were itching to commit a bunch of their live show faves to vinyl. The results are rock and roll manna as well as a terrific documentation of the excitement of the area at that time, circa 1965. Unlike the case with many '60s groups, the Sonics' handful of originals, "Cinderella," "Don't Be Afraid of the Dark," "He's Waiting" and "Shot Down," kick ass on the covers - "Let the Good Times Roll," "Don't You Just Know it," et al. (Of course, those covers rock with more authority than most of the work by their contemporaries!) As a bonus, this reissue contains another super original, "The Hustler," an alternate take of "The Witch" and live versions of "The Witch" and "Psycho," from a one off 1972 reunion, as well as so much info the record comes in a gatefold sleeve. Mind-numbing garage rock from one of the hottest bands of all time. -P. Edwin Letcher (Norton)

SONNY VINCENT/ELSE ADMIRE

"Breadless Art" **Split O**
Sonny's tune here sounds like what you would have if Casey (D.I.) had fronted the Ramones back in the '70s ("Motorcycle Girl") and Else Admire's song sounds like what you would get if Adolf Hitler fronted The Misfits, 'cause the singer is barking out German while the back-up guys are chanting "wooooh-OH-oooh" and on top of THAT, there really isn't a lot of music playin', so it's almost like bairn inside a German coffeehouse on poetry/spoken word night. Kinda creepy. R'n'r uber alles. -Designated Dale (Inconito, Senefelder Str. 37A, 70176 Stuttgart, Germany)

SOTTOPRESSIONE

"Cosi Distant" **O**
Here is an Italian band that reminds me of a lot like Raw Power or Crucifix. Metallic, hardcore thrash that has the same guitar sound but a little more chunky as the aforementioned bands. The music blares from

beginning to end before you realize you have been pummeled. The vocals are pretty clear for being sung in Italian. English translations are included. More of a thrash release than being metal but the element is undeniably there. Vacation House sure represents a good portion of the Italian scene. The 3 releases I got to review are diverse from each other without compromising the strength of their individuality. I can't wait to hear more from a scene I already had major respect for. -Donothedead (Vacation House, Via S. Michele, 56, 13069 Vigliano Biellese, Italy)

SOUR JAZZ

Self-titled **O**
Ratboy is a busy guy. The former gunslinger of Motorcycle Boy, Jeff Dahl's Band, and Pillbox is still living in NYC. He has recently released a fantastic solo record called "The Gift," does solo stuff backed by tape loops, and is playing guitar in this four piece band. The material on this seven song tape is very good, straight ahead rock and roll. Vocalist Lou Paris has a mid seventies iggy thing going on, so much so that I thought the band would tear into "Five Foot One" at any moment. Instead they go into a Comets standard (!) and a batch of tasty originals. Good stuff from beginning to end. -Reflex (No address given)

SPASTICS, THE

"Live" **O**
I think of this as Elka's new band because I love the Trashwomen so much and because I haven't a clue what Justin, Lisa or Ian were doing before the Spastics. Elka's unmistakable voice is right out front, where it belongs, with all her yelps, squeals and ever present counting of 1-2-3-4 to signal part changes in tow. This is a fun, speedy punk outfit doing catchy, clever songs, all but one of which were recorded live on some radio station. The sound quality is excellent, the band is tight enough for rock and roll but not overly clean and their wit and camaraderie come through loud and clear. Songs like "Gonna Get You Baby," "Take My Heart," "Tell Me Lies" and "Dance All Night" are fairly straight forward girl meets boy, boy will or won't cooperate, etc. love songs done at '77 punk/pop pace. Other tunes show a more playful side of the band: "New Wave Hookers," "I Wanna Be a Cop" and "Pleasure Party" being prime examples. The band is decked out in spiffy Vibrators/999/X-Ray Spex togs on the cover and deliver the goods on the shiny disc. Check 'em out when they come to your town, bubba. -P. Edwin Letcher (Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave., San Bruno, CA 94066)

SPEED-SHIFT

"Doctored for Super Sound" **EP**
Five songs here to pound the existence of r'n'r into the non-believers. Straight ahead rippers like "Fraulein" and "Square One" would make the Speed-Shift crew a fine opener for bands like The Gaza Strippers and the groovy-twist number like "Wall Pudding" can be found quite likeable to RFTC fans sans the horns. Watch for 'em. -Designated Dale (Full Blare/No Address)

SPEEDBUGGY

"Hardcore Honkytonk" **O**
Starts off as galloping straightahead punkrock with a real strong twang and honest to cowboy real country trappings ala the honkytonk of the title. By the middle of the disc they start delving into more pedestrian modern college rock but still keep the drawl. Some of the kids might eat this up as the brand new thing, however despite their high performance and good intentions, I lost interest by the second song and I reckon this whole affair would not fly with the true Hank Williams fans too well. Love the cover art though. -Squeaky (Porterhouse, PO Box 3597, Hollywood, CA 90078)

SPELUNKERS

"Demand Your Annual Rent" **O**
I was pretty sure a spelunker is a person who throws large rocks into deep water and listens to them go "spell-unk" (hence the name spelunker). But as it turns out, they are just an upbeat, talented, indie-pop band in the same vein as most pop bands playing the San Francisco club circuit (minus the acoustic thing). Not exactly my cup of tea, it was worth my time. -J.Cyco (Whitehouse, no address given)

SPILLS, THE

"Mondo Cane" **O**
I've got four words for The Spills: You...Write...Bad...Songs. -J.Cyco (Stiff Penis, PO Box 20721, St. Petersburg, FL 33742)

STATIC AGE

"Hatred/Dead Girlfriend" **O**
Pretty basic punk rock with real snotty vocals. The lyrics are pretty inane. I guess this supposed to be punk as fuck, dude. Yeah, whatever. -Thrashead (Tea Bag, PO Box 2051, Costa Mesa, CA, 92628)

STEAMING TOOLIE

"Transform Form Freely" **O**
Remember when Greg Brady wanted to be a rock star? This is what Steaming Toolie remind me of. -Donothedead (Kelp, 608 Ossington Ave, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M6G 3T5)

STEVE AND THE JERKS

"Jerk's Not Dead (the Complete Joke)" **O**
Basic, punk-influenced garage rock from France sung in slightly accented but fluent English. Leave it to the French to run with a Steve Martin based concept. This CD contains 32 tracks, which brings together all of the "Leaders of the Jerks" LP, The "Damned! It's Steve and the Jerks" EP, some 7" and comp. cuts and a previously unreleased album, "Three As a Turd." Laurent Bigot, lead singer/drummer is backed by Manu Blervaque on guitar and "Junior" Campo and Christian Guinet who trade off on Bass duties. The loose groove thang is best on the signature pieces, "We Are the Jerks," "Lady Jerk," "Girl, You Made a Jerk Out of Me" and "Stephen's the Jerk," but it works like a blunt bludgeon on the many other tunes, too. The band has plenty of originals but thrive on covers, as well, and do a wide array, including some fairly obscure numbers by well knowns. The Animals, the Runaways, Dion and the Belmonts, John Mayall, the Beach Boys and Dr. Feelgood are just six out of the fourteen. Crude, dude. -P. Edwin Letcher (Solamente, 312 Park Place No.3, Brooklyn, NY 11238)

STEVE JACKSON

"Brave World" **O**
Niceness and sincerity don't often make for good rock. Case in point. Steve's a guy a mother could love, and in fact he's written songs about her and his grandfather. Good intentions perhaps, but lack of abrasion and typical rhymes make me wonder how this landed in our PO Box. He sounds a little like Warren Zevon and Ray Davies, minus the sarcasm and craft. As Swan in "Phantom of the Paradise" said "Pretty, but no." -Pooch (Seven Islands - (818) 755-0768)

STILL LIFE

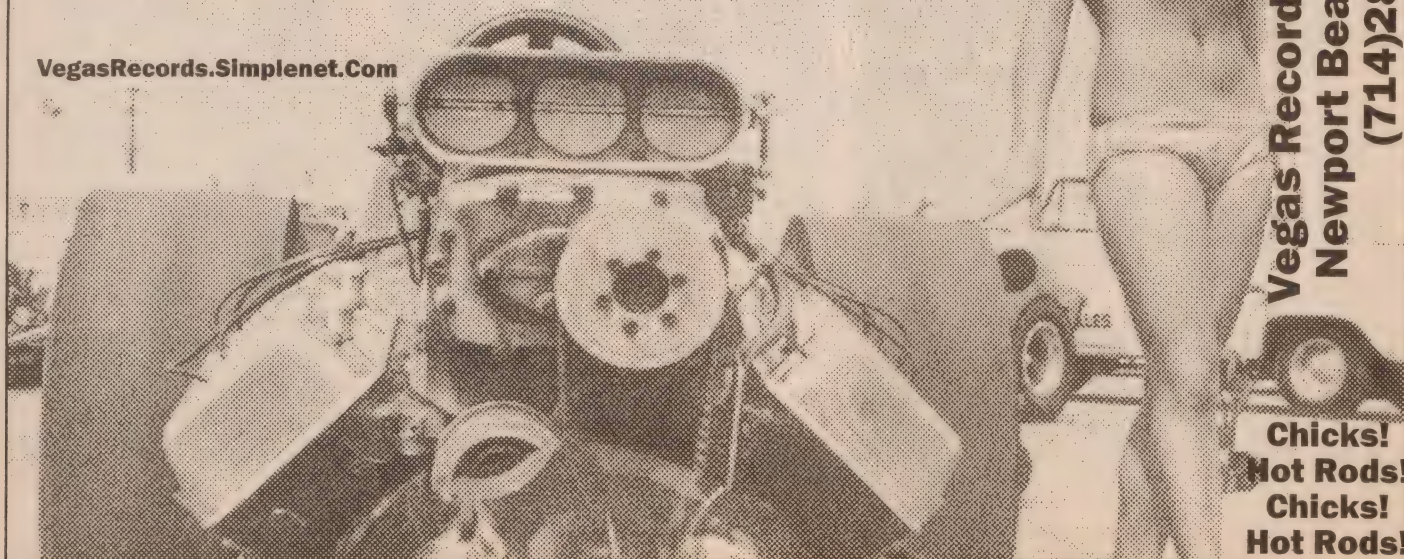
Self-titled **O**
I guess I'm stumped. Long songs of personal pity and personal outlook on life. The bass player is pretty good though. Goes from mellow like Pearl Jam into rage like Fugazi. Most of the songs are slow. -Donothedead (The Sunflower Tribe, PO Box 618, MP, CA 93020)

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STIMULANTS

Self-titled ☼

Raw, jerky, poppy thang with more than a strong influence of Siouxsie and the Banshees. There's more than a few awkward shifts and changes, but all the same I thought it was pretty good. Woulda rather had a lyric sheet than a thank you list, but that's only because I don't know anybody on it. Did catch a few lines though... "I got you like the flu" and "My dad can beat up your dad" not bad for an old guy with tinnitus, huh? -Reflex (Stimulants, PO Box 8802, Atlanta, GA 31106-0802)

STISISM

"Coping with Society" ☼

If you can get past the intro, you will be treated to some pretty solid NY punk in a Dead Boys/Undead vein. Pretty cool. Jimmy Alvarado (Intensive Scare, PO Box 142, NY, NY 10002-0142)

STOUT POUNDER

"We Are the Working Class" ☼

Stiffly pogoing punk rock, some mid-'80s, some Brit punk about '77-'78 style. Vocalist reminds me quite a bit of Tesco Meatmen. Some interesting changes thrown in to save this from blending into the restless sea of mass clonage. 4th song is a Chemical/Pleasure power-trio intro. This is good, pick it up. OK, now I want to hear a full length all this quality. -ShitEd (Stout Pounder, 2315 W. Villa Rita Dr., Phoenix, AZ 85023)

STRAIGHT FACED

"Conditioned" ☼

Kickin' you square-in-both-buttocks-style hardcore with a hardshell metallic crunch. Fans of H20 probably should know about these guys. Songs that, without a doubt, shatter even the most tough guy's skull on this CD are "Course for Destruction" and "Revolve." This is the ideal recording to blare outta yer garage while the neighbors are in a heated argument next door throwin' dishes at each other in the kitchen. Thumbs up and out. -Designated Dale (Epitaph)

STRANGE CORNER

"Schism" ☼

Here is a band that is a dead ringer for the Crumbsuckers. The vocalist sounds exactly like the same singer. The music is very metallic as in guitar heavy but this band has more of a '90s feel. They step on a dime the same as the band I mentioned. I wonder if the Crumbsuckers got back together and moved to Italy. To give this band some credit since I'm on a Crumbsuckers tangent, they play a mid '80s east coast crossover punk. The record is pretty flawless with the guitars very crunchy and heavy. The vocals are deep and yelled. The bass is punchy but not flat and the drummer is precise and play beyond the trappings of the 4/4 beat. The drummer mixes it up pretty good that he doesn't sound like he is repeating himself on every song. -Donothedead (Vacation House, Via S. Michele, 56, 13069 Vigliano Biellese, Italy)

STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS meet

CHERIE CURRIE

"Cherry Bomb" ☼

The band took their name from Iggy lyrics so they are predictably loud, fast and rough. On the A-side they team up with a grown up Runaway and lay down a true to the original version of ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch "Cherry Bomb." On the flipside, the guys are on their own. "Burn, Silverlake, Burn," is an old school punk raver that pokes fun at the notion of "scenes" springing up in various regional areas. It's probably a good idea to frisk them for matches next time they go to Spaceland. "None of Your Business," carries on the aggro attitude, but in a more personal form... bitch. This tune has an incessant driving riff that smacks of the aforementioned Mr. Stooge filtered through DMZ, who also owed a lot to Iggy, but with hard core vocals. -P. Edwin Letcher (Alive/Total Energy, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

STROLLERS, THE

"Bring Her Home" ☼

Here is another band that I have the pleasure of getting to review twice. I absolutely love what this label puts out. Era period music that is well produced. I still listen to the Strollers previous single "You'll Never See Me Again." Full on buzzed, '60s garage punk that is recorded in mono. The mono adds to the effect that it is definitely from a certain time period. This single doesn't have the same rawness that the previous single had but is just as good. It's a lot cleaner in production but still doesn't sound like it was recorded in the '90s. The only downfall to this release is there are only 2 songs and they go by pretty quick. When are these guys doing a full length? -Donothedead (Low Impact, Box 475, 701 49 Orebro, Sweden)

STRYCHNINE BABIES

"Kill Society" ☼

An ass-kicking punk rock and roll record with a definite Misfits slant - but with double lead vox - from this incredible Philadelphia trio. This ain't gonna cut it on

the radio cuz these boys got some mean old polly mouth, but the songs are catchier than anything you'll ever hear on the shitty airwaves anyway. I dunno if these records have a cover on 'em - my copy was rolled into a flyer and was probably an advance copy - but with or without a cover it's a must have. The music definitely does the talking. "Kill Society" is a monster, straight up Misfits styled rocker, "Dead Love" has the same double vocal assault as the prior song but opens up with a cool Alice Cooper kinda intro. From the fine folks that brought you Baltimore's Jakkpot, this is, needless to say, another highly recommended slab of wax. -Reflex (American Punk, 802 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

STYRENE'S

"All the Wrong People Are Dying" ☼

You'll get better histories on the Cleveland music scene anywhere but from me, but basically this band was formed post Electric Eels (not to be confused with bands using the same name that have come since and should not be allowed to exist because they suck so bad - check out the collection "God Says Fuck You" for a good dose of the Eels you should care about) in the Cleveland area in the mid seventies. In the time that has transpired The Styrenes picked up ex-Pagans vocalist Mike Hudson (again, check Pagans collections like "The Street Where Nobody Lives" or the awesome and comprehensive "Everybody Hates You") and recorded some stuff. This CD is a collection of singles and comp tracks. It flows like an album though, not suffering from piece-work dilemmas sound/sonic variations, crappy filler, and out takes. There's a 12 page booklet with it, mostly lyrics - ya don't need them as the vocals are so clear - and with a photo and cool cover by the singer of the Electric Eels (these folks seem to stay in touch over generations, it seems.) The disc is a great listen, reminds me of the blue period of Mott the Hoople (remember the long-ass depressing stuff?) and while I'm sure that ain't the intention, it's the closest thing to a reference a dork like me has - with a talk-sing story and poetry layered over the top. Interesting stuff, ya listen to the stories like you might listen to Dylan or Lou Reed. I liked it. -Reflex (Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW)

SUICIDE

"Zero Hour EP" ☼

While never a mondo fan of Suicide, I can relate to the fact that the two madmen that were behind this band, Alan Vega and Martin Rev, were responsible for creating a spawning pool for a HELL of a lot of electric/synth bands that were to follow them, even to this very day. Yet these two were breaking their sound in the form of psychotic live experiences over some 25 years ago. On this, you get five live cuts - "Ghost Rider," "Rocket U.S.A.," "Cheree," "Harlem," and "96 Tears." Fuck the radio. This was (and still is) the real deal. Not for the squeamish. -Designated Dale (Munster, Apdo. PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

SUPER MODEL NO. 9

"The Less Traveled Road Single" ☼

Two tracks. Redundant blues rock. Artfully arranged but over-rehearsed and hyper-contrived. There's some engaging moments here, but like the Jerry Springer show, the spontaneity is suspect, if not outright premeditated. -Money (Millennium Cabaret Productions, PO Box 292013 LA, CA 90029)

SVART SNO

"Bellyache and Acidyes" ☼

Another great band bites the dust. As Svart Sno broke up not too long ago. This CD consists of four studio sessions from '88-'92. From these sessions originally, their first two fucking killer 7"ers came from. There is also another demo session by Ur Funktion (Out of Order), which is pre-Svart Sno. All the stuff on here is top notch Swedish hardcore. After hearing this (and their other releases) you'll be putting this band in the same classic category as Mob 47, Anti Cimex, Asta Kask, Rovsvett, etc. Svart Sno were consistently another good reason why Sweden rules in the whole hardcore punk scheme of things. So if you, like myself, love the brutality that Sweden has to offer, pick up this CD, and experience, what was once quoted as "Being punched in the belly, while someone is pouring hydrochloric acid in your eyes." Fucking classic Swedish thrash. -Thrashhead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

SWELL/OSMO

Split ☼

Let me start with Osmo since that was the first side that put on. Let me say that slow is an under statement. Moody Sonic Youth college alternative. Swell was not that much better for me. More of a rock college alternative thing. -Donothedead (The label is Noisetank but they didn't put an address. Here's their website. www.noisetank.com)

SWINGIN' UTTERS

"Five Lessons Learned" ☼

Tadpoles turn into frogs, caterpillars metamorphosize into butterflies and oi boys grow up to be rockers. This not-so-curious transformation is not so much a mellowing or maturation as a return to roots rock. So don't call it a departure, "Five Lessons Learned" is the album the Uppers has always wanted to make. With a host of guest musicians playing bass and rhythm guitar (so many people played bass, the Uppers could only guess at who played what and when), tons of time in the studio and the freedom from Fat Wreck Chords to make an album the way they wanted to make it, "Five Lessons Learned" is the most accomplished Uppers release yet. Stylistically diverse, "Five Lessons Learned" fuses traditional instrumentation (hence the mandolin, piano and accordion) with hard-driving rock and roll. It's part Social Distortion (circa "Mommy's Little Monster"), part Pogues (circa Shane McGowan), and it's all good. Neither punk nor pop, yet catchy and melodic, Swingin' Uppers is indie rock's best kept secret. -Money (Fat Wreck Chords, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3690)

SWINGIN' UTTERS

"The Sounds Wrong" ☼

Fat Mike's smart. This is the Swingin' Uppers kinda-hard-to-find EP. IFA Records (who put out the first Zeke too, if you're wondering) is now as extinct as cattle ranchers who like Oprah Winfrey. Guitarist Max has some cool liberty spikes, there's a Billy Childish cover "Devious Minds," and the EP's good not only for nostalgic (1996, nostalgic?) and completist reasons, but by fuck, it's pretty damn rocking. The more I listen to the Uppers, the more I like 'em because they're definitely trying new things - more like baking a fresh loaf instead of picking off the mold and trying to pass it off as new. Singer Johnny has a voice like a liquored up and full of valuable information uncle and the more semi-OK of it and street punk bands that clog up the review stacks, the more I realize how powerful the Uppers, like the Dropsticks, are - you can feel they're looking to a broader horizon without changing into another musical suit. Cool shit. If you're hanging in the balance - new or old Uppers; I'd go for the new and work backwards. I think they're getting better and better. (Tangent: It's music, that, for some reason, people feel compelled to fight when listening to. Not me. Some people. Hmm.) -Todd (Fat)

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN

"(Sleep)Baby Doll" ☼

That other guitar player from the Dolls is an unsung hero who's still writing brilliant tunes. A crackerjack backup band and guest appearances by members of Blondie, Gen X, and The Fuzztones on this. How 'bout remakes of "Trash" and "Frenchie"? Great record. -Martin McMartin (Fishead, 1287 Marquette Street, Cleveland, OH 44114)

T-MODEL FORD

"You Better Keep Still" ☼

This is my favorite of the blues CDs I've heard on this label. The well seasoned veteran guitar picker and story teller is backed by some sparse percussion on some tunes and left to his own devices on others. In fact, the set opens with, "If I Had Wings (part 1)" (it closes with part 2), which is just his voice and somebody whacking something, possibly a leg, with something else, possibly a hand. I'd be more precise if there were more info, but... On "These Eyes," Mr. Ford assumes a variety of personas, male and female, carrying on with one another. "Pop Pop Pop" is given a big studio remix treatment with artificially distorted vocals, a bit of synthesizer work and some rap style sampling. On the next track, "The Old Number," though, he is back to the moan and wail with simple Delta style guitar accompaniment. One track, "Come Back Home," has a groove going on that reminds me of the old standard, "Smoke Stack Lightning," and again features what could be a one armed drummer - as minimal a sound as they get. A fair amount of variety without straying from the rather strict confines of the genre. -P. Edwin Letcher (Epitaph/Fat Possum, PO Box 1923, Oxford, MS 38655)

TESTICLE BOMB

"I Want You Dead" ☼

Drunk rock to swallow handfuls of pills by, like songs called "Beer Run," "Fuckface," and "Shut Up Cunt." There's even an acoustic number here that sounds like a parody of Johnny Thunders' "Hurt Me" LP. "Theme for a New Love" except the lyrics are, how you say, not so heartfelt. A satanic, middle finger good time for all. -Designated Dale (Testicle Bomb, 2811 7th Ave., Apt. 201, Anoka, MN 55303)

TEXAS TERRI & THE STIFF ONES

"Eat Shit" ☼

Hey, the critics may have a stiff one for the new Hole album, but this stifle's better. I've never seen a gal do Iggy better than Terri, and I only seen one guy do Iggy better. That'd be the man... Dynamite performer, dynamite voice. The band ain't slouches either. This disc is so good that it follows me around like my shad-

ow these daze. Really dug "Burger & Fries" and "Cave Woman." Ya know, I love a record that puts the "tiffittt....." in fun. Strongly encouraged for those with rock and roll pumping through their veins, and the rest of you saps, too. If it can get me to work, it could wake up yer dead somnambulist ass. Buncha great songs that wraps up with a cover from my favorite Dictators album. I like. -Reflex (Burning Tree, 10938 Magnolia #227, North Hollywood, CA 91601)

THATCHER ON ACID

"Frank" ☼

Dear TOA: I'd heard nothing but praise for you guys, so I was pretty excited when I popped this puppy into the player. Well... You wouldn't happen to have a couple hundred bucks for a new CD player, would you? You see, after three or four songs of your Conflict-plays-college-rock tuneage, I kinda slipped and the crowbar I was holding kinda hit my CD player. 50 or 60 times. My mom's pretty pissed now 'cause she can't listen to her Sons of the Pioneers CDS anymore. Please help me out. I figure it's your fault I battered the damn machine to a pulp in the first place, so just do me a favor and kick down with the cash to replace it. Thank you in advance... Jimmy Alvarado (Broken Rekids, PO Box 460402, SF, CA 94146-0402)

THEM

"Time Out and Time In for..." "Now and..." ☼ 2 for 1
When Van Morrison parted company with his mates, after the success of "Gloria," "Here Comes the Night," "Mystic Eyes" and a handful of albums to pursue a solo career, the other guys took a couple years off, recruited a new vocalist and continued on as Them. The first album, a self-titled affair, had some interesting bits and pieces but didn't do much on the charts. These subsequent releases show the changes in the music industry through the songs of a band that was there for quite a few scene transformations. The Beatles had a big influence on Them as did other contemporaries such as the Association, Jefferson Airplane and Spanky and his gang. There are a few tough tunes, some overly long sitar pop pieces and a number of mellow, pseudo jazzy, brotherly love tunes. The band is shown in their Strawberry Alarm Clock style duds and play music consistent with what the Electric Prunes, Blues Magoos, et al. were doing at the time. And what a swell album title: "Now and...Them." -P. Edwin Letcher (Thorns Production, no address)

THIRD WORLD PLANET

"Air Quality Warning" ☼

Some pretty ripping thrash with some more quirky sounding parts involved. Some experimental noise is thrown in as well. The songs are all over the place, some great lyrics as well. Good stuff. -Thrashhead (View Beyond, PO Box 26, 349 01 Stribro, Czech Republic)

TOILET BOYS

"Living Like a Millionaire" ☼

Like, dude, you just gotta pick up the latest release from The Toilet Boys, man. I mean it's so heavy that it fuckin' rocks. And who said that metal was dead?? It was, like, just takin' a quick catnap, you know what I mean? Huh huh huh... <spppfft>... ahhhhhhhhh... Oh, dude, this is just so fuckin' bitchin'! It's... it's like, you know, like Joan Jett and the Runaways, man! Ohmigod, they would've been, like, so there during the good old days of The Sunset Strip playin' at, like, Gazzari's, y'know? Ohh-hh-ho, dude, look at that finass babe singer on the cover... do you know what I'd do to her if we were alone, man? I'd... I'd... <spppfft>... oh, dude, I lost my train of thought... hahaha! Oh this is some killer bud... fuck, man, I knocked the cherry on my spandex, dude! This is all I gotta say, bro... fuck those posseurs, all those... those Quiet Riots, those Jag Panzers, those Renegades, those Kick Axes... 'cos like... <spppfft>... <COUGHCOUGHCOUGH>... metal's comin' back and <COUGH> The Toilet Boys are on the throne! Oh, dude... Toilet Boys? *Throne?* BWAH-HA-HA! Whoa-ho-ho, duu-uu-ude... <spppfft>... <Rockin' Tim From Pomona (RAFR, 11054 Ventura Blvd., Suite 205, Studio City, CA 91604)>

TOILET BOYS

"Living Like a Millionaire" ☼

Glam is an art form to be respected. The punx never got that. And so you have wastes of time like this. Some punk band trying too hard to cash in on their version of mock '80s glamour trash and totally missing the point, in fact become the epitome of everything that started to suck about the '80s scene - the endless rows of nobodies that could buy a cool guitar and flaming props, too. They've got all the cliches down but none of the cool, special stuff that makes a great glamour record. This stuff doesn't hold a tenth of the intensity and excitement of the new breed of glam that's hitting the streets today such as "G-T-T" and Van Heroin. This type of music is supposed to say "wake up to rock and fucking roll" but I fell asleep by the 3rd song and forced myself to listen to the rest to write a qualified review. The inside credits TRY SOOO hard to

look Sex Pistol-y punk like they're cut out of magazines but it's such a shit job from who ever just sat in front of their Mac. Posers down to every last detail. I could go on and on about every little sucky piece of this record but I really have better things to do... like finish my nap. -Bart (Rock & Fucking Roll)

TOILET BOYS

"Living Like a Millionaire" *B2

I'm a little curious on why I got this for review. Maybe a different point of view. '90s glam, it's on the upswing again, with band members who could be in D-Generation and a guy that looks like a thinner Deborah Harry from Blondie. The full on gender bender is the singer and I didn't really notice that it was a guy until Thrashhead told me. I was ready to hate this based on the rock posturing on the cover and after a couple of listens it grew on me. It reminded me of hanging out at rock clubs because it was a place to drink and see if anything excited me and my friends. Not my personal cup of tea at this time but I do listen to a lot of bands that are not punk. -Donoththead (RAFR, 11054 Ventura Blvd. Suite 205, Studio City, CA 91604)

TON OF BRICKS

Self-titled *

Pantera-like music with a guy that sounds like James Hetfield from Metallica. -Donoththead (3155 Caton Farm Road, Joliet, IL 60431)

TONGUE

"Faulty Parts" *

Tongue have been bouncing around for a few years in the local club scene, it's about fucking they got a CD out. The material from this CD is a collection of recording over the past couple of years that never made it out until now for some reason or another. It all great stuff. killer early '80s style thrash mixed with all sorts jazzy and punky parts and riffs. The lyrics range from the conscious to the obnoxious. There is some real funny shit in here. Liz's voice, as well as the band, are completely fucking intense. Some interesting and great damage here. Like I said before, it's about fucking time. One great local band. -Thrashhead (Cannibal City, PO Box 5551, Pasadena, CA 91117)

TONGUE

"B.Spot a Holiday in Reality" *

No, this isn't Tongue. I mean it is, but it ain't either. This is a band from Madison, Wisconsin that just happens to have the exact same name as the hardcore

punk band in LA. Their promo pack claims that they're into punk, but I don't much hear it in this. All I hear is that MTV-lave guitar-noisy stuff. For one thing, this band is dead fucking slow. I could speak entire sentences - Mike Thrashhead could spiel whole paragraphs - in the time between hits on the snare during the first song. The music is quirky and weak by being too slow. Also I think they have an identity problem because LA's Tongue already has a CD and 7" out prior to this release. -ShitEd (Alex Fortney, 6069 McKee Rd., Madison, WI 53719)

TRAILER HITCH

"Long Tall Tales and Highway Adventures" *

Great intro complete with false start, this is heavy, turbo-fueled, truck driving (need I say) '70s boogie rock influenced (think maybe Mountain) good ol' boy meets the modern garage punk treatment not unlike Nashville Pussy but way more modern industrial metal. You got your obnoxious and humorous samples, noise and feedback and bad gruff burley man vocals. Get a load of songs like "Big Truckin' Daddy" "Naked Family Man" and "Learned How to Wrestle Real Good in Vietnam." I'm sure that they'd get taken off the bill at a gay-run club just like what happened to REO Speedeater after they were overheard using the word fag in their dressing room. I bet satan worshipping metal heads like that band The Hookers would dig this. -Squeaky (Man's Ruin, 610 22nd St. #302, SF, CA 94107)

TRIP 6

"Back with a Vengeance" *

Back in the late '80s in NY when all you heard about was the straight edge explosion of bands like Youth Of Today, Bold, Gorilla Biscuits, etc., there was a band comprised of members of killer early '80s NYHC outfits such as the Psychos, Ultraviolence, Warzone, etc., and they called themselves Trip 6. Like the other bands they came from, they played straight up, no bullshit hardcore that NY was known for cranking out. Every song here, culled from their one and only 7", comp tracks, and demo, and a live show, are all straight up brutality. Unfortunately, they were buried in the shuffle of who was more straight edge and that fact that they dress like everyday average street punk type and not like a basketball player. Plus they really weren't around long enough to get their stuff out of NY. People really dug them there, but most people around outside the upper northeast U.S. never really got to hear too much of Trip 6. As usual thanks to the ever so brilliant Grand Theft Audio, you get a second chance to check out this killer old style NY hardcore band.

Don't miss out this time. Truly classic hardcore. -Thrashhead (Grand Theft Audio, 501 W. Glenoaks Bl., Ste. 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

TRUEENTS, THE

"Don't Look Back" *

I was upset by the song "Just Don't Tell" on the B-Side of this release. Maybe I understood it wrong but I am sure this was a song about wanting and having sex with an underage girl. I don't condone that kind of attitude and I don't find the humor in it. -Donoththead (TKO, 4104 24th Street #103, SF, CA 94114)

TV KILLERS

"Fuckin' Frenchies" *

Just when I'm all for nuking France for never letting us to use their airspace to go bomb some middle-eastern country, a band comes along and makes me want to hug those Jerry Lewis-loving, cheese-screwing fucks. Honk in some Oblivians inept dementia firework guitar work, splatter on English as a Third language vocals, chode in your basic what-the-fuck-ness (in a good way) and you've got some rippers that tear as they bleed. Fast, garagey rock that's played so proudly bad and loud that it's charming, and not in a retard uncle sort of way, but in that "wow, epileptic seizures are hypnotic," Drags/Supercharger/Humpers sort of way. I can't make out completely what they're singing and I doubt they do either. Beauty. Dance and drink and smash for tomorrow we wake up and realize our country sucks ass. The Maginot line - what a fucking joke. At least make your turrets swivel. -Todd (Total Heaven, 6 Rue de Candale, 33000 Bordeaux, France)

UNHOLY CAD AVER

"Demo Number One" *

From the very first notes, I suspected this was going to be a keeper. I was right. "The Wail with Sunken Eyes" is a gorgeous piece of blackmetal brilliance. "Unsheath the Sword of Blasphemy" is pure heretic metal bombast; symphonic and bitter. Unholy Cadaver make it look easy. The last epic piece, "Hammers of Misfortune" is nearly 15 minutes of elegant, orgiastic, dark metal, the likes of which, I guarantee, you've never heard before. If this is the demo, Satan-help-me when they deliver a full-length album. -Kirin (Unholy Cadaver, 3278 20th St., SF, CA 94110)

UPSETS, THE

"TommyGunHeart" *

It doesn't make me happy that the figurative bullet holes left in the now-defunct Humpers' hearts may

have killed a great band, but I gotta smile that there's a new legacy of contenders whose existence is made just a little bit easier by those masterful fuck-ups. Take an MC5 skidmark, a feather near the sharp part of Radio Birdman, scrape off the sheen of Duane Peter's sweat, embed some Chuck Berry riffs, make a shrine, and play to it for a year or more. You've got yourself a punk'n'roll outfit that ain't half bad. Whiskey, cheap beer, broken glass, and pissing on the side of a building while it gets all over your shoes, that's what this reminds me of. -Todd (TKO, 4104 24th St., SF, CA 94114)

US BOMBS/BRISTLES

Split *

Full color gatefold cover, piss stain yellow vinyl, and all the stops are pulled out for this release, which is even more stunning since Beer City, on occasion, seems to hire 4th graders on bumpy roads to do their album art. The Bombs cover Radio Birdman's "Breaks My Heart" with the whiskey sadness and urgency of having their lives close to spinning blades of a broken open blender with the button pushed on "mutilate" - it's delirant, fucked-up, broken-open sadness, pure punk style. I'm becoming more and more a fan of the Bombs with each release. (FYI: lead singer Duane's got a Beer City tattoo right across the prime real estate of his stomach.) The Bristles go for the direct, frontal street punk attack with a singer who saves up all his snot for a week in the back of his throat so he'll have enough to spit on each individual audience member for a performance (that's just me conjecturing). Not bad. Not bad at all. -Todd (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53226-0035)

UTTER BASTARD/DEAD BODIES EVERYWHERE

Split *

Utter Bastard pop out four grind and thrash rippers. The songs go from fast to slow, and vice versa, and nail you hard. Dead Bodies Everywhere also cranks out four thrash and grind killers. Nice and on the heavy side. Killer split. -Thrashhead (625 Productions, PO Box 423413, SF, CA 94142)

UUM

"Silla Sonida - Public Humiliation for the Well Tempered speaker" *

Harsh, harsh, electronics. Source sounds and effects generators are used to achieve some real grating stuff here. Very nice extreme low and high freq keep you on your toes. Some good racket

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from this San Diego outfit. -Thrashead (Vinyl Communications, PO Box 8823, Chula Vista CA 91912)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"10/Unlabeled" **CD**

A double CD in traditionally, and now fast becoming legendary over the last few years, the amazing sound compilations of Extreme Music from a wide array and very respected group of artists from around the world in the sub-underground of casual ground breaking sonic soundscapes and experiments. Featured this time out: Pablo's Eye, Fetish Park, Muslingause, Soma, Ed Pias, Social Interiors, Skuli Sverrisson, Merzbow, Groovy, & Otomo Yoshihide. Plus a special feature on disc 2: a sonic cut-up by Bryon Gison style by Social Interiors. Now 10 years old, the only comp., series, and label to actually be doing the scene some good and giving artists right credit, the only ones caring one the tradition of industrial music - the only ones doing it right. -Bart (Extreme, PO Box 147 Preston 3072, Victoria, Australia: extreme@well.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"At War with Society" **CD**

A 99 cent sampler/compilation from Nicky Garrett and New Red Archives. Worth every penny you have to pan handle for. With a who's who of label mags like UK Subs, Social Unrest, Kraut, Anti-Flag, MDC, Reagan Youth, Swingin' Utters and more. A time capsule summary of what the label has put and a great compilation to buy among an influx of bad compilations that cost ten times as much or more. The Kraut track "Flossing with an E String" was on a Flipside compilation, too. -Don (New Red Archives, PO 210501, SF, CA 94121)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Back to Rockaway Beach: Vols. #1 & #2" **CD**

Two volumes jam packed with music that covers a wide range of musical styles. There is some rockabilly, some pseudo-metal stuff, crude punk and a bunch of things that remind me of Bad Religion. Of the 27 bands on vol. #1 and 28 on vol. #2, only one band, the Vapids, made it on to both. The groups hail from many disparate countries with disproportionate representation of the U.S., Canada and Sweden. Vol. #1 features Betty Blue, the Hyman's, Stink, Roswells, Gasman, Cards in Spokes, the Let's Go's, Adam West, Sexy Dex, Spoiled Rotten, Vanzilla Factor, James Dead, Receivers, Recycled, Funilla Muffins, Kowalski, Cheating Hearts, Superman Curl, Submission, the Vapids, Puppunchpel, Mimikry, Mustangs, Yeti Girls, Switch, Keener and Leftnut. On the second installment, you get tunes from Vibrators, Carbona, Cheeks, Infections (not the Rip Off Records band), Rodeo Rockets, Stompwater, Germ Attack, Bankrupt, Sex Sex Sex, the Bullies, Delox Darlings, Destitutes, Monsters, Kinkles, Rippers, Son of a Beat, Punkies, Plan 9, Dawson High, Wendy Bones, Peepshows, Shoot Marvin, 800 Octane, Jones, Mongrels, Johnnies, the Vapids and Bitter Grin. -P. Edwin Letcher (Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave. S., Hamilton Ontario, Canada L8K 2S9)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Barfroot & Pregnant" **CD**

Thrashead was up at Flipside for probably an hour before I got there and began looking through the music for review. Turns out I ached him by grabbing this first. I picked up this comp with a nondescript blackish cover and flipped it over. My eyes got a little round when I saw "Reflex Records" on the back. That's what it says on old Husker Du albums! Reflex was of course Husker Du's label and sure enough this comp turns out to be an old tape comp they did back in '82, reissued on CD. I was drooling over the Husker Du and Replacements tracks, while Thrashead was rhapsodying over the Mecht Mensch. Both of us were excited over the Loud Fast Rules (who later became Soul Asylum). Other cool bands on this twin cities comp are: Idol Threat, Rifle Sport, in Decision, Tulsa Jacks, Lou Santacrose, Man Sized Action, and Red Meat. It ends with a wrestling rant. This is a great reissue, done jointly by Reflex and Garage D/O (a legendary record store equivalent to Long Beach's Zed). This comp is full of fast, frenetic, yummy music (and a little bit of slower stuff). The sound quality ain't all that great in places (makes me wish GTA had reissued it so that Rozon could have cleaned it up) but really it's wonderful considering that all of these tracks were demos dubbed from the bands' demo cassettes to a master, equalized, then dubbed to a few hundred cassettes. I highly recommend getting this. I'd say order it direct, but the poor, lame labels forgot to print a contact address on the CD anywhere! Print your address on the next one, damn you! 24 songs, 57 minutes. -ShitEd (Reflex Recs./Garage D/O)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The Big Monster Bash - Vol. #1" **CD**

One of the more homogenous comps I've heard. This could practically all be the product of a single band that would combine elements of Reverend Horton Heat, the Stray Cats, Mojo Nixon and Dick Dale to various degrees on the mostly rockabilly and subtly mon-

ster thematic songs. It rocks on some tunes but the general feel is more laid back. El Vez does a silly "Sleep Walk" kind of thing in which he imitates the buzz of a mosquito. There is an instrumental that I like enough to have on my answering machine, courtesy of Joe LaRose. There are also 19 other fine tracks by the following: King Dapper Combo, Wolfgang and the Jumpin' Terrors, High Noon, Hillbilly Hellcats, King Memphis, Jack Knife & the Sharps, the Vibro Champs, the Surfaholics, the Swing Raps, the Hillbilly Varmints, Johnny Legend, the Exotics, Rockin' Bones, Nick Curran & the Sideburners and Hayride to Hell. Several of the tunes are of the vocal-less variety, including one with one of my favorite titles of the month, the Exotics, "Guitarantula," which would make a great band name if... Nice package too. -P. Edwin Letcher (Sci-Fi Western, 900 W. Grandview, Roseville, MN 55113)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Billeeaaauurrrrrghh, A Music War" **CD**

One 7" record, 73 bands, and 83 songs. Need I say more. The third in the Billeeaaauurrrrrghh legacy. Pretty much the who's who of thrash is on this thing, so you know it fucking rocks. -Thrashead (Slap A Ham, PO Box 420843, SF, CA, 94142)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Cocksparrer: A Tribute to Our Favourite Droogies" **CD**
Cocksparrer seems to be in the water this month. They seem to be everywhere in some form or another. The Oxys (Oxymoron) have improved leaps and bounds, here covering "A.U." like a perfect hybrid between the band they're covering and The Buzzcocks: ringing guitars, masked and hook-filled vocals. Good shit. Disgusteans pull of a squeaky-voiced riot-styled, flailing, super rockin', clean and appropriate version of "I Got Your Number." I'd definitely pick up a full length. Shock Troops get my vote. I mean, Christ, first off, a band named after a Cocksparrer album, and they don't sound like phantoms trying to shadow box through someone else's past glory. The beauty of their "We're Coming Back" is how the bag pipe is expertly woven all through the song without compromising the pace or power - just the opposite, adding to it. Seems that the Dropkick Murphys put Al Barr right to fucking work. This is the third piece of vinyl I've heard his voice on in as many weeks. I don't know how they do it; every project they're in seems full of heart, full in sound, and subtly innovative with the wank knob at zero. This version of "Working" is full of scraped knuckles, unwiped sweat, and thirsty rasp. I remain amazed by the DKMs. -Todd (Longshot, #606-233 Abbot St., Vancouver, BC, V6B 2K7, Canada/ DDS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Concrete and Cornfields" **CD**

17 band sampler of bands from Illinois, and I have to admit that although the most of it is what you'd hear on most "punk comps," there were two bands on here that really caught this bonehead's attention. One of 'em was The VAYNES with their cut, "Drowning" and that was THE guitar-bombin' rocker on the disc. Very good cut. The other band, The Pissed Midgets, had me laughing up an intestine with their song, "Hippy Shake (Shake One By The Neck)" that's almost out there with the Confederacy Of Scum rockers. Made my fucking day! Wanna hear more from these two bands! -Designated Dale (Fanatic, PO Box 9021, Peoria, IL 61612)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Dead Man on Campus" soundtrack **CD**

If a soundtrack works, it can showcase new bands alongside previously released, unreleased, and remixed songs by established artists. Case in point. This movie's bound to suck, but the selection of artists and songs are commendable. Self, Soul Coughing, and Todd's favorites Goldfinger, share space with hip covers of "Golden Years" by Marilyn Manson, and cohort Twigg Ramirez's gear/take on the Dusty Springfield/Bay City Roller gem "I Only Want To Be With You" (with vocals sung by super '60s model Twigg herself). The soundtrack succeeds. -Pooch (Dream Works)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Del-Fi Pool Party" **CD**

If you were planning a '60s theme pool party, this would be a killer addition to the entertainment package. There is not a hit to be found, but it is all just as slick and wonderfully fun as the songs that did make it to the top. There is some surf, but most of this is vocal pop and/or pseudo bubble gum jazz/lounge music that was sort of transitional music that got sandwiched between '50s rock and roll and '60s rock. I believe at least some of this was produced as teen music but made by the over 20 crowd. This is the kind of music that you'd find on the Frankie and Annette movie soundtracks. Plenty of instrumentals, many with sax, organ and/or twangy guitar. Among many cheesy treats, there is a bongo heavy number, a Sandy Nelson style drum number, some covers of real hits and more than a few topical, novelty items, including,

"Soupy Shuffle Stomp," which I would guess was used as the inspiration for that dubious, "Curly Shuffle" song of the '80s. I like this more than the last volume of the Del-Fi's Swingers' Summit series, "Del-Fi Beach Party," and am looking forward to part three, "Del-Fi Jungle Jive." -P. Edwin Letcher (Del-Fi, PO Box 69188, LA, CA 90069)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"A Dim View of the Future" **CD**

A pile of shit to show you all the crap bands the XXX sublabel Hollows Hill has signed to try to cash in on the popularity of "goth." The one good reason to buy this is it has the ONLY good song from the shit last ever record by Shadow Project, the Rozz piece "Forever Came Today" and the killer pop number by new skoolers Near Death Experience; "Anastasia" which would be a smash hit if it wasn't lost in a muddle mess of a neo-goth spin off label. -Bart (Hollows Hill)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Drunk on Rock Vol. 1" **CD**

A killer effort of 26 balls out rock-punk, they got 'em all on board for this: The Hookers, Jeff Dahl, Candy Snatchers, E. Frankenstein, Asteroid B-162, B-Movie Rats, Nashville Pussy, Cash Registers, Morning Shakes, The Weakings... do I make my point!? Get this and the American Punk one. This music is stronger than ever. Great job. -Martin McMartin (I-94 Recordings, PO Box 44763, Detroit, MI 48244)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Extreme America Vol. 2" **CD**

The all out noise onslaught continues. Noisemakers Skin Crime, John Olson and Phil Klampe, Black Leather Jesus, Bastard Noise, Bacillus, and Macronympha tear up your ears and your stereo. Total power electronic scream a thon. Painful and nice. -Thrashead (Knot Music, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49490)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Fiberglass Jungle" **CD**

The title is based on a Crossfires (pre-Turtles surf gods) song and features a cover of it by the Surf Kings. The rest of the groups are also modern riders of the latest wave of instrumental fever. The collection comes with contact info on each of the 24 bands who contributed. If you live in Sandy, Utah or Stratford, Connecticut, for example, and you need a surf band for an upcoming shindig, this comp. has you covered. The other Dick Dale disciples are Soda Pop Spys, the Torpedoes, Los Mel-Tones, the Sandblasters, Mayhem Brew, Dirt Doom and the Overdrive Orchestra, Jeff Hart, the Berzerkers, Squid Vicious, Way Out West, the Fabulous Plantones, the Aquamen-Gaipirina, Hot Tecate, the Hollow Grinders, Surf Report, the Mill Valley Taters, the Swamp Donkeys, the Woodies, the Sub-Mersians, King Alcohol, Tyrsky Kilarat, the Skimen and Kelp. The production values are pretty consistent and most of the songs are inspired by the same handful of early '60s hoddadys which makes for a relaxing listen. -P. Edwin Letcher (Deep Eddy, PO Box 152324, Austin, TX 78715-2324)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Fuck You Punk Vol. 1" **CD**

Stick with me. I'm gonna get to the point sooner or later, it's just gonna be a little roundabout. I went to my cousin's wedding a couple months ago. He married a rich girl, and her grandfather's wife was the heiress to the Hilton Hotel fortune. I'm told she was well into her seventies, but you couldn't tell because she'd had a lift here and a tuck there and a boob job that would make your run-of-the-mill porno star scream at her plastic surgeon, "Why don't mine look that good?" I hate to say it, being a young man who doesn't ordinarily check out geriatric broads, but this woman was hot. And I don't mean hot in an attractive-for-a-woman-of-her-age kind of way. I mean I'd sooner hit on her than any of the twenty something year-old bridesmaids. This old broad was smoking. So this got me to thinking about old people and people in general, asking myself how we change and why? Do we have moments of glory, usually in our youth, that are genuinely the singular high point of our lives, and if we do, how do we hang on to them, and for how long? Like Ms. Hilton, who took the beauty of her youth and the wealth of her ancestors and combined them to hold that moment of perfection against time, do we, in our quest not to sell out, desperately try to hang onto that first moment when we understood the excitement of rebellion that is punk rock? Or do we let our flashes of brilliance burn out naturally, and if so, then what? Do we join the masses, let age and lack of imagination and energy drive us to be the slobbering old bastards who light to outlaw skateboarding so that kids today don't break their necks, then flock off to an early bird special where we spill chicken and dumplings all over the fronts of our shirts? I guess the point is to fall somewhere in between, growing naturally but continuing to try to create flashes for the pan. And if that's the point, then let's take a look at this record (see, I told you I'd get around to it). There's four bands: Eight Bucks Experiment who sound like no one I've heard but

fucking rock, the truly crazed Family Men, Super Buick who are pretty solid garage rockers, and Giant Killer who are obnoxious in that good way punks. They come together and put out a very cool seven inch. They press three hundred copies, sell a handful to their friends, send them off to magazines where people like me review them and like them, and then what? What happens to all these small bands that I've been reviewing these past few years? I like to think that they don't just graduate college, get a job in a corporation, and start saving for a minivan. I like to think that once a DIY ethic is instilled in someone, it sticks like tar to the lungs and is painful to rid yourself of. I like to think that all these small bands have hope to either stick with it until they have three or four albums that I can find in an actual store, or at least strive for independence in ventures other than just music. I don't mean to wax didmore philosophic here. I just have a shoebox full of these forgotten seven inch compilations with killer bands I never hear from again and it makes me curious. In the end, I guess I'm just rambling. Pretty good record, though. -Juan Bastos (Blue Moon, 2075 S. University Blvd. #264, Denver, CO 80210)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Goin' after Pussy - Teasers and Tidbits" **CD**

If you haven't quite caught on by now, the folks at Junk are right up there with other punk/r'n'r labels, such as RAFF and the like for slapping the masses in their faces and re-introducing them to the "rock" in punk rock. This here CD does just that with cuts from The Humpers, The Candy Snatchers, River City Rapists, The Weaklings, The Bulemics, New Wave Hookers, and a whole fistful more. In between cuts, listeners are treated to actual phone messages from what I believe is the guy at this label. Whatever works, but the band party ya get here is a fuck of a lot more enjoyable. 27 cuts. Why is your thumb up your ass? You need directions on getting a copy? Wake up and die. -Designated Dale (Junk, PO Box 1474, Cypress, CA 90630)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Halloween Hootenanny" **CD**

Death metal baddie, Rob Zombie, is attempting to mass market garage and surf music. On this Halloween theme sampler, he is backed by Geffen and joined by Zacherle, Reverend Horton Heat, the Bomboras, Southern Culture on the Skids, Satan's Pilgrims, Frenchy, Rocket from the Crypt, the Amazing Crowns, Swingin' Neckbreakers, Los Straitjackets, the Born Losers, Dead Bolt, the Ghostly Ones, Dead Elvi, Davie Allan & the Phantom Surfers and the Legendary Invisible Man, who have all supplied suitably spooky, novelty one offs. -P. Edwin Letcher (Geffen)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hang 10" Vol. #1 **CD**

This is a reissue of a surf comp. that came out as a 10" vinyl release in 1996 but has been beefed up with 5 new tracks and pressed on shiny metal. There are a few reworkings of Beach Boys, etc. and a bunch of originals that all focus on the season of sun and fun. 5 tunes are instrumental, 10 are vocal and all are infused with a sunny disposition. The beach blanket bingo card holders are Mark Brodie & the Beaver Patrol, Cub (Hi, Lisa, Hi, Ronnie), Kung Fu Monkeys, Man or Astro-Man? (Hi, Mom), Fun Fun Attitude, Boyz Nex' Door, the Woodies (Hi, er... never mind), McRackins, Beatnik Termites, the Saboteurs, Helen Love, the Queers, J. Church, Phranc with Satan's Pilgrims and the Tornados. Lots of neat cool pop, punk, garage and rock stuff from an eclectic bunch. But, as the record label feels impelled to inform us, "Rock 'n' roll is the Devil's music!" -P. Edwin Letcher (American Pop Project, PO Box 2271, San Rafael, CA 94912)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hymns for the Hearing Impaired" **CD**

Yee fucking ouch! 50 high-powered tracks of hardcore, thrash, grind, and noisecore all packed into one little disc. With a worldwide line up the sports bands like Jack With Killer, Preletitious Assholes, Global Holocaust, Artortured, Nee, Kung Fu Rick, Senseless Apocalypse, Captain Three Leg, No Less, Agathocles, Fanatics, Beyond Description, Soy, Harsh, Dytopia, amongst a ton of other killer bands. You know this has to be fucking rock. With a line up like that you would be stupid not to pick this up. Fucking way brutal comp. -Thrashead (Bad People, PO Box 480931, Denver, CO, 80248, or Riotous Assembly, PO Box 20302, Boulder, CO 80308)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Jazz a Saint" **CD**

Germain, smooth and smokey scenes of bohemian beats in Parisian cafes layer this catchy compilation of torch songs, world music and jazz. Iggy Pop is joined by chanteuse Francois Hardy in a nocturnally adventurous "I'll Be Seeing You." You've never heard the Iggy so mellow. The avant- cool Jazz Passengers with Elliot Ingber's bastard son, Marc Ribot and Debby Harry click and clang jazzy joie de vivre. -Gerry Fialka (Higher Octave Jazz, 23852 Pacific Coast Hwy 2C, Malibu CA 90265)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Jurassic Punk Vol. 1"

Three of these 33 (yeah, thirty-three) cuts are what grabbed attention here - Riotgun's "4 Bolt Main" (see their 7" review back here), the always happy-go-drunk Adam's Alcoholics' rager "Brews Go Down," and a band I got a first listen to, Pezz, with their gritty-ditty, "Gracias." The rest of this CD is more than likely what you'd hear at your next Fat/Fearless show. Notice how I said "your" show... more for you, less for me and I'm just fine. -Designated Dale (Psyko Punk, PO Box 1270, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254-1270)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The Monsters In My Head"

With a line up that includes Piss Poor, Benumb, Line Of Fire, Dead Bodies Everywhere, Suppression, Beast, Misanthropists, Society Of Friends, Murder Suicide, and Agoraphobic Nosebleed, you know it must be good. A complete fucking thrash-a-thon. Get it. -Thrashhead (Big City Bastards, 1712 E. Riverside Dr. #67, Austin, TX, 78741)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Outlandos d'America"

If it were not for King Chango's contribution to this otherwise abhorrent compilation of Roc en Espanol bands laying waste to Police songs, I would have smashed this disc into tiny pieces, pissed on them, put them in a blender, hit puree, melted the remains down, molded them into an Elvis statue and sold it to some redneck at a truck stop for \$1,000. Even so, I'm gettin' pretty damn tempted... -Jimmy Alvarado (Ark 21, 14724 Ventura Blvd, Penthouse Suite, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Rare on Air: Volume Four"

Great CD. 15 bands. Range from Ozomatli to Tom Waits. Very eclectic. Mostly pretty mellow guitar music. Captures some of the year's best song writers. Pretty mainstream, yet still quite interesting. A CD that makes me more curious about bands that I would normally not listen to: Ani DiFranco, Radiohead, Café Tacuba. Great production. A Sunday morning sound. If only radio could be this pleasant and diverse daily. The Mazzy Star song, "Flowers in December" is beautiful. I like this mix. Pick it up. -K (Mammoth)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Skaliene"

First off, can someone please explain to me why Rancid and the Allstonians are on this? Judging

from the artwork and the other bands featured here, the assumption would be that this is a compilation of latino ska bands, right? Which brings us back to my first question. Second, why is this particular Voodoo Glow Skulls track on this? It ain't even remotely ska. Hey, I'm not advocating separatism with these questions. I'm merely asking for consistency. Lastly, why is this thing named after a Yeska song, yet they ain't even on it? The tunes? They're mostly ska (duh) in a variety of hues. With the exception of "Hey Santera!" by Viva Malpache! and Kortatu's "Nicaragua Sandinista." I wasn't too impressed. Hey, I thought Grita! was a punk label. Instead of all this ska stuff and reissues of boring rap groups from Spain, why not put out a legitimate release by Solucion Mortal, or GHC, or one of those great bands from Spain that most of us in the states would probably have no hope of hearing otherwise? And I don't mean lovely NOFX/Bad Religion clones like Los Mas Turbados, either (although their name did give me to chuckle a little bit). -Jimmy Alvarado (Grita! PO Box 1216, NY, NY 10156)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Smash Ignorance Up!"

With a flood of compilations on the market to grab for your hard earned dollars it is a tough choice of which one to choose. This would be a good choice because it benefits a great organization with a good cause, People Against Racist Terror. They are a decade-old grassroots, anti-racist group, based in California. If you are as complacent as I am, this is a small way to help out if you aren't active. 27 bands, 27 songs is what you get by helping out with their cause. There is a little something for everyone on here. Here's my list what were my favorites on this CD: Reliance, Plan A Project, The Unseen, The Pietasters (a Culture Club cover), Ferd Mert, Discount, Me First & The Gimme Gimmes (of course a cover), 30 Seconds Over Tokyo, Dir Yassin (Israel punks), No Use For A Name & Eracism. But those are only the tracks that I personally liked. Bands also on the comp that you probably would recognize are Digger, Propagandhi, Sublime, Ignite, J Church, Mad Caddies, and The Bristles. If there is not something there for you, go find someone who would and help a good cause. Hey, I hate racist skins too. As the great Jello once sang, "Nazi Punks, Fuck Off!" -Donoththead (Possible Problem, PO Box 59854, Potomac, MD 20859-9854)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Songs of the Naked City"

The cool-as-Mr. Freeze fuckers over at Munster in Spain have got a keeper here with a comp that'll take you back to the mid-'70s in NYC with all the fantastic bands it had to offer then. On it, you get the Ramones' 1975 versions (the Marty Thau demos) of "Judy Is a Punk" and "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend," the almighty New York Dolls' "Stranded in the Jungle" and "Human Being" (from their second LP), Blondie's "X Offender" and "In the Sun," Suicide's "Keep Your Dreams," and other cuts by The Real Kids, Fleshtones, and Walter Steding. A nice, trashy, walk down memory lane's original rockers. Get it for your next party, or better yet, break out the records themselves Either way, a guaranteed good time. -Designated Dale (Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, Spain)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"South Austin Kicks Ass"

The state of Texas has never ceased to amaze me... one of the coolest bands that I have gotten the chance to hear outta Austin lately is The Bulemics and then THIS is thrown my way to yet again affirm faith in what I thought was just an overrated rock town... My mistake of thinking just that was shoved back at me with this CD containing some four star/Lone Star bands. Groups here that wanted me to brave a mechanical bull were Voltage, who could have easily opened for Kiss in the southeast on their '77-'78 tour with "Keg Party at the Lake" and "Fake ID." Jesus Christ Superfly supplies a couple tunes, "White Trash Muthafucker" and "Nervous," fast 'n' reckless enough to plow through a field full 'o cattle to in yer parents' station wagon. Good shit, pardner. I must declare, however, that the one band here that would make some creep crawl up a tower and start pickin' off folks with a deer rifle is the Headhunters with their undeniably solid crankers, "The Man" and "Leave My Kitten Alone." The only thing that would make me dig the 'Hunters even more would be more of that piano clankin' and louder leads for their guitar(s). Otherwise, these fuckers would have no problem opening for The Rev. or even the likes of veteran gods-of-the-south, Lynyrd Skynyrd. Fuck off if that ain't "punk" for y'all. Trace the roots and shut your piehole. Like brother Glenn Ancheta of Houston will time and time again declare - "Don't mess with Texas, motherfucker." Need you ask more? Grab this. -Designated Dale (High On The Hog, 201 West Stansney Ln., Suite 144, Austin TX 78745:(p) 512-444-HELL)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Speed Freaks Vol. 3"

This is volume three of a fantastic series 7" thrash series. All the bands - Abuse, Rot, Mriva Budoucnost, Suppression, Senseless Apocalypse, and Global Holocaust are all top notch. Every band will wear your fucking ears off. A worldwide onslaught here. -Thrashhead (Knot Music, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI, 49090)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Stop Homophobia"

Five bands - Decembrists, Mouthful, Homomilita, Hallfings, and Powersnatch, all address homophobia and gay rights. Musically it's a mixed bag of punk, hardcore, and even Oi. The Hallfings's "Oi Oi We Fuck Boys" is hilarious. Especially when they played the chorus of Skrewdriver's "White Power," and changed it to "Gay Power." That's fucking cool. Great comp. -Thrashhead (Turkey Baster, PO Box 222059, Dallas, TX, 75222)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This Is American Punk Vol. 1"

29 rippin' punk rock and roll cuts by 18 choice bands. New to me highlights included Strychnine Babies, The Fuses, and Webster. Can't forget about the Prostitutes, Candy Snatchers and Electric Frankenstein. Worth every penny. A must have. -Martin McMartin (American Punk, 802 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This Was a Stupid Idea Vol. 1"

12 bands do 12 short songs. Everything from punk to hardcore, to noise. All the bands rock pretty hard. My faves are Hated Principles, Derita Sisters And Junior, Captain 3 Leg, Bloody Sods, etc. Good comp, short songs rule. -Thrashhead (A.R.S., PO Box 34, Listowel, Ont., N4W 3H2, Canada)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Tomorrow Will Be Worse" 4x Box Set

Four bands from Japan: Flash Gordon, Nice View, Fuck On The Beach, and Real Reggae, and four U.S. bands, Capitalist Casualties, Hellnation, Spazz, and the almighty Charles Bronson, rock the house on this box set. Each band takes a side of a record, as well as cranks out between four to seven songs a piece. Every band is complete fucking thrash to the maximum ferocity. All the bands are fucking great, although Fuck On The Beach and Charles Bronson totally blew me away.

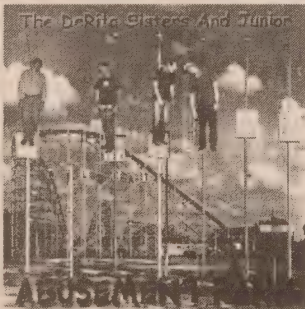
HIPPRIESTS



HIPPRIESTS

CD Don't Know Shit!

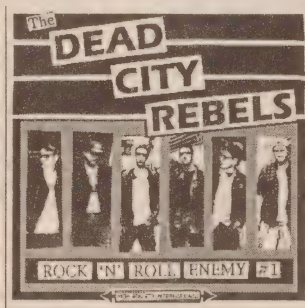
Raw filthy as fuck, sorta like a slightly more organized GERMS.



THE DERITA SISTERS AND JUNIOR

CD Abusement Park

Hated by MAXIMUM RNR, loved by real punks everywhere.



DEAD CITY REBELS

CD Rock 'n' Roll Enemy #1

Dirty rock'n'roll punk from Canada following in the footsteps of the HUMPERs, DEVIL DOGS, etc.



THE DERITA SISTERS AND JUNIOR

CD Syllagomania!

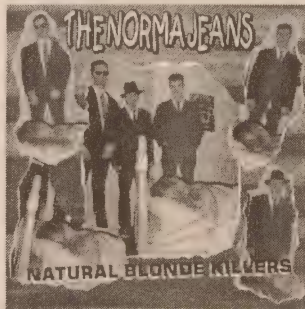
Punk rock like the kind mama used to make way back in 1977



MERE DEAD MEN

CD Stacks, Stiletos, Make-Up & Mohicans

Storming UK punk which could have been recorded in the early 80's. Fronted by a female vocalist.



THE NORMA JEANS

CD Natural Blonde Killers

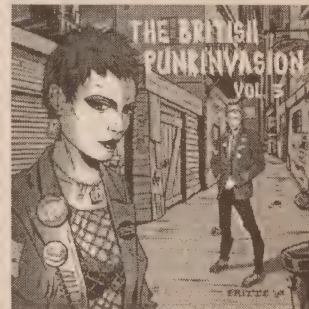
Adrenalin filled old school fast punk pop like the SAINTS or DICKIES.



THE GEE STRINGS

CD The Gee Strings

Furious, cynical and powerful LA 77 style punk with female vocals.



THE BRITISH PUNKINVASION VOL. 5

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All the bands on here are all top notch thrash bands and most all pretty well known in the thrash community. Each band turns in an awesome performance. In other words, get this now! -Thrashead (Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY, 41017)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Valley of the Spun - an Arizona Music Compilation" ☼ This disc sports 14 bands, two cuts each, and there is some not-so-darn bad cuts that are here if ya give it a spin. A couple of the bands that gained attention here are everyone's fave drunks from Phoenix, Adam's Alcoholics, with their barnstormin' kicker "Mascara Can't Hide You When Your Ugly Head Is Reared." The Terminals bust out some Clash-type snarl with "Riot" that is actually one of the better studio soundin' cuts here. One of the best cuts here lies within the band called The Belligerents tossing forth some from-th-gutter rockin' with "Dependent." I couldn't help but notice the pair of tunes here that hint of the love of Star Wars - The Jedi Five with "Greedo La'Chance" and Dirtylaundry's "I Hired Boba Fett to Kill My Girlfriend's Sister's Boyfriend!...wonder if these two outfits are down with Gomez? If ya happen to dwell in AZ an' you wanna be supportive as possible, give yer hometown comp here a listen. If you don't happen to live out there, than that's your own fault - listen to it anyway... ya just might be surprised. -Designated Dale (Standby/Chawch'N'Rawich, 3501 E. Greenway Ln., Phx., AZ 85032-4526)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Victory style 3" ☼

All these great bands smashed together in one lethal compilation. The best songs are by: Thumb, In Cold Blood, Bad Brains, Blood for Blood and the undeniable Earth Crisis (death metal-man-o-war). But you can probably find other good songs on here when you buy it... and you know you will. -J.Cyco (Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"What? Stuff" ☼

Bomp has been making a lot of '70s punk rock available on CD format, as of late. This is a great collection of early releases from tiny, independent label, What Records? Most of the material is more notable for being the seeds of bigger things like X, Rank and File, Wall of Voodoo and the Go-Gos, but it stands up well on its own defiant, untested legs. There are four tracks each from the seminal Germs, the Dils and Kaos, two each from the Eyes, Controllers and the Skulls and a surf instrumental from Agent Orange. All the tracks are from '77 to '80 and represent the cream of the crop of the bands that helped make the Masque the punk magnet that it was. -P.Edwin Letcher (Bomp!, PO Box 71123, Burbank, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"What? Stuff" ☼

Bomp has reissued the old What? Records singles on one CD. Here be: The Germs, The Eyes (with the Go-Gos Charlotte Caffey and DJ Bonebrake of X), The Dils, The Skulls, The Controllers (yo Spike!), Kaos and Agent Orange. The Germs and Agent Orange tracks are so-so, but The Dils, Kaos, The Controllers and The Skulls absolutely rule. I hadn't heard The Dils "I Hate the Rich" in a dozen or more years. 19 tracks. Recommended. -ShitEd (Bomp!, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91505)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"You've Got the Fucking Power" ☼

A sampler from DHR. It's a nice sampling of stuff on the label, I guess, but if you want true hardcore shit, find a copy of "Strategies Against Architecture" by Einstürzende Neubauten. I personally guarantee that your parents will never yell at you again, the bullies in the neighborhood will leave you the fuck alone, and your ears will bleed uncontrollably if you play it loud enough. Now that's really hardcore, mark. Take it from me. -Jimmy "No Heart for the Weak" Alvarado (DHR 30, Dean St., London W1V 5AN, UK)

VILENTLY ILL

"12 Song" ☼ 32

The one man extreme onslaught is back to kick your fucking ass. 12 songs of brutal early '80s thrash with no let up. Raw production and great lyrics as usual. Another classic, get it. -Thrashead (Knot Music, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49490)

VOLCANOS, THE

"Wine Wine Wine" ☼

The band put out an excellent full length on Estrus, "Surf Quake," a while back and probably some releases I'm not aware of. Chances are this is a reissue of a single that came and went on a different label. This is an interesting single because it mirrors the direction of many instro units of the early '60s and likely signals the fate of some modern bands riding the new surf wave when (if?) the public again grows tired of instrumental rock. The Volcanos still have the beach sound going on but they've added vocals to the mix. "Wine Wine Wine" is a tune I associate with Bobby Fuller,

though I've heard many a garage version on various '60s compilations that do the tune equal justice. The Volcanos do a swell job of capturing the teen spirit that originally made the song such a perennial favorite. I believe the flip is a band composition but I'm not 100% sure. Anyway, "Girls Girls Girls" is heavily influenced by all the Beach Boys/Jan and Dean action that married the transition to a more lyrical exploration of sun and fun the first time around. The group is quite tight and very good at their retro craft. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

VON ZIPPERS

"Twist Off" ☼

There's good rockin' tonight! The Canadian powerhouse is back with another double dose of solid bar band boogie. In a time honored tradition, the fun begins with a bottle cap, namely the round sleeve with Von Zippers as beer brand, courtesy of Art Chantry. "Twist Off" and "Better Get Ready," are both non-stop action numbers with hoarse vocals, Sains-flavored drive, guitar leads from hell and production values perfectly balanced for a very listenable sound that still retains the dirty grit the band brought to the studio from their cold Cannuck garage. These guys are going to release a full length in the next couple of months and I'm looking forward to it. In the meantime, this will suffice just fine. -P.Edwin Letcher (Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

VOODOO GLOW SKULLS

"The Band Geek Mafia" ☼

Better than their last two but not as bad-assed ska-core as their masterpiece "Who Is, This Is?" for the Dr. Strange label (whatever happened to them?) which was about as a good as it gets for the genre and not as funny as their first clear/glow-in-the-dark vinyl record with the Clash cover and coloring book. Cool cover of the R&B classic, "Stranded in the Jungle" but it just made me miss Johnny Thunders doing it. Good enuff for fans but not over-the-top enuff to stir up a new pot of pipe-wearing idiots. -Bart (Epitaph)

WAILERS, (THE FABULOUS)

"At the Castle" ☼

This is the second in a series of Wailers albums Norton has released, as part of a Pacific Northwest rock celebration. Recorded live, in 1961, this set shows off the band's stage revue which featured the core group working out on their trademark instrumental numbers, a couple vocal tunes, and as a back up unit for guest vocalists who were peripheral members for a few exciting years. Rockin Robin Roberts, who cut one of the earliest versions of "Louie Louie" with the Wailers, gets down and dirty on "Rosalee." "Since You've Been Gone," "Mary Ann" and "Louie Louie," which is taken from the single. Gail Harris boasts some powerful pipes on "All I Could Do Was Cry" and "I Idolize You." Years later, live albums would be mixed with the audience as loud as the band. Here, the crowd is heard clapping at the climax of a rousing song or faded out altogether. The music is the most important aspect and the Wailers had that part down pat. Great, great stuff. -P.Edwin Letcher (Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, NY, NY 10276)

WAILERS, (THE FABULOUS)

"The Wailers" ☼

All you fans of the '60s Pacific Northwest scene, listen up! Norton has just released the mother lode of Wailers and Sonics stuff on nice, large, black vinyl... the way the good Lord intended. Each record comes with fairly extensive liner notes that trace the groups' histories and include stories from the various members. This volume is a collection of very early work from the Wailers and shows a side of the band that I was aware of but had never been witness to until now. All but two of the tracks are instrumental ravers featuring the various members cutting their teeth on electric guitar, sax, piano, bass and drums. The two vocal numbers, "Dirty Robber" and "Lucile" add a change of pace to each side and signal a change in the band, as well as the general face of music at the small club, level. For the most part, the songs are simple, 1-4-5, rock and roll numbers that sound like Little Richard workouts without the manic vocals, but the group was hot and inventive and there is plenty for the instro fan to get all worked up over. Includes all the hits, such as "Tall Cool One," "Shanghaied" and "Mau Mau." -P.Edwin Letcher (Norton)

WAILERS, THE

"Livewire!!!" ☼

This is the cream of the crop of the mid '60s material from one of the coolest bands from the Pacific Northwest, available through the efforts (a labor of love?) of the good people at Norton. Though covered by many a garage band, when fresh and in the intervening years, the original tracks are still awesome and offer stunning proof that the Wailers were a truly happening outfit. "Out of Our Tree," inspired by the power of then new comers, the Sonics, is a wild adrenaline rush of a song and opens up the record. The rest of the songs, "Dirty Robber," "Hang Up," "It's You Alone," et al., show off the strengths of a band that had found

its voice (several voices, actually) after carving a successful niche for themselves in the instrumental rock world. This collection is taken from various singles and albums the group released on Etiquette and includes their final blast of instro mania, "The Wailer." There are 16 tracks and anyone who can appreciate the power of "Louie, Louie" (their version is not here but they did the killer song way early on) will want to savor each one. Comes with great liner notes that help chronicle the band's activities and how they fit in the grand scheme of things. Retro hounds will concur: Excellent! -P.Edwin Letcher (Norton)

WARSORE/NEE

Split 32

Australia's Warsore do six intense tracks of total fucking grindcore. The stuff just flies from your speakers and decapitates you where you stand. Truly one of the sicker grind bands around. Nee from the Netherlands are also pretty fucking scary themselves. Nee pop several tracks of intense noisecore and thrash. Two very killer bands, one rocking split. -Thrashead (Mortville, c/o Andy Koettel, 713 Grace St., Ottumwa, IA 52501)

WEAK

"Speed Freaks, Speed Weak" ☼

Full throttle, set the amps at 11 rockin' and rollin' ala The Hellacopters. Not all 12 cuts here prove just that as cut #7 ("Pouic-Pouic") could easily be mistaken for Alice In Chains... go figure. There are a few other slow movers here, but in the big picture, whatcha have is ample enough tunes to thrash around your bedroom with. More lead guitars, please. -Designated Dale (Total Heaven, 6 Rue De Candale, 33000 Bordeaux, France)

WHERE FEAR AND WEAPONS MEET

Self-titled 32

Revelation has standards, and this album is proof they make no exceptions. This band is everything you love about American punk rock and its infinite pounding mutations rolled together into one messy little package. Loud, fast, and much too short, this album promotes horseplay (careful, someone might get hurt). -Jessica (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

WIMPS, THE

"Rollin' with..." ☼

They remind me of a really boring version of the Heartbreakers. Releasing such a lame cover of "Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In" deserves a swift kick to the balls with concrete boots. ZZZZZZ -Jimmy Alvarado (Incognito, Senefeldersstr.37A, 70176 Stuttgart, Germany)

WINDOWPAYNES, THE

"Lost Friend" ☼

Strange retro rock from a demented two piece made up of Billy, who sings and provides rhythm guitar as well as drums, and Dave who handles the lead guitar work. The A-side, "Lost Friend," is an in your face sort of song about respect and loyalty. The music is on a par with the come back material from Roky Erickson and the Aliens like "Creature with the Atom Brain." The vocals are what have prompted my "strange" and "demented" comments. Billy's voice, on this tune anyway, sounds to me like some kind of twisted marriage of Edith Massey and Trogs crooner, Reg Presley. The B-side, "Banzai Pipedream," is an instrumental and combines elements of surf and acid rock drenched in fuzz and echo. A very different spin on '60s themes. -P.Edwin Letcher (Get Hip, PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317)

WINTERKALTE

"Structures of Deconstruction" ☼

Oddly as it may seem, the CD's title "Structures of Deconstruction" lends remarkably to the quality of art taking place audio-ly on this wonder-work. The German Winterkalte stir up an impressive outing of samples, loops and found sounds that give way to a pleasantly creative while interesting record that while may still fall into the industrial/noise category - Winterkalte have, like Controlled Bleeding years before - made it enjoyable for those who would typically not listen to this realm. -Bart (Hands/COP International)

WISIGOTH

"Une Hecatombe Pour Les Immotols" ☼

French/Canadian death metal/grindcore. I'm not sure if this also has black metal leanings because I can't read French. Actually you can't even tell they are singing in French or any language because of the type of music. The music is pretty evil sounding for sure. Dual vocals, one screaming and one growling. The music goes from a slow, ominous pour to a blitzkrieg of mayhem. Scary stuff for sure. -Donothedead (Spineless, PO Box 524, Station C, Montreal, Canada, H2L 4K4)

WOLFMEN

"Urban Voodoo" ☼

The opening track brought to mind the energy of that Sigue Sigue Sputnik hit... but without the wackiness and with gravel throated vocals. There is a big, full sound going on and a certain dark-tinged, anthemic,

arena punk groove that reminds me of Social Distortion, D.O.A. or Bad Religion. The band is from Finland and have foreign looking names, like Huhdanpaa (with umlauts over the last two a's!) but the songs are in English and this five piece has the general tone of stadium packing, squeaky tight, punk machines. Their uniform includes loose fitting, brown suits, skinny ties and shades all around. Tunes like, "Murderworld," with its chorus of "Welcome to hard times," and "Dennis the Maniac," are indicative of the group's serious, gritty, life on the streets is a bitch, aggro attack on each and every flawlessly executed track. Not my cup of tea, but the kids will love it. -P.Edwin Letcher (Hiljaist Levyt, PO Box 221, 33201 Tampere, Finland)

WORKIN' STIFFS

"Whippin' Boy" ☼

"Whippin' Boy" is tough in sound and style, street punk rock and roll. "Better Than a Bitter Man" opens with a slick little bass/drum intro before it beats ya over the head with more of the same. Band puts a lot of emphasis on brew packaging. Looks like a microbrew, sounds great. It ain't really my thing, but I liked it anyway. On colored vinyl - an off yellow/clear wax. -Reflex (TKO, 4140 24th St., #103, SF, CA 94114)

WRETCH LIKE ME

"Homo" b/w "Wriggle" ☼ single

(tangent: is it really "b/w" since a CD only has one side?) The cover has a guy with solely leather chaps and his finger tips in his crack. Saddle up cowboy. Hyper clean, fueled by coffee, and the effect of getting punched by a pissed off Buddhist god with eight arms at once, melodic punk. "Homo" about the time constraint concerning the length of hugs with your buddies and "Wriggle" about feeling wiggly and wondering if you're gonna get killed by your girlfriend's brother. Both of these were on the full length, "New Ways to Fail," (see Flip #113 for additional info) and I like 'em quite a bit. Recorded in the Blasting Room, Colorado's answer to atomic energy. -Todd (O and O, PO Box 36, Fort Collins, CO 80522)

WRETCHED ONES

"Tributes Suck" 7"

These guys can do no wrong. Four cuts they did for tributes that never came out. Included is my all-time favorite Dolls/Thunders tune, "Pirate Love" and some tribute liner notes about the label dorks who stifled 'em re: tribute records that never materialized. -Martin McMartin (Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

X MARKS THE PEDWALK

"Freaks" ☼

The classic and way out of print first studio masterpiece of dance and destroy music made even more worth the coin with added bonus track. Really captures the post-PuPu influence on the late '80s German scene right down to the original artwork. They don't make 'em like this any more, folks. -Bart (Metropolis/Zoth Ommog)

X-OFFENDER

"Teenage Waste" ☼

You got your Teenegenerate's lo-fi to no-fi blitzkrieg on one hand. You got your Guitar Wolf "did he just say... what?... oh, it doesn't matter what language it's in" on the other, knead in some good, old fashioned doses of thrashy, noisy treble from the DRI's crossover period, and you've got Japan's X-Offender: blurry, ultra quick, dirty songs: "77 in '97" and "Teenage Waste." The letter that came with this said, "We got letters from USA, Germany, and Sweden etc. I think Flipside's review is value of world. I hope you like our punk rock." Yup, I like it. Write him, see what X-Offender's up to and how much you can get the single for. -Todd (Yukinori Kosaka, #202 Nishikoji-Heights, 72 Shimizu, Saini, Ukyo, Kyoto 615-0052, Japan)

YOUTH AGAINST

"La Revolution de los de Abajo" ☼

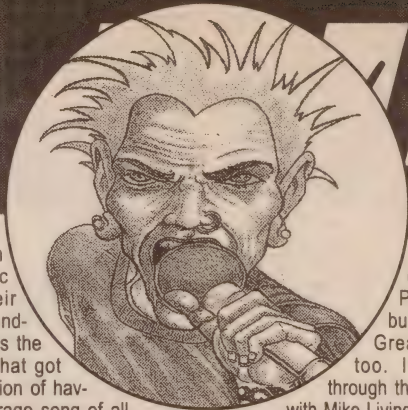
Anarchist hardcore in Spanish from Chicago. Lyrically, they leave a lot to be desired, although I agree with the points they make. Musically, they rock pretty hard and I can almost see them tearing shit up at an ELA backyard party (I know this probably sounds like an insult, but after playing and attending thousands of shows, I can tell you with authority that East Los parties rock in a way that no club possibly could). Cool release overall, although you might want to try using more metaphor and less ranting in your lyrics to break up the monotony. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alarma, PO Box 6103, Chicago, IL 60608-6193)

ZEENA PARKINS

"No Way Back" ☼

I knew Atavistic had to mess up somewhere. After a history without one single crap release, they drop a stinking piece of doggie anal secretion. I guess it's trying to be free jazz/no-wave but if I wanted to hear some a-wiper tuning a guitar in their basement for 70 fucking god awful minutes, I'd do it myself. D.I.Y. crap. -Bart (Atavistic)

LIVE VIEWS



CURSE OF THE PINK HEARSE at Jordans, 8/29/98 by Tim From Pomona

So what's up in Pomona? I'll tell you what's up... hardly a goddamn thing! Oh, there's an occasional show here or there, but nothing on an ongoing basis. Except Jordan's. Located where The Haven used to reside, this little bar has been having some halfway decent bands once in a while. Yeah, it's a sports bar, but fuck it, I'll take my entertainment any way I can. Curse Of The Pink Hearse came all the way from Phoenix to play in front of a decent sized number of people - or most of the band I should say - as their drummer was nowhere to be found. So an impromptu set consisted of various guest drummers taking turns in kicking out the psychobilly jams. Marco was just slapping the shit outta his bass; it's a wonder that his fingers weren't all bloody by the time they stopped playing. Threats were made of a CD being out fairly soon. Can't wait to give it a listen and bug the neighbors once more. Do wish that the tom-tom beater coulda shown up, as the full line-up has proven to be far more fierce.

? & THE MYSTERIANS, SMALL STONE, THE FUZZTONES

at Spaceland, Silver Lake, 8/29/98 by Kat Whoops, missed the opening act, Small Stone. No biggie though, 'cause from what I've just read, they stole both of Rudi Protrudi's (The Fuzztones) guitars! Apparently he caught them just before they drove off, and "convinced" them to give them back. Exit those losers, enter The Fuzztones. Ever since I was a kid back in Connecticut, I've wanted to see these Vox-playing, fuzzy-filled guys and I finally got my chance this evening. I was expecting to see lead man Rudi sporting bangs and pointy tipped boots, but I guess that's 'cause the last picture I saw of The Fuzztones was in '86 or something like that. They may not have had the look I envisioned, but the sound certainly didn't disappoint. Grinding through faves like "Bad News Travels Fast" and "Brand New Man," I was left wishing they had the headlining slot. They were hot! Even got themselves back out there for two encores. As for Question Mark, hell, I didn't even know what to expect from this one. Looking like a cross between Prince (a la Purple Rain) and James Brown, and sounding just about the same, Question Mark worked it in his big-rimmed hat, orange, unbuttoned shirt and super-duper tight black pants, while his original lineup of Mysterians, in matching question mark shirts at that, kept the beat smooth. I gotta hand it to these guys, they're still playing from the heart after all these years, and still making music that stands the test of time. The crowd was filled with everyone from people that looked like my

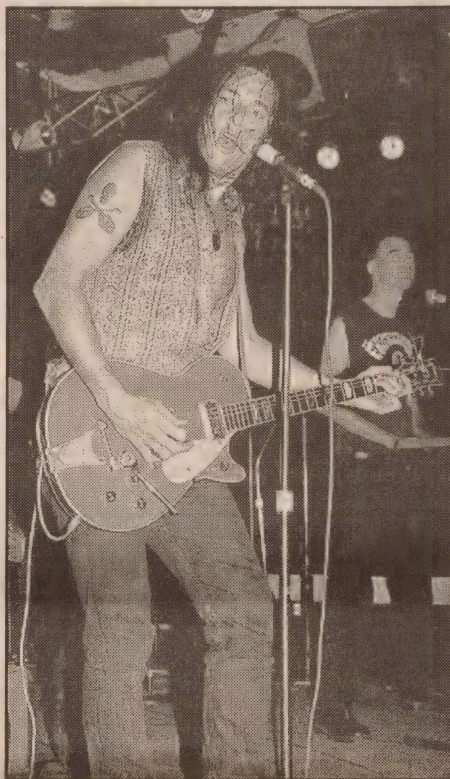
dad to younger folks digging on the classic groove. Their newer tunes sounded just as fine as the original goods that got them the reputation of having "the best garage song of all time" ("96 Tears," of course). Not really what I thought it was gonna be all about, but it was quality music and that's always a rare and rad treat.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE, FAMILY JEWELS (LIVINGSTONS), NO THANX

at Toe's Tavern Redondo 9/4/98 by ShitEd Much as I used to almost live at Toe's Pasadena (RIP), I'd never been to their

Redondo Beach location. It's smaller, than the Pasadena bar was, but very comfortable. Great beer selection, too. I'd barely gotten through the door, hobnobbed with Mike Livingston a few minutes and shook hands with Greg (B.o.t.S.), when this ferocious racket broke out at the other end of the bar. It turned out to be the opening band No Thanx doing blistering, straightahead hardcore punk, very NY style with that pounding power, overdriven vocal-chords and group choruses. Their singer was a short, stocky fireplug of a guy who happily put his all into it as he sang. They did a cover of the Flag's "Nervous

Breakdown," and I found myself part of a trio of guys in the audience singing along off-mike, and unlike those poor twerps at the last ALL show where guest guitarist Fletcher of Pennywise invited members of the audience to sing that song, WE actually knew the words! And so did the No Thanx guy. (Geez, what's the scene coming to when punks don't know Flag songs?!) This was Family Jewels' (renamed the Livingstons a week later) first gig in years, the band reformed by Mike Livingston after he requit the Mau-Maus and his Homebilities fell apart. They sounded GREAT! The songs were bitchen, the band sounding like the Mau-Maus mixed with rockabilly and thrash. The drummer is an ex-member of U.S. Bombs and he was hitting his kit brutally hard, while the ex-Dickies bassist (jeez, how many have there been over the years?) was fast melodic. Mike on guitar was flashybilly. The combo of differing approaches made for really great music that was fast, hard and yummy. Definitely check them out if you get the chance. What can I say about Blood On The Saddle that hasn't already been said? Greg is an amazing guitarist, a virtuoso. The drummer plays his kit the way Ed Ulrik (Chemical People) plays bass - precise as a machine, and startling in his spare power. The highlight of their set for me was a medley of traditional Irish tunes done as a melodic thrash intro. Greg has got to be seen (heard) to be believed, why isn't he famous and playing the House Of Blues? Adding insult (probably unintentional) to it all was that the LA Weekly listed them second after Family Jewels (Livingstons) in their club listings. Do!



ANDRE WILLIAMS, COUNTDOWNS, PRIMO 500 BURLESQUE SHOW at The Viper Room, 9/10/98 by Tim From Pomona

Never been to the Viper Room before... I heard all too many stories about the stuffy atmosphere, way overpriced drinks, and meat market vibe, so I pretty much kept away. However, when a more than

Top: The Amazing Marco from Curse of the Pink Hearse
Ⓢ-Tim From Pomona
← (l-r)
Fuzztones,
? and the Mysterians
Ⓢ-Kat
→ Duane Peters, U.S. Bombs
Ⓢ-Todd



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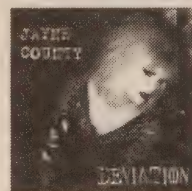


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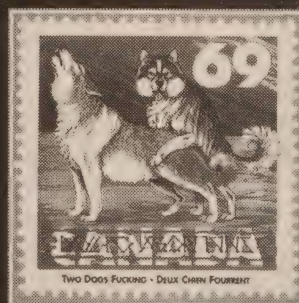
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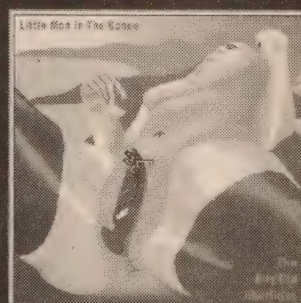
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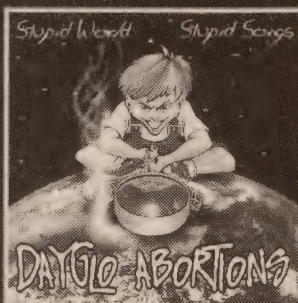
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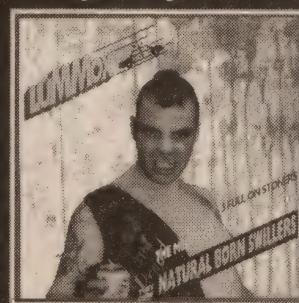
Little Man in the Canoe



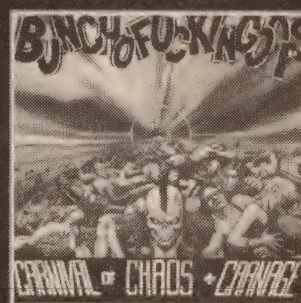
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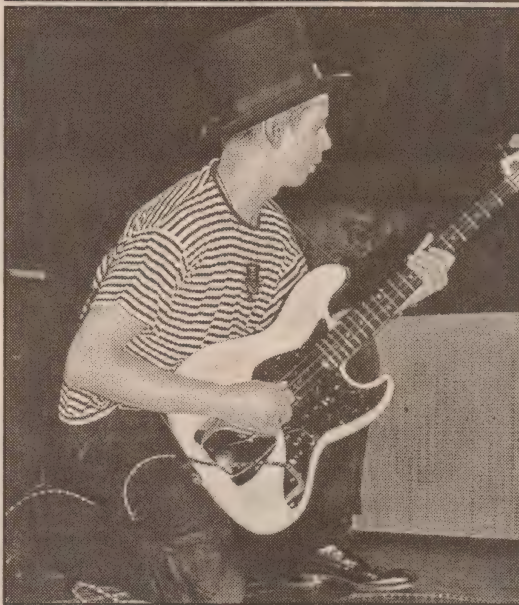
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halfway decent bill came within the walls, I felt it best to leave my preconceived prejudices at the door, keep an open mind, and hope for the best. The numero uno band of my last columns' props, The Countdowns, opened the deal. The set started off kinda, well... it was one of those deals where it took the soundman four songs figuring out how they'd sound best, all during the set of course. Sure, the beginning was kinda odd, yet the boys did manage to pull it off in the end, which was cool. Didn't bother with the hooch tonite, as I can easily buy a week's worth of groceries with the \$ it would've cost me to get a decent buzz. And after a quite long wait, who should come out but the Countdowns +2, all decked out in their red outfits. And you know what that meant, baby... That star with the car, the only black man in South Dakota, the man who's been through it all and then some... Andre Williams! If you've seen the man before you know what to expect... and since he was appearing deep within the heart of Hollywood he put out nothing less than 150%! Decked out in his silver threads, Andre proclaimed to the fans 'bout how he's goin' to Amsterdam, how he's "gonna take all the drugs, fuck all the women... hell, I'm gonna put the DAMN in Amsterdam!" Joining the fellas onstage playin' that sax was none other than Jimmy Recca, he of Stooges-"Funhouse" era fame. Mista Williams crooned "Jailbait," begged and pleaded for some "Bonin'," and after a quick change of clothes announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, I must introduce some very special guests in this audience. We may not be the same color, but we did come from the same pussy! Give a hand for... The Cramps!" At the time I couldn't tell if the recipients of praise were either flattered or embarrassed. I later found the former to be the truth. Then, without warning... "PUSSY STANK, BUT SO DO MARIJUANA!" He exited mid-song to change clothes for a third time, arriving right on cue to finish the final chorus. Finished things off with the remaining hits off his "Silky" release from In The Red. No encore. A fucking killer set, and I'm sure that the pony-tailed, silicon-enhanced, Dockers-wearin', tanning saloned squares who arrived early were either mildly amused or completely disgusted. *Damn* if I hope if it was the latter. Also caught the Primo 500 Burlesque Show (which was barely naughty, as I hit up Johnny Legend: "So you think this will be in Sleazemania 4?" Johnny: "Try Number 94!"), then did a hasty retreat from this hole, as the mere sight of the mall-rat regulars started getting on my nerves.

DEMOLITION DOLL RODS, THREE INSTIGATORS, THE REAL CREEPS at Fat Daddy's in Las Vegas, 9/19/98 by Tim From Pomona

Hitched a ride with those Instigators out towards my fave city of sin. The promises of the Doll Rods, \$4.99 prime rib, and unlimited gluttony were not to be denied. Barely arrived in time for the fellas to do soundcheck, and after a round of hitting the slots it was time for some tuneage. First off, I'd like to mention that this venue is outta-control. It has a great layout and is very spacious, with a capacity that rivals Moguls.



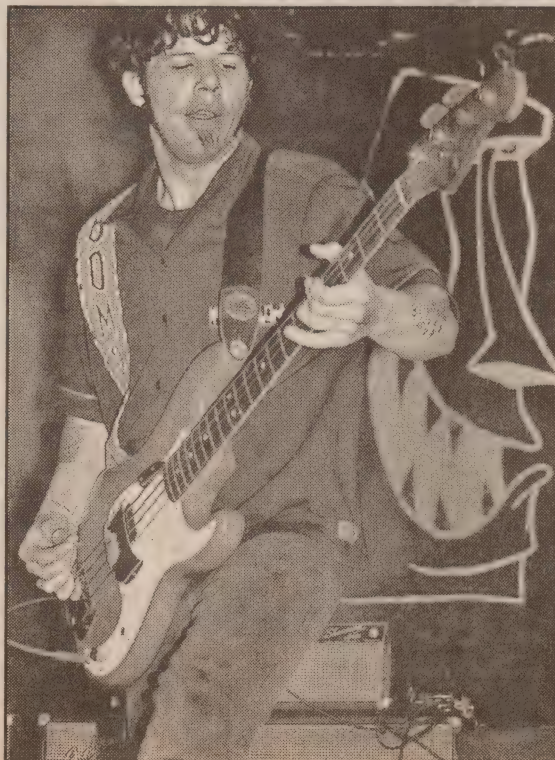
↑Andre Williams backed up with the Countdowns
 ☒Tim From Pomona
 ←Ghastly Ones' Sir Go-Go Ghostly
 ↓(I-r)
 Bomboras Shane Van Dyke, Lord Gregg Hunt.
 All other ☒s this page,
 -Kat

The Real Creeps opened up with some killer fast-paced, in-your-face punk that didn't let up for a second. A few Instigators watched from up front, and playfully spat beer at the local boys. A HUGE mistake, which will be explained in a moment. The Creeps did a great job of entertaining the few in attendance, especially when they had to contend with some ferocious heckling from a member of the Vermin. They closed the set with Grant of The Latest Flames joining them on vocs for a hyperactive number. Next up were the Instigators. Just about every time I've caught them they've always sounded great. But not tonite. See, when the guys blew out all those suds, they completely showered the main mic. Which pissed off the soundman a great deal. Which resulted in said fat sound daddy shutting off their monitors, so the guys couldn't hear themselves for shit! As you can imagine, the set was pretty sloppy. Let this be a warning for you bands out there: *never, ever piss off the soundman.* That was never their intent, true, but if you get on a soundman's bad side he won't go out of his way in doing you any favors. The Doll Rods closed the show. At first I was kinda surprised at the low turnout... only forty heads... I guess the locals were saving up their energy for the next eve's Bomboras gig. It made no difference to the Doll Rods as they came out, G-strings and all, and rocked the joint, not caring whether there were 40 or 4,000. They doo walka-walka'd a generous portion of those tasty morsels, climaxing with a rousing cover of "TV Eye" which inspired Margaret to do some nasty-assed couch dancing on the neck of Danny's guitar. Overall I had a great time. When in Vegas do check this place out before playing the penny slots blacked-out on Wild Turkey.

THE GHOSTLY ONES and THE BOMBORAS The Key Club, Hollywood 9/27/98, by Kat

Surf music and matching outfits. They sorta go hand in hand, don't they? Well, tonight's bands are no exception. But unlike the lounge-y suit and tie look of say, The

Phantom Surfers, these guys (The Bomboras and The Ghastly Ones) dress cooler, and quite honestly, play music that is far more dynamic and engaging. All that said, let's get this review started. The man with the Mosrite guitar, Dr. Lehos, kicks his reverb unit and the spook-o-phonics sounds of The Ghastly Ones are unleashed. Playing only a baby set of 30 minutes, The Ghastlies made the most of their limited, pre-Key Club dance party time, playing songs from their debut, as well as showcasing some songs from the upcoming "Halloween Hootenanny" CD (which incidentally has a song by The Bomboras and a slew of other truly great surf/garage type bands). The Baron, lending kooky and creepy vocals occasionally, whilst hitting the skins, and Sir Go-Go Ghostly keeping a steady groove on da bass, round out the sound that is The Ghastly Ones. Always a rad band to check out, whether it's the spooky time



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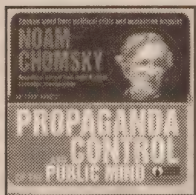
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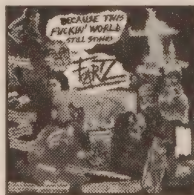
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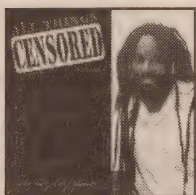
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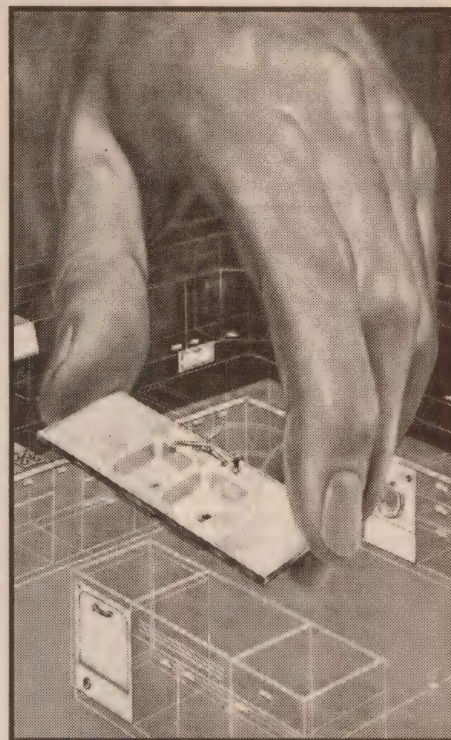
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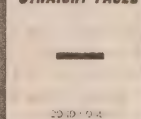
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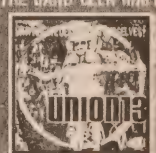
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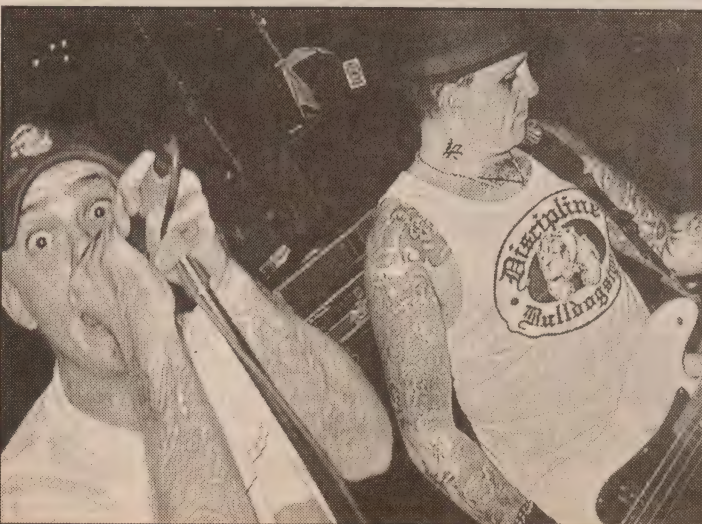
o' the season or not. Bring on The Bomboras! It's almost impossible not to see these guys for the first time and not be blown away by the barrage of glorious insanity going on up there on stage. Sometimes I don't even know where to begin when recounting their live set. Sans some technical difficulty, and an MIA go-go girl (at least for the first song), tonight's show was unreal. Let's give it the quick rundown, 'cause I've no doubt you'll need to experience the mayhem for yourself once I tell you what goes on here. Five guys in embroidered Bomboras shirts, playing the most wild and diabolical garage/surf tunes, go-go dancers on either side of the stage, shimmying like mad in their matching fringe get ups, and the music exploding into a fire-filled frenzy. (Yeah, some instruments are set ablaze.) And just when you think it can't get any hotter, pandemonium breaks on stage when half of the Key Club (Ghastly Ones included) pounce on stage and join the terry-cloth caped crusader, King Crusher, in a rousing version of, ironically enough, The Crossfires tune, "The Crusher." (Shhh... The Crusher is Dave the drummer, but don't tell him I told you that). Do you even need any more convincing?

DEVIL DOLL, REO SPEEDEALER, REVEREND HORTON HEAT

at the House of Blues, 9/29/98 by Gary I must start by saying thanks to Maria at Royalty Records for the tickets, photo pass and press kit. A thousand thanks for your hospitality. To the House of Blues I give a big "FUCK YOU" for being assholes about taking photos in their turning a profit establishment. I mean, come on, signing waivers, no flash with a pass photography, and thanks to the three "we block your view" bouncers who parked it right in front of me. Dear owners of the House of Blues (you high visibility film stars) please do not allow your video money making scheme to ruin the patron's fun. Now on with the show. The first band up was Devil Doll whom I only caught a few songs of. This band mixed a little swing with some lounge and a little No Doubt. Kind of a dark "Happy Birthday Mr. President" by Marilyn Monroe. Next up was REO Speedealer. WOW, what a contrast to Devil Doll. These guys stepped out and almost off the stage like they were gonna punch some of the crowd for the fun of it. These guys are more evil than Nashville Pussy. Their musical sound isn't mixed in a blender it's run through a meat grinder with the end product being a Motorhead, Napalm Death, and a country fried hot dog. The set was fast with barely enough time to wipe off the sweat, but the song "Move It or Lose It" was the best of the set. After a fifty minute wait the Reverend took the stage, draped in the flowing robes of flame and a new pair of prescription glasses. It was time to thrill the huddled masses. The band ripped through great song after great song ("Fucked Up Ford," "Big Little Baby" and "Bales of Cocaine" to spot a few). Then about halfway through the set, who should appear? Brian Setzer. Together they popped out two great tunes that I can't remember because I was too pissed off because I missed the photo op. By the end of the show I was spent and ready to go even if the Rev was going to sign autographs. Great show, Bad experience.



↑ and ↓ REO Speedealer
 ← The Reverend Horton Heat
 ☐ s-Gary Hornberger
 ↓ (bottom) Billyclub
 ☐ s-ShitEd



BILLYCLUB, VALHALLA

at Bar Deluxe 10/1/98 by ShitEd
 Valhalla set up candles and mood lighting for their set. Since I had come to see a raging hardcore band, that just seemed too surreal to me. They did a "wooden" set with acoustic git and bass, plus one electric git. No drums. It didn't rock me, but I'll give that female singer credit for this: she hit notes and tones at times that were astonishing in their unearthly timbre and beauty. No, she didn't seem to be striving for a Bjork thing, but the talent is there. Billyclub took their time setting up, it was the last stop of their tour before they drove home to Dallas. They have a different bassist now, another Brit who's been in many bands including the UK Subs and Business, but best known from Broken Bones: Terry Bones. That means all three musicians now are ex-UK Subs. The singer Dave is the only Texican in the band, and being ex-REO Speedealer that meant no talent drop off in any part of the band. Their sound was rad, kinda like early '80s Exploited if Rollins were singing, only faster. This is simply one of the best live bands playing. Despite being dog-tired from work, I couldn't stay seated, but had to get up and move while they played. Chris Shaefer who was restlessly bouncing next to me remarked that he would be willing to see Billyclub every night of the week. Yeah.

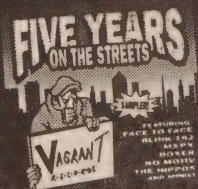
AVAIL at The Palace on 10/9/98 by Holly
 Butt cavity cleared? Check. Chewing gum stashed in my hidden bra compartment? Check. All visible signs of individuality, or anything construed as such, conformed vanquished? Check. And she's inside of The Palace walls, folks. What a nightmare. I'm honestly surprised that people aren't strip searched upon entry to this place. Todd says he's bringing no more than a hat and a jock strap next time we go. Imagine being a German with malaria and bad English skills trudging through an immigration line into the U.S. during the '20s. That's how complicated it is. No pins, no gum, no spikes over .22 millimeters high on your left shoe (unless your laces are a pale shade of red with no frays at the ends), no hair-dos not officially approved by the FDA. Add all this on to the fact that Palass shows start at the butt crack of dawn and by the time Avail was over, enough light still shined to power my solar soap box around the block for a couple of laps. Despite my endless bitching, and to much avail to my musical tastes, Avail were bitchin'. Master of word play am I - boo yah. I got there when Avail had already started playing (It couldn't have been later than 7:30pm.) and their set lasted long enough for me to make the observation that they looked like a bunch of lost Skittles running about on a stage way too big for them. They looked like rat tumors from where I was standing. Too much rock and roll star stage space for the singer to effectively cover. This is hardcore my friends, and hardcore bands generally don't need acres of stage room to swing their hair farms to and fro. (Avail drummer exempt.) Like taking a shot of Yagermeister in the middle of the day, Avail ka-powed me. I'm always left feeling like Ghandi on the mountain top in their wake. Virginia pride, motherfucker.

Todd's 2 cents is that Avail raged and are one of the best bands on the fuggin' planet but the place has never felt more like a big, well-lit cage.

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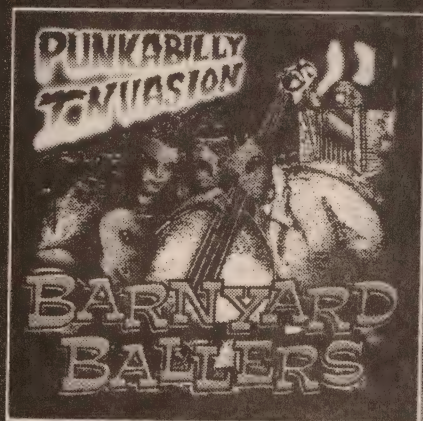
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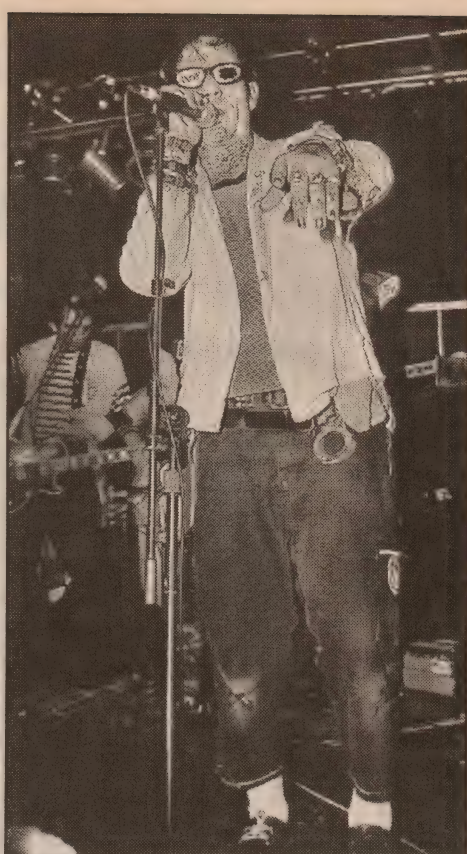
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↑ to → Roger Miret and Vinnie Stigma of the Agnostic Front war machine, Duane Peters of the US Bombs At the Unity Fest at the Showcase in Corona. **Is-Todd**

SPANISH KITCHEN at Scruffy O'Shea's on 10/10/98 by Gerry Fialka
Power pop pulses with a Zep-like deliciousness. But wait, astute lyrics, handsome harmonies, sturdy back beat and downright durable bass, too - all making for a well-balanced musical meal. That's Spanish Kitchen. Frontman Simon Glickman's Bowie-like presence swirls his eyes and facile voice around Willie Aron's propulsive guitar and in-your-face harmony singing. His power chord solos recalled Ted Nugent's Amboy Dukes psychedelia. Drummer-Perry Ostrin's double bang boom complimented and integrated the fat ground of Miles Lally's bass. Two tunes especially stood out, "Triffin" and "Your Tune," both of which were recently produced by The Knack's Doug Fieger, who was present. Their final number "Bludgeon My Heart" got the heat loose and wild as Spanish Kitchen burned to a caramelized crunch. Again, Ostrin worked it tenaciously with mighty hulk strength. A delightful dinner of true passion one can get lost in.

AGNOSTIC FRONT, DROPKICK MURPHYS, U.S. BOMBS, MAXIMUM PENALTY at the Showcase Theater, Corona, Saturday, 10/10/98 by Money
Maximum Penalty kicked off the show with their signature Killer Dwarves meets Queensryche style of play. Actually, that's not fair, they don't really sound like the Killer Dwarves, they just resemble them physically. I got an Agnostic Front action figure jibe off the frontman, and spent more time watching college football highlights than the show. The U.S. Bombs were great, and their old-skool O.C. sound was a perfect complement to the otherwise decidedly East Coast fare. The Dropkick Murphys were clearly the crowd favorite, and the oddly shaped, weirdly positioned

pit at the Showcase was packed with young yobbers in braces, boots and bomber jackets. This was the first time I'd seen the Dropkicks and I was a little disappointed that I didn't get to see them with their old singer Mike McColgan. Although, Al Barr acquitted himself admirably (Crikey, he's only been fronting Boston's best known oil band for the last ten years), he could use a few lessons at the Shane McGowan School for Drunken Balladeering. Perhaps he should lock himself in a room with a bottle of Tullamore Dew and listen to some old Tommy Makem or Paddy Reilly or Ruthie Morrissey records until he sounds sufficiently sentimental. Nevertheless, Al Barr should ultimately prove to be a great fit: he clearly has the tools. An Irish writer once lifted his glass and said: "Here's to the great Gaels of Ireland, the men that God made mad. All their wars are merry, their songs so very sad." And so too were the Dropkicks: merry madmen on the cusp of greatness starting over again with a new recruit fresh from the trenches. See them now, they'll be superstars soon.

ZOOBOMBS, BURNING WITCH

at Spaceland, Saturday 10/17/98 by Money
One of the interesting things about Spaceland is that the booking is so intentionally off-beat, chances are if you go to see a high-energy Japanese blues-punk band, they'll probably be tandemed with the slowest death metal act on the face of the planet, which is exactly what happened to me. Since Silverlake bashing is so prevalent these days, I'll buck the trend by stating a few other things I like about Spaceland: 1) Great turkey burgers. 2) The crowd is so self-absorbed you can sit and have a nice conversation or people watch without even a remote possibility of social contact. As for the bands, Burning Witch

put on the worst show I've seen since I stopped working open mic. night at a North Hollywood coffee shop six years ago. The music was so inexorably slow, to call it plodding would be an overstatement. We're talking two notes a measure minimum. I mean slow. How slow was it, Money? So slow, there was more variance in the feedback sizzling out of the cabinets than the melodies. It's pretty hard to fathom what makes Burning Witch think they're a band, unless one considers the wild card that is heroin addiction. Maybe I'm out of line here, but it's the only explanation I can offer for what otherwise might pass for 30 minutes of four stoned guys trying to tune their instruments and failing badly. Of course, the badness of Burning Witch just made me appreciate the Zoobombs even more. The Spaceland show was the first of their U.S. tour. Zoobombs sound like Delta 72 and DJ Spooky. Irrepressible frontman Don Matsuo is a natural born performer and a consummate showman. If he wasn't cranking out their self-described funky hardcore rhythms, he'd be a circus tent daredevil, a professional wrestler, or some other occupation that lets him use his considerable skill and talent with manic abandon. By way of endorsement, I mean it when I say Zoobombs could play Vegas.

ANDRE WILLIAMS, THE COUNT-DOWNS, THROWRAG at Bar Deluxe,

10/17/98 by Tim From Pomona
See the Viper Room review for the scoop on Andre and The Countdowns. Since I already covered those two, it would be redundant to do so once more. Both were over the top as was to be expected, even more so than the other gig. Openers Throwrag did a fun, fine half-hour of some serious hillbilly hoedowning action. I whispered to my companion Virginia, "If you're

lucky, the singer'll strip down to his birthday suit." One needed not to consult the Psychic Friends Network for that prophecy to be fulfilled. Sleezo crooned song after sick song with a persona that can lay claim to a PCP damaged combo of Jim Morrison and early GG. Virg: "He's *scarry*..." And the rest of the fellas did a superb job of backing him up, washboard and all. Virg: "This music makes me *horny*..." So there you go.

BURNING GROOVES

at The Fly Theatre in Victorville, 10/24/98 by Tim From Pomona
Tiger Mask curators Wreckin' Ralph and Rob "The Mick" Cunningham and I were all a'tingle 'bout Johnny Legend playing at this place smack in the middle o' the desert. Arrived at midnight. Found out that Johnny went onstage at 9:30 from one of the locals. Shoot. So here we are at the Fly Theatre, and since we had nothing better to do we decide to stick around for Burning Grooves. Ralph said it best when he commented how they were "professional." I have to agree... they were professional in their stage presentation, yet they lacked both heart and soul. They sounded like a gruff version of Bush and so obviously want to be heard on KROQ that it was sad. I must say, however, that they did a fine job of reworking that old Rocky Horror chestnut "Time Warp." But you won't see me paying \$ to catch them again, that's for sure. Strangely enough, I noticed that they sold a great deal of tees, close to twenty, yet there were only a baker's dozen that stuck around to see 'em. Go figure.

CZAR, FLUF, CHIXDIGGIT

at Spaceland, 10/28/98 by Todd
Czar, I think that's their name, where pop. They were smooth and tricky and against

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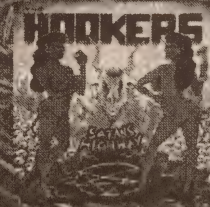
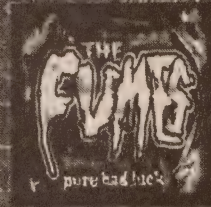
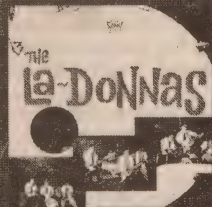
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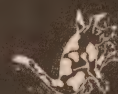
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my anti-pop feelings, they had me pretty fucking entertained. The bassist spit on himself a couple of times, which made up for the gold pants and jacked-up running shoes. The weirdness was on the periphery. Their manager was white boy cheerleading, two-stepping the whole time and after their set (this is the opening band), they put on their jackets, walked out a side door to the parking lot (Spaceland's main area is as big as a generous front room), and the manager (high on the lord or rails of sunshine) cooed the audience to yell their name and play another song. They did. It reminded me, a little, of what I imagine the Jam were like when they rested a little. A pure pop band I didn't want to kill in the parking lot.

the hand of braced and sticky-faced kid. Live, if they don't make you laugh, smile, or at least feel a little bit better, check your doctor on the availability on a prozac enema regimen.

CRAMPS at House Of Blues

10/30/98 by ShitEd

Ya know, I have no idea who opened for them, because Valerie runs on female time while getting ready to go out (though Chelle used to be worse) and we got there in the middle of the Cramps first song. The place was packed. The HOB staff, from door to security were extremely nice - the Troubadour should emulate them! The music was great, all that retro swamp, psychobilly and rock-

to their own shows to assure attendance, the Crowd didn't sell as many as the Pushers and had to go up next. The Crowd were quite good. With a bigger stage to move around on, Jim Kaa looks pretty much a weeble wobble (but he doesn't fall down), Jim Decker is really just a go-go dancer trapped in a construction worker's body, and shithellfire, their new-ish bassist isn't duct-taped to the ground and can move quite freely, even jumping once in a bit. On again-off again-on Humper and full time Crowd-ie Mark Lee does nothing but improve, in my eyes, one of the great shames of punk rock since the invention that fast music could pick up chicks just as well as looking cool - the Crowd should be

exactly the same: Stewart penis puppet, squeaky toy, gorilla mask - the same shick. Hey, it's great, but it's also kinda sad that all the old stuff rips the stuffing out of the couch and the new stuff sounds almost as good as the old stuff, and most of their best stuff is interpretations of commercials and covers. This may sound like a complaint, but it's not - I should wait a little longer before I see 'em again; exactly like a TV rerun. And let this stand - there's no other fucking way you're going to get me to listen to The Moody Blues or Led Zeppelin. It might as well be through The Dickies.

ANN MAGNUSON

at Luna Park, 10/30/98 by Gerry Fialka

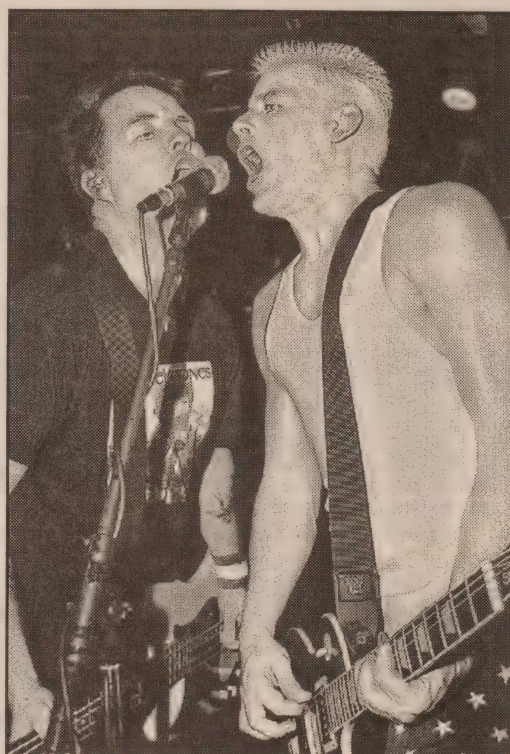
Luna loomed large in Magnuson's monster mash MamaFeasta ala Menippus - the satyr of satire from the 3rd century BC whose caricature and parody mixed verse and prose. How about the ultimate burlesque beelzebabe mixing Appalachian Goth Lounge and confessional Comedy Rock? Magnuson is IT & more. She made me laff, cry & think. Ann pulsallama'ed my bongwater in a caldron of an invigorating and illuminating ilk which oozed swirls of laugh-out-loud and rapturous revelations. Autobiographical semi-narrative intonations flourished freely, too. From the opening Arthur Brown classic "Fire," this Goddess of Hell Fire escorted us through gloom-rock classics, mountain music and ghostly ghost stories. Wo-manipulating the lyrics to the jest of "you'll die poor in Silverlake," she teetered between the foibles and faith of her characters. With strumming washboards and plucky banjos, Ann purged the power of pussy into sweet perdition. She slugged out whiskey drenched versions of "Bela Lugosi's Dead" (karioke style), "Spooky" and "Dead Babies." She threw creepy toys, bugs and witches' fingers into the audience, and even had them pass around a tourist spot brochure. Her crack-top band pulled all the stops as she shot up Marilyn Manson with his 15 minutes of shame, which really just meant telling a story of staying up late with his limp dick and trading make-up secrets. Get it up or get out. Ann's a monstrosity talented storyteller. It was the facts of life with a squealin' squaw spreading demon seeds on pizza dough. Menippeanated mental menapause that refreshed. Treat or treat, you all. With originals like "Pigs Squeal in Fear," "Holiday in Hell" and "History of Torture (Part One)," Ann Magnuson Icabod Craned our Fleet Street into a Bleeker Street Incident. I was smushed and it felt good - real good. Halloween steamroller. Do not miss her, ever.

BELLRAYS, BLACK WIDOWS, THIRD GRADE TEACHER, THE NEUTRONES at Al's Bar, Halloween Night by Todd Death Cow

Great show, accented by the fact that the whole vibe, as Bob Cantu astutely surmised, was exactly like a Gary Larson Far Side cartoon. I was a cow with a skull painted on my face, a pillow strapped inside for heft, leaning over a pool table, drinking a beer with a burglar, a lady with a chinese star breaking her skull, a stabbed bride and a sailor playing foot ball in the background. The bands. Neutrones: short set. Imagine the crazy glue that the Cramps sniffed before playing a mental institution, chase it down with a jigger of battery acid and you've got the caustic, jittery rock'n'roll damage of basic yet endangered violence that endears the past without it becoming parody. Pretty good. Up next, the Black Widows, and no stickler for Halloween



↑ Roger Miret literally walking on the crowd.



↑ Dropkick Murphys @Is-Todd

Go figure. Fluf was pretty rockin' and made me think of three things simultaneously: Black Sabbath, the Melvins, and balladeering lumberjacks. Lead dude, O, is no stranger to who put the punk in the rock, hailing from the mighty, mighty Circle One and putting the crank in the sauce of the war machine that was Olivelawn, yelled, crooned, chopped, and muttered throughout the set. The bassists' hat looked like a Pringle, and the drummer's drumset was completely clear. I don't think I've ever stared at a drummer's kneecaps so much just because I could. I wanted to put ping pong balls in the bass drum and pretend it was the lottery. All in all, a melodious, dirgy chopfest that I enjoyed quite a bit. Up last: Supreme Baiters of the Universe, Nicest Motherfucking Guys, Regardless if They're from Canada, and The Lowest Standing Band - Chixdiggit. Hey, it may sound cheezy, but it's nothing but a glowing red light when they play - it's a good feeling, it's a smile spreading across your lips that can't be taken off. I don't know what it is, exactly, but they put love in a bottle, shake it up, and spray it over the crowd like they just won the Stanley Cup. They feel good, you feel good. And damn, if they didn't just plain and simple rock: clean, fast, harmonies as lethal as nooses and sweet as all day suckers in

'n'roll they do in a minimalist manner. It brought back very old memories for me of songs I used to hear on the radio when I was a little kid about "haints" and "one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eaters." Ivy was very withdrawn while playing, as if disdainful of the whole proceedings. But that's OK, her playing was good and Lux is a great frontman. He chewed the scenery while singing, jumping around and falling down and crawling about the stage howling spastically. They did a wonderful cover of "Psychotic Reaction" and generally gave the lie to the impression that MTV generates of rock'n'roll being dead. It may be dead on MTV, but it is alive and well in the Cramps. At the end of the encore Lux beat the mikes to death with each other, pulled down his pants to show the audience his butt and crawled off stage that way on his hands and knees. I think he and similarly wacko Warren Fitzgerald (Vandals) should do a side project together!

THE CROWD, THE PUSHERS, THE DICKIES

at the Galaxy Theater, 10/30/98, by Todd The Crowd didn't open up but I missed whoever did. Due to lameness - i.e. the pimple-assed beast of pay to play as the veiled whore of bands having to sell tickets

tattooed right next to the Misfits' skull on the body of punk, and as it stands, your average Millincolined, so-fat-the-pant-they-can't-out-run-the-cops punker has no fucking idea that the Crowd's patent rights on beach punk aren't over yet. The good to this, selfishly, is that anyone in the LA area can see 'em all intimate and shit. This night, they were excellent, animated, and fun. Too bad the sound in the Galaxy is close to a visit to the World of the Largest Aluminum Foil Ball. To make it more tinny, you'd have to nail up corrugated siding to the walls and shove freezer wrap in your ears. Up next: The Pushers. Jokes about mainlining speed before the show where you know it's not a joke, a Grabber or two, and all the necessary alchemic elements to make that OC sound - yet, yet, there's something not there. They all seem to play well. There are interesting bits, but it doesn't seem gelled or anxious or completely convincing. Staple me to a chair and toothpick my eyes open while putting a taser into my urethra and I still doubt I'd be able to recognize one of their songs at the end of the night. Last up: The Dickies. Stan looks like a Klingon. Leonard needs a haircut. I like the Dickies and all but maybe I should just seem 'em every three years. I saw 'em last at their 20th reunion and it was almost

costumes, they had the hourglass spider of death markings on their tummies and not their backs - I know, what use would it be to have it on your back, no one would see it. They were tighter than the straps of an infant seat in a Volvo and more fun than watching Annette Funicello getting whiplashed out of tumbling Woody falling off a cliff: honest to goodness hardass/kickass/fuckyou surf. I remember seeing them some time back and they were as sloppy as a hippie's hair after throwing up without a scrunchie to hold their hair back. This time out, I was impressed. It's been quite some time I've bailed up my fists (or this time, my hooves) to a surf band. Made me wish I had either a switchblade or knew how to surf. There's some anxiety in their play that I miss greatly from most bands. Third Grade Teacher: I wanna like 'em. They dressed like scepters of death in cloaks and shit. The lead lady sure is entertaining, like she's watching and pantomiming along to a great movie that no one else can see and I can like 'em for about ten minutes, then it goes to pot. To me, they sound like the Pixies going under a slow flaying and quartering by Led Zeppelin without anesthesia. A painful process to imagine and an unfun thing for me to watch: heavy rock in a pop context is not my idea of loads of fun. Last up were the Bellrays, dressed as Dorothy, the Tin Man, the lion, and the scarecrow from "The Wizard of Oz." Not to sound like a dumbshit but it's got me scratching my head that such a simple, right concept of rock with soul - when neither one of them is feigned - is such a rare commodity in the 9 million people that live in the LA area, yet the Bellrays are the only one that fill the bill. The lead singer is power, bringing to mind a stripped down and blazing building - the type of building that Janice Joplin was trying to escape, the type of fire that lit up early Tina Turner, when soul was her style. The rest of the band provides an edgy, punk'n'roll pummeling that slices with seemingly no effort beyond being possessed and rivets the songs to the floor with precision and bigness. Costumes filled with sweat, became loose at the edges, veins popped, and it was a great night. I tipped back a couple more cups with a surgeon, one of the guys from Kiss, and a gorilla then swung my frickin' udders outta there.

THE CRIMINALS, DILLINGER 4, NO PEOPLE at Bollocks, 11/5/98 by Money

Ah, Bollocks. A dismal little joint in the nowhere sector between downtown LA and the garment district. In short, smack dab in the heart of Wrongville. No People opened up the show, which seemed appropriate as there were no people there to watch them. No People are a punk trio from Japan but they've relocated to LA. Their levels were off, the bass was too loud and it totally drowned out the guitar, but I got off on their "Bleach"-era Nirvana meets 45 Grave style. The songs open with catchy little hooks that erupt into frenzied bar chord assaults and die on the fret board as if the song couldn't possibly be sustained another measure, only to be spontaneously reborn by the grit of the performers. The songs are short, powerful, complete. The result is a type of southern California punk that you don't see many bands emulate anymore. I'd definitely go see them again. The nice thing about Bollocks is that there's virtually no security inside and the people at the door will let you leave and come back inside as often

as you need to. So after retreating to my truck for a little buzz maintenance, I returned to find the house packed for Dillinger 4. These Minneapolis punks play the most intricate stop-start guitar punk I've ever heard. I'm always impressed by bands that fuse complex instrumentation, cohesive play and compelling lyrics, and do it all at breakneck speeds. I went to see Dillinger 4 on the strength of Retodd's endorsement and was completely blown away. Apparently, some of the band members were playing on borrowed and/or rented equipment, and they weren't bashful about letting the audience know it. It always cheeses me off when performers apologize for the quality of play because of equip-

again off again set, the drummer abruptly got up and left his kit as if he'd just blown mud in a gas station toilet, effectively bringing the show to an inglorious end.

(Todd's two cents is that The Criminals were quite spastically good. I liked 'em more than Money. D4 were interviewed. Stay tuned.)

SOUL BRAINS and GOOD RIDDANCE at The House of Blues, 11/10/98 by Donofthedeat

The Soul Brains are the Bad Brains' moniker for this reunion tour. I heard that HR was doing a solo project and it flopped. I guess he needed the money to fund his ganja supply. Well, the tickets were expen-



▲ Dillinger Four's Patrick makes a couple new friends. ▼ Dropkick Murphys' new singer, Al Barr (ex-Bruisers) @s-Todd



ment, technical problems, illness or whatever, and yet it happens all the time. Money's Tips #6: Never apologize onstage. The apology almost always sounds insincere, a false modesty that masks a certain arrogance. Trust me, the audience never wants to hear: "We suck now, but you should hear us when we really rock." My point? I never would have known Dillinger 4 was having an off night if they hadn't told me. Regardless of their own evaluation, I give Dillinger 4 high marks and they proved to be a very difficult act to follow, because I can't say I was at all impressed with The Criminals. The singer is perhaps the most affected frontman I've seen since VLA. The band members were at best indifferent and at worst surly, and they came off somewhere between tepid and lame. After an on

sive! \$20 plus a \$4 service charge! I was really excited about this bill at the House of Blues. I went and got tickets about a month earlier so it would force me to go out. See, I haven't been to a punk show in about 5 years due to work and family. I was so pumped up that I left work early and picked up my friend Matt and showed up to the venue a hour early. I was worried about traffic, I had never been to the House of Blues and I really wanted to see Good Riddance since I had never seen them before. Also, the show started early at 7:30 PM and I would hit rush hour traffic all the way there. I pull up and the parking was \$10! I justified it in my head as "I have a good job and I rarely ever go to shows anymore, fuck it." I fork over the \$10 and hand over my keys. I figured I didn't have to walk

10 blocks just to save money. It was pretty cold that night with the beginnings of winter creeping in and me refusing not to wear my shorts. Me and my buddy Matt hung out outside for a little while I was engaged in sort of a one way conversation with a guy I presumed was on heroin. He was nodding in and out of the conversation chain smoking to keep himself awake. I decide I'm cold enough and it was time for my first beer and Good Riddance was up in 20 minutes. As I said before, I had never been to the House of Blues before and was excited being in something new to me. The club reminded me of the now defunct club Bogarts in Long Beach. The place had great sight lines from almost everywhere in the room. The upstairs was a nice touch if you didn't feel like getting crushed all night. They also had bars on 3 sides of the room. That saved on downtime waiting on getting served. After my second beer Good Riddance started to play. The place was sparsely filled at that point. The sound system was great! You could hear and feel everything. Me and Matt walk down to the middle of the dance floor and watch as they blazed through a perfect set. They played all the songs I knew from their three records on Fat and I sang along and bopped my head. Not one drop was spilled from that beer cup. That beer cost me almost \$5. Halfway through their set the place filled up and the crowd was starting to get energized. I moved back a little since I didn't want my beer knocked over. The set seemed short but a lot of songs were played. I wanted more but openers usually don't get too much leeway. I was so glad we showed up early to see them. I really like Good Riddance. The Bad Brains came on earlier than what the ticket guy said they were supposed to come on. They start off with a song from "Rock for Light" that I can't remember right now but I sang along to every word. HR looked as bi-polar and stoned as ever. He stood almost still the whole night and seemed to be messing up on the lyrics. They played 5 or 6 songs of the fast and rock stuff. I was in heaven and felt like a teenager again back in the '80s seeing them. They started to slow down with "Re-ignition" and moved into the show-killing part of the set with "I & I Will Survive" from the first 12". They continued the set with 4 or 5 more of the standard reggae numbers that seemed to drone on forever. They should have mixed in the reggae songs in between their thrashers to keep the crowd going by bringing them up and down. After the last song, they just said thank you and walked off the stage. The crowd, of course, chanted and they came back for an encore. They came back on and blitzed through what I think was "I Against I" but I definitely could be wrong. Then they walk off the stage and the show was over! The house lights come up and the curtain was closed. It was only 10:00 PM and the show was over? What a fucking rip-off! The crowd stayed and chanted for about 10 minutes trying to bring them back on. After that futile effort people just started to pile out of the club. HR, as I think back, was only going through the motions and I was only funding his ganja habit. I hope Good Riddance got paid well, since this was a high priced show. I felt cheated and deceived because they easily could have played a 2 hour set off their long catalog of recordings. I hope HR freaks out again on tour again so they can break up again and he can go back to being a has-been, used-to-be and not rip people off with half-assed sets.

FLAKE at the Whisky by Erin

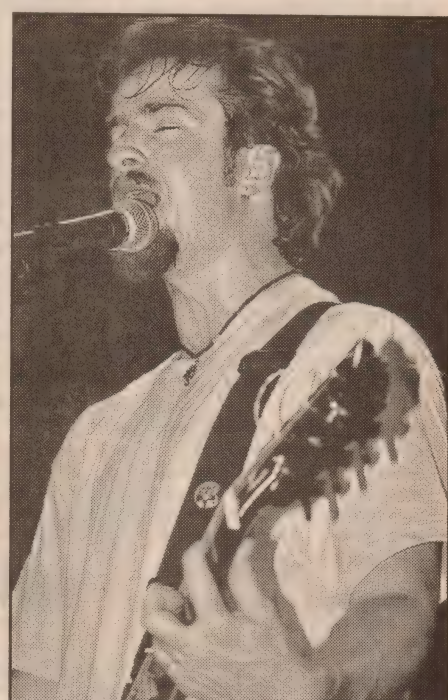
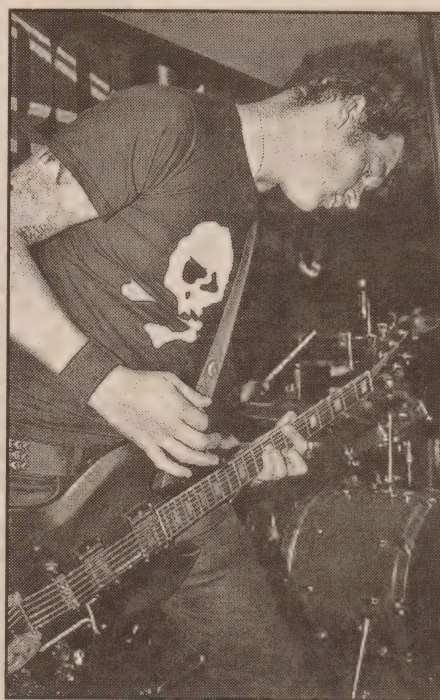
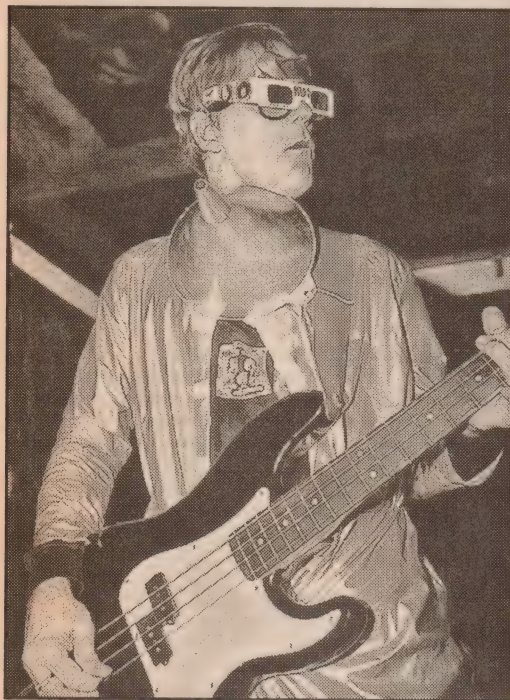
For those of you on the lookout for something new and exciting on the LA music scene, Flake is the band for you. Tired of mindless pop? Well, Flake is the musical equivalent of a Stephen B. Hawkings' astrophysics thesis. They have generated their wide range of influences into something thick and tasty. Their music is an amalgamation of grungy angst, dense arrangement and slippery psychedelia. You can hear Nirvana (in an actually original fashion, not re-hashed Nirvana), the Beatles, and something like a Pavement meets Dinosaur Jr. There are so many other varied influences that you can't even pick them all out - and that is what makes them sound so fresh. Instead of focusing on sounding like other bands they admire, this band seeks to sound like something new. The first time I saw them, I didn't quite understand what was going on - frankly, it must have been

think they can make the next platinum record, these four are a refreshing blend of expertise and originality. Although the technique makes them easy to watch and listen to, it is the fresh ingenuity that makes them stand out from the crowd of bland, homogenous LA bands. Difficult to label? Maybe. Horribly commercial? Nope. But all that is a good thing for these guys. And they set a standard other bands should reach for. Break out of your mold and come catch them play near you.

CHEAP TRICK three nights in a row at House of Blues by Martin McMartin
Their mission? To play their first three albums straight through, one on each night. "Cheap Trick" night one, "In Color" night two, and "Heaven Tonight" on the third. It was like a rocket ship back to junior high. The band smoked and has aged really gracefully. Rick Nielson is as

Boys. The Chicken Hawks played three nights in a row. What a blur. LA's Texas Terri & The Stiff Ones were on the bills, too! Thursday night featured The Kowalskis, The Chicken Hawks and Texas Terri upstairs at Coney Island High, at a club called Rock City - a punk/glam shindig complete with go go boys, girls and Toilet Boys' Rick spinning everything from Sweet to Nashville Pussy and Zeke. Downtown troopers The Kowalskis bit the bullet and played first in a righteous gesture, as the ultra-popular The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black played a home-town gig downstairs at the same damn time. What a choice! I'm a big fan of TVHOKB and had never seen 'em, so I tore up and down the stairs enjoying a little of both bands and trying to snap pix. They did "Alaska" for the encore and the place wiggled out. Upstairs, the Kowalskis tore through their set of amped new-wavy punk minus their regular bass player. Kitty

Hawks, Texas Terri, and the Toilet Boys, who were celebrating the release of their CDEP, "Living Like a Millionaire." Candy Ass drew a good crowd early on, as they (along with Sean Toilet Boy) had ambushed the Howard Stern radio show earlier in the week. They all stripped naked and go-go danced in exchange for Howard playing the Toilet Boys CD on the air for his 60 million listeners. Candy Ass were raw fuck-you-punk with sexy songs. The Chicken Hawks followed and dealt with a false start and a broken string before they got cookin'. After a long delay Texas Terri and Co. came on and killed - again! All three nights were stellar for them. New York adopted this band. Finally, the spectacle that is the Toilet Boys came on after a New Year's Eve style countdown and the place erupted. Miss Guy hopped on Sean's shoulders and tossed CDs into the crowd and it was non-stop mayhem from that point. The place was fire-marshal



↑ (l-r) Tin Man steps in and plays a set with the Bellrays, a Criminal M's -Todd, and Flake M-Erin

going right over my head. This music is not 3 minute, simple, 3 chord pop songs. I was so used to "what you see is what you get" music, that I was nearly overwhelmed by the complexity of these tunes. Sometimes you get so used to simplicity that such intricacy can catch you off guard. It's like a pop etch-a-sketch versus a Van Gogh landscape. Each individual song is different and intricate as the next. But don't be fooled! These guys are immensely entertaining and aurally fascinating! Jasper Andreasson handles the lead vocals and guitar - his impressive emotional range goes from a whisper to a scream in less than a second. The elaborate bass lines are performed by Aaron Buckley and Matt Chapman creates the sturdy foundation with his creative guitar work. The wall of sound is completed with the herculean drumming by Adam Flanders. The thing about these guys is that every member is technically superior - there is not one weak musical link. In a world where any fool picks up a set of sticks and thinks he is the world's greatest drummer and any 3+ clowns

god-like as ever on guitar, Robin Zander hasn't lost his range, Bun E. is rock-solid on skins, and Tom Peterson is the elegantly wasted Stan Laurel of rock on bass. He's the coolest. The roof nearly blew when Wayne Kramer joined 'em for a raucous encore of the MC5 classic "Kick out the Jams" on the last night. This stellar moment seemed under-appreciated by most of the fans frequenting this antiseptic tourist trap. I grinned all the way home and into the next day. These shows, along with the "Budokhan" show this summer at the Roxy, made for some of my biggest rock boners in '98, I must admit.

THE KOWALSKIS, THE CHICKEN HAWKS, TEXAS TERRI, VOLUPTUOUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK, CANDY ASS, FURIOUS GEORGE, MAN SCOUTS OF AMERICA various places, three nights in a row in NYC by Martin McMartin

I trekked back to NYC for the double Rock And Fucking Roll Records release party featuring The Chicken Hawks and Toilet

Kowalski could pass for Debbie Harry's kid sis. Their debut full-length should be rockin' you by the time you read this.

Friday night it was The Chicken Hawks and Texas Terri over at Don Hill's Squeezebox, a sleazy rock affair featuring a few bands and lots of gender benders. The Chicken Hawks played an early-for-NYC 11 PM set to a decent crowd. Peter Phillips goes berserk on guitar, rolling around and spazzing like a train off the tracks. Betsy sings, smokes, and struts around in feather bikinis leaving little to the imagination. So what's not to like!? The Toilet Boys have taken over deejay duties here, too, with the mysterious Miss Guy spinning Joan Jett and bopping around. The place filled up, and Texas Terri and her boys came on and brought the house down. Their sound was monster big, and Terri ruled the place. Squeezebox is fuckin' loose, man. Tourist tip: bring your Mom in to marvel at the raunchy gay porn goin' nonstop on the video monitors.

The rock onslaught was capped off Saturday at Coney Island High with a blowout featuring Candy Ass, The Chicken

packed, and The Toilet Boys ripped into their Motorhead fucks The Sweet arena-rock assault, complete with lasers, glitter bombs, flames, and sparks flying everywhere. Big, fat, synchronized windmill guitar riffs by Sean and Rick had the crowd goin' ga-ga. The pleased and plastered patrons at Coney were a mix of snotty punx, rock and rollers, old-timers, and drag queens. It was beautiful chaos.

I ran upstairs right before the Toilet Boys to catch Furious George playin'. They were a manic trio doing songs about guns and bananas. Gave me that good early Mr. T. Experience rush. Before I left NY I caught a last minute set by the Man Scouts Of America, who were testing out pyro effects (yes!) and running through their set down at Don Hill's. The Scouts feature that sly dog Rik Slave who moved up North from N'awlins to start this rockin' new project. Imagine Joey Ramone's croon with an occasional Cult-y metallic crunch. One to watch for. Write 'em and I bet they'll send you their demo CD single, or at least a tape of it.

PUBLICATIONS

Entire list by AArtVark unless noted.



3RD GENERATION NATION

#13, \$4ppd, L-72-T
(c/o Ralf Hunebeck, Muhlenfeld 59, 45472 Mulheim, Germany)
Lot's of German reading with columns, music/zine and live reviews. Interviews with: Dead City Rebels, The Crowd, Kim Shattuck, The Generators. Switchblade New Wave, Smogtown, Leatherface, and more. Pretty good read with good photos. [realshock@aol.com]

ANGELHEART

#11, \$2ppd/WRLD, HS-24-R
(c/o J-P Muikko, Apajakuja 1-D-14, 80140 Joensuu, Finland)
A "split-zine" with Bad Society #2 (from Spain). It's written in English and inside you'll find: Beyond Description, Cause For Effect, Battle of Disarm, Kafka, and more. You get reviews, news and classifieds. It's a real bargain especially since it's from two foreign countries.

ANOTHER LONELY PLANET

#7, ?, HS-32-R
(c/o D. Monroe, 4181 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45223)
Lots of thought and some reviews. Pretty much a rock'n'roll thought grab bag. If you listen to one or more of the following at least once a day, you'll really like reading this: The Stooges, Patti Smith, Television, The Godfathers, The NY Dolls... Otherwise, you might just find it interesting anyhow.

APPLE BROWN BETTY #8, *, HS-32-R

(PO Box 245, Montvale, NJ 07645)
Thought and opinion from their particular universe, which is actually pretty good reading for those interested. An interview with Plan A Project. Local live pics. Live, audio, and zine reviews. [applebrownbetty@hotmail.com]

ASSASSIN & THE WHINER

#9, \$1ppd, HS-16-R
(PO Box 481051, Los Angeles, CA 90048)
Amusing bio, comics from Carrie. In this issue she takes on some more existentialism, fatherly relations, drinkin' and love and more. Pretty amusing if you're in the know. Guess it's a pretty amusing comic even if you don't know...

AURAL INNOVATIONS

#4, \$3US, S-32-T
(c/o Jerry Kranitz, 1364 W. 7th Ave. #B, Columbus, OH 43212)
More expanded space-rock coverage! A report from the '98 Strange Daze festival in Ohio, and one from Sweden! Interviews with: KREL, Don Falcome David Sweet, and part 3 of Nick Turner. There's also reviews, bios and more. A great resource for the space-rock lover in you.
[jkrantz@infinet.com]

BABYSUE REVIEW #28, \$2ppd, S-32-T

(PO Box 8989, Atlanta, GA 30306-8989)
Absurdly honest music reviews that are hammed up for your enjoyment. The fabulous babysue comics will make your belly ache. All this and more can be yours in this babysue supplement! If you're really looking for a roleeking good time and you know you "just want to be bad sometimes" read the above review of babysue and get both. Turn off the lights and read under the sheets with a flashlight.
[lmpop@babysue.com]

BABYSUE

#4v6, \$3ppd, S-30-T
(PO Box 8989, Atlanta, GA 31106)
Just the right balance of complete irreverence, blasphemy, and wholesale making fun of every-fucking-one to make the satire stick. Race, religion, creed, it don't matter; all lambasted. Reading babysue's strip "Black Ladies" is just like taking a crash course in ebionics, there's cut out and glue 'em mini-posters that proclaim, among other things, "Jesus thinks you're stupid," and "Elevator doors will not open." Fantastic articles, replete with bibliographies, including one on Entering Manhood (Step Two: The Scrotum), in which the following Dr. Spockian advice is given - "The square footage of your scrotum skin must increase... When this darkening and cracking of the skin begins to occur, simply peel off the old skin to allow the new skin to grow." Tons of comics, and a story on how evaluating garage sales and giving grades to those throwing the garage sales netted a Charmin' Chatty doll with all five records. Word of caution to the PC: the guy that wrote "Gulliver's Travels" also recommended the wholesale slaughter of babies to make gloves for the rich. Was he completely serious? Was he completely joking? Yes on both accounts. -Todd
[http://www.babysue.com]

BARRACUDA

#3, \$5ppd, S-40-FT
(P.O. Box 291873, Los Angeles, CA 90027)
A quarterly "men's" magazine that takes it's cur from those of yesteryear with tasteful girls and inquisitive articles. In this issue: Simple steps to checking out a vintage car for purchase. A quest for Steve McGarrett's (Hawaii Five-O) car! What happened to Fatty Arbuckle. Plus quite a bit of bare flesh and useful advice. Pretty good.
[jfox@cinenet.net]

BITE ME! #14, \$2US, S-42-T

(6038 Hayes Ave. #1A, Los Angeles, CA 90042)
This is their "sex issue" so you get reviews of titty bars and that sort of thing. Interviews with: Laughing Us, Genitorturers, Gravity Kills, and Fear Factory. Also: music, zine, live and video reviews. [http://home.earthlink.net/~bitemezine]

BLACK SHEETS

#14, \$6US, S-50-FT
(PO Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131)
Another educational issue for those interested in things "kinky, queer, intelligent, irreverent". Letters, columns, lots of photos of people in compromising positions, electro stimulation devices, are bisexuals more kinky, and more of that sort of thing that'll enlighten even the Pope and make mothers and fathers scratch their heads. Book and audio reviews. You'd better send them an 18+ statement. [Blabk@queernet.org]
[http://www.queernet.org/BlackBooks]

THE BLACK HELICOPTER GENERATION

#1, \$2ppd, S-24-R
(79-1 Frederick Ave., Bayshore, NY 11706)
New zine with a focus on conspiracy put together with a cut-up style. An interview with: Joan D'Arc (Paranoia Magazine). Thoughts on the One World Government. Anorexia and occultism. Poo-pooing the Internet. A bit about the CIA. Off and running. Wonder what future issues will contain.

BLOW UP #8, 7000L, S-114-MT

(Via Farneta 36, 52042 Camucia (AR), Italy)
Magazine in Italian covering everything from electronic music to punk and everything all around. Professionally put together. Contains: Steve Roach, Beck, Syd Barrett, David Grubbs, Jim O'Rourke, reviews, videos and more. [blowup@ats.it]

BRASS FURNACE GOING OUT

#6, \$1, HS-28-R
(17229 SN Greengate Dr., Sherwood, OR 97140)
Thoughts, opinions and confessions from Jane's personal world with some illustrations included.
[jane_lane77@yahoo.com]

BURNING BLIMP MANIFESTO

#3, \$3, HS-30-FT
(PO Box 473, Meredith, NH 03253)
Animal liberation. US Army/3rd Reich quotes compared. Vomit Man comic. Pro-marijuana. Essay excerpt from Zapatista National Liberation Army. Some interesting reading, I suppose.
[burningblimp@hotmail.com]

CENSOR THIS #11, \$2ppd, S-64-T

(PO Box 4312, Sunland, CA 91041-4312)
Columns, comics, photos, prose, and art. Interviews with: Mike Rozon (Speed Semen Clove Factory recording studio), Bad Town Boys, and Threatening Verse. Music reviews, poetry, how to fuck a sheep and more. Entertaining.

COMPLETE AND UTTER NONSENSE #1, 2 stamps, HS-20-R

(312 Carney Ave., Mankato, MN 56001)
Thoughts and opinion from a recent transplant to Minnesota. Trying to get a zine going and figure out the scene in the state. Anyone interested, drop Angel Schmalz a line.

CORN FLAKE OVERDOSE

#2, 75cents, S-28-R
(38 Highland, Battle Creek, MI 49015)
Columns, cut-ups, comics, humor and more in this Halloween issue. Interviews with: Bobby Steele, Eerie Von, Scared of Bill, and Tom Sullivan. Also music and zine reviews. Might seem a little late for some, but everyone knows that to some it's Halloween all the time!

CRAZY NELSON'S PORN (THE ANTHOLOGY)

#NA, \$1.25, M-76-R
(2124 Orchard Pl., Eau Claire, WI 54703)
If you've ever wondered how a kid might parody zines and what the product would be this is your chance to find out. It's like looking at a five year olds drawing of a famous painting. A real caricature. Have a look and you might just laugh your ass off or think it's absurd and pointless if you have no humor.

CRYING CLOWN FANZINE

#8, \$2US, HS-40-FT
(PO Box 263, Yarmouthport, MA 02675-0263)
John Eckhardt Jr. bio (you might remember him from the movie "Freaks"). An interview with: Tugboat Annie. Some words about Aleister Crowley. Growing up in the 70's & 80's. Poetry. Lot's of good illustrations and more. Worthy of your inquisitive reading urges.
[cryclown@aol.com]
[http://members.aol.com/cryclown]

CUPS #91, \$19.90/12iss, S-46-F+

(189 Orchard St., 4th floor, New York, NY 10002)
Café culture and more! An interview with John Waters. Lesbians in cafes, Tori Amos, café philosophy, shopping for coffee, audio reviews, books, photography, and other related things.

DIG IT! #15, 25F, L-42-MT

(32 rue Pharaon, 31000 Toulouse, France)
In French well put together zine. There are music reviews and lots to read. It was kind of muddy for me since I never finished my French studies in school, but you'll find some of these inside: New Bomb Turks, the Heads, the Pleasure Fuckers, Sonny Vincent, Rodeo Blast and others. Looks like they're concerned with rock'n'roll.

DISHWASHER #15, \$1, HS-40-MT

(PO Box 8213, Portland, OR 97207)
Tales of the quest for washing dishes. Actually part of this issue concerning some dish washing on an oil rig were featured on This American Life with Ira Glass(?) on KCRW here in Los Angeles. If you like reading good and entertaining bio. zines, this is one of the best. You can also see the "Dish King" comic and read an interview with a premier dishwasher named David Wagner. A must have for most.

EXILE OSAKA #5, \$5ppd, S-88-FT

(c/o Spencer Kaufman, 3115 Brighton 6th St. #6B, Brooklyn, NY 11233)
Reporting on blended Japanese & American culture from Japan this zine does a great job. Lots of photos and illustrations will guide you through: a shrine for dolls, hangout spots in Osaka, the best of haircuts in Osaka, the Boredoms, the Motards, Patti Smith, and much more. Reviews and views to keep you reading' quite a while.
[osakamm@gol.com]

EXOTIC MAGAZINE

#63, \$1.95, S-48-F+
(625 SW 10th #324B, Portland, OR 97205)
Bare breasts, provocative articles plus where and how to info on the topless scene in Portland and Seattle. In this issue: Herman Jolly (of Sunset Valley). Columns, lots of sex talk and more for the hard and not so hard up. Website, video, book, CD-ROM & audio reviews. 18+.
[xmag@teleport.com] [http://www.xmag.com]

EYE #18, \$3.95US, S-64-F+

(301 S Elm St. #405, Greensboro, NC 27401)
Another entertaining and informative issue. A look at "coincidences". Examining interest in trains. Some abc's of biker gangs. Part two of Eye's space music exploration. A look at Dennis Morris (the man who photographed the Sex Pistols), and more. Audio, zine, book, video, and web reviews. The only excuse for not reading Eye is if you don't know how to. [http://www.eyemag.com]

FIFTH GOAL, THE #2, \$2/trade, HS-70-T

(PO Box 970085, Orem, UT 84660)
An interesting blend of spiritual biographical writing and zine stuffs. There's a great section of photo-reproduced tags. Zine and music reviews. An interview with Ray Cappo. Poetry and more. Interesting combination.

FUNHOUSE #8, \$1, HS-8-T

(11 Werner Rd., Greenville, PA 16125-9434)
A poster sized piece of paper folded together and crammed with zine and catalog reviews. If you need this supplement to your zine locating, here it is.

GADFLY #11v2, \$2.95US, S-56-F+

(PO Box 7482, Charlottesville, VA 22906)
A magazine that tackles various topics intelligently and produces an informative result. The latest issue gets on to the skinny behind country music from the old to the new. There's also some discussion of Ayn Rand. There are audio, live, book and film reviews. Quite a good read that packs a lot of information into a great looking format. You might want to obtain this and keep it rolled up in your pocked for those long rides on public transit systems, which really don't much exist in Los Angeles, but are probably pretty efficient in your town. [http://www.gadfly.org]

GLUE Dec./Nov. 98, \$2.50, S-70-F+

(PO Box 27067, Los Angeles, CA 90027-0076)
A style and opinion mag kind of like Option, but with a more homey zine feel. Columns and news-bits. Earthquake meditations. Architecture and outfits. Film, comics, clubs and art. You probably get the picture. [gluemag@aol.com] [http://www.gluemag.com]

GROUNDWELL #5v4, \$1, S-12-T

(PO Box 174, Prospect Park, PA 19076-1307)
"Sowing the seeds to question authority". In this issue you can read (about): schooling and social control, world finance, abuse of women and children in correctional institutions, poetry and more. Seems like there's not a lot to read, but it will give you a hell of a lot to think about! [tristan306@aol.com]

GUMSHOE #2, \$1ppd/trade, S-16-T

(5500 Prytania St. #133, New Orleans, LA 70115)
Movies to see, lots of thought. An interview with the Broadways. Audio and zine reviews. Maybe you should try contributing to this.

HERE BE MONSTERS #16, \$3ppd, L-32-R

(c/o Clive Roberts, 36 Folly Fields, Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, England, AL4 8HL)
More jam packed reading a well put together cut-up style. Interviews with Super Electric, Rancid, Turbonegro, the Peechees, and Stuck Mojo. Lots of audio reviews. A read that will consume you for at least a while.

HOOPSIP #46, \$1.50ppd, S-26-R

(c/o D. Augustine, P.O. Box 7636, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302-7636)
Psychiatric ward thoughts, teenage sexploitation films explored, audio and zine reviews, some comics and a few other bits of thought. Comes with Pshaw mini-zine #6. This is the zine that keeps packing a punch no matter how cold the wind outside is blowing.

HOT CHERRY #4, \$1ppd, S-48-T

(2119 S. Brentwood Ct., Lakewood, CO 80227)
Interviews with: Digger, Brand New Unit, the Hippos. Avail, Whippersnapper, and Jon Cougar Concentration Camp. Some audio reviews and a bit more round out the issue. Good deal for the price. [homb@aol.com]

INDUSTRIAL NATION

#16, \$2.95US, S-96-F+
(PO Box 23184, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523)
Back for another issue with an address change... In this issue you'll find interviews with: Legendary Pink Dots, Chris Cosey, Dead Voices On Air, Death In June, and more. Also: Scot Jenerik, Rammstein, reader letters, columns, zine & music reviews, and more. If you want to make the industrial "scene" this'll help you on your way. [in@ripco.com] [http://www.industrialnation.com]

INK NINETEEN Oct. '98, \$2ppd, T-42-F

(PO Box 1947, Melbourne, FL 32902-1947)
Columns, news bites, show dates. Publication and music reviews. Covering all the music that hits their town.. Weekly paper style! Moe Tucker, Front 242, DJ Fucar, Iron Maiden, 16 Horsepower, Pat McDonalds, Nick Menza, and more. [info@ink19.com]

ISM #2, free, HS-12-R

(1514 16th Ave. #2 Seattle, WA 98122-4196)
Small, but mighty 'zine focusing on contemporary writers and independent presses. Feature interview with, and bio on, A.D. Winans; two pages of poems, three on book reviews, and one page listing other publications. Anyone out there with their own poetry or fiction books to hustle, they'll review 'em. -Pooch

IT'S ALIVE #16, \$2ppdUS, S-60-T

(PO Box 6326, Oxnard, CA 93031-6326)
The Oxnard hardcore zine that's still growing! Fred Hammer's put together and all photo issue with some quick anecdotes thrown in. The photos are pretty good and you've also got a sizable show flyer collection reproduced on odd number pages... Inside you'll find: Youth Brigade, Black Out, Crucifix, Ill Repute, Shutdown, Agression, Greg Ginn, Ignite, and many more. [itsalive@hotmail.com]

JERSEY BEAT #63, \$3ppd, S-144-MT

(418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087)
Another large issue from jersey's big guns. Interviews with: Girls vs. Boys, Pansy Division, The Bullies, Ricanstruction, and more. A report with lots of photos from the Wilmington Exchange Festival. Lots of travel reports from: Drag Pack, No Reason & Tommie Griggs, Ryan O'Shea, and the Warped Tour. Live, music, demo & zine reviews. [jimjbeat@aol.com] [http://home.earthlink.net/~jimjbeat]

LIP SERVICE #4v10, \$2.95, L-28-F+

(8739 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069)
More scoops from inside the "industry". Inside you'll find Lee Rocker, Nancy Sinatra, Jimmy Jam, Pleasantville (the movie) and other tidbits that'll move the units. [don@lipservicemag.com]

LOLLIPOP MAGAZINE

#45, \$4.95US, S-162-F
(PO Box 441493, Somerville, MA 02144)
An even bigger issue with loads of reviews and news of film, music, books and more. Inside you'll find interviews with: Rancid, Gaunt, The Jesus And Mary Chain, Cradle of Filth, All, Martin Atkins & Ogre, Dave Wyndorf, and many more! Also news about: Tricky, Lou Reed, Anthrax, Sonic Youth, and much, much more. A real price bargain or information! [http://www.lollipop.com]

LONE STAR SOCIALIST

#19, \$8/yr, S-8-T
(PO Box 2640, Austin, TX 78768)
Bored of elections, celebrating their twentieth year, the Texas Socialist Party has a look back at the 60's. There are two views on racism. A Texas labor update and a few bits for you to sink your teeth into.

MAGNET MAGAZINE

#37, \$3.50US, S-96-F+
(1218 Chestnut St. #808, Philadelphia, PA 19107)
Lots of music and music oriented information in a large glossy format. Inside you'll find: Kahimi Karie, Liam Hayes, David Gedge, Miles Davis, Barry Adamson, Belle & Sebastian, Nashville Pussy, Sloan, Blonde Redhead, Sunny Day Real Estate, and many more. Many audio reviews and news. [magnetmag@aol.com] [http://www.magnetmagazine.com]

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#187, \$3, S-172-T
(PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146)
You got the columns, various reviews, scene reports, adverts, classified ads, and all the fodder that make MRR so loved by many. In this issue: The Real Kids, The Heroines, Third Party, Spider Cunts, Sawn Off, The Cretins, The Skabs, and more. Also, the Pioneers of Punk feature is The Dead Kennedys. The thick newsprint guide to everything punk.. [maximummrr@mindspring.com]

MIND TOILET #83, \$2.50, S-48-T

(PO Box 6132, L.I.C., NY 11106)
Letters, news and columns. Interviews with: The Aquabats, Rancid, and H2O. Audio reviews and a few bits more. Exercise your mind while you're on the toilet by picking up this bit of digestible thought. Happy reading. [mindtoilet@aol.com]

MOON SKA SKAZETTE

Winter '98/'99, *, S-16-M+
(PO Box 1412 - Cooper St., NY, NY 10276)
Get the news and get with it! The skazette has tour dates for bands, new music releases, updates zine listings, band booking info and more. There's a catalog too... packed with stickers, patches, T-shirts and a lot of ska releases for your ordering enjoyment. A great source for your ska needs. [moonska@walrus.com] [http://www.moonska.com]

MULTIBALL #15, \$4.50, HL-66-T

(PO Box 40005, PDX, OR 97240)
Comes with a Tara Key/Dickel Brothers split single also and what I'll use as a zipper-enhancer; a plastic token with "no good gophers" and a hole in it (?). Multiball's love and obsession is pinball, and it's a completely engaging, obsessive read: the state of pinball in Spain, an interview with a pinball tech, multiple references to the elusive, potentially life-breathing into a dying industry: Pinball 2000. The obsession and emersion into a culture that's not my own is fascinating. Lines of pinball games are given nicknames, are known by era, and for this type of love, my closest analogy could come from putting a Harley together, walking into a shop of an old-school biker and from solely showing him a fractured kicker arm, he told me exactly what year, model, and VIN series my bike was, that pipe modifications made the arm split and what I should do about it while he didn't raise his eyes off of his Vienna sausages. Multiball does that to pinball: knows it inside out because they love it and it shows. Also comes with cultural studies on the advertising icons of the Taco Bell Dog, Colonel Sanders (yet never explaining how one becomes a commissioned Colonel in Kentucky and not be in the military), and Sambo's. No space or words wasted. Tight

and worth the money. All my pinball memories were putting a quarter in, punching the flippers as hard an often as possible, and watching the ball go between them in five seconds or less. -Todd [wilcof@ix.netcom.com] [http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Palms/9977/multi.html.]

MURDERDEATHKILL #1, \$1, S-20-T

(1015 Wentworth, Green Bay, WI 54304)
Inside: Paradise Lost, Skin Mask, a bit about Ed Gein, some horror comics reviewed, some prose, some poems, some music reviews. It's a bit of something to read. [rag138@aol.com]

MUTANT POP RECORDS

CATALOG #N/A, *, S-16-T
(5010 NW Shasta Ave., Corvallis, OR 97330)
Yet another place you can order CD's and records from... There's a reprint from MRR #183 concerning a Chubbies record. You can read a column by Rev. Norb that MRR rejected for #185. Interesting.

MUTANT RENEGADE ZINE

#9, \$1.50ppd, S-64-T
(P.O. Box 3945, Dayton, OH 45401)
Guess they're going back to high school with this issue. Interviews with: "Ed" & "Zap" (Dayton, Ohio's of Zeds TV Dinner Theater), and E.Y.E. There are high school memories, reasons for quitting, the results of a survey about school, lots of photos, reunions and more. There are also audio, video, and zine reviews. A pretty beefy issue with lots to read. [grogfen@ix.netcom.com] [cirrus@erienet.com]

NEAT DAMNED NOISE

#10, \$4ppdUS, S-53-T
(PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393)
Another great issue of the fanzine for fanatics of the Damned! In this issue: Some photos from the '98 tour. All the Damned news from around the world! A new(!) Capt. Sensible interview. As much as you want to know about Monty Oxymoron. There's one of those old photo stories that punk bands used to put together like comic books, this one's called "The Set Up". There's some vintage photos and the continuing research of all the damned vinyl issues, and more. This should fill you up with the Damned till the next issue comes out. [neatdn@aol.com]

NEW RED ARCHIVES

'98/'99, *, HS-32-T
(PO Box 210501, San Francisco, CA 94121)
Catalog of news and releases. Inside: Anti-Flag, Snap-Her, Reagan Youth, UK Subs, Anti-Flag, and more. [http://newredarchives.com]

NOISES FROM THE GARAGE

#8, \$2ppd, S-64-T
(8811 Rue Riviera #3A, Indianapolis, IN 46226)
Interviews with: The Splash Four, The Space Cossacks, Groovie Ghoules, B-Movie Rats, The Satellites, Turbonegro, The Crusaders, The Dictators, The Mullens, Saturn V, The Donnas, and quite a few more. Lots of music, and zine reviews. This reading will keep you preoccupied well enough for a while or until you find something else to read. [noisejunkie@rocketmail.com]

NOTHING LEFT FANZINE

#8, \$2, S-116-F
(PO Box 1073, Wilkes Barre, PA 18703)
The zine comes with the N.L. #8 CD sampler with 28 tracks of music. There are columns, lots of reviews and quite a bit or other writing. Interviews with: Joan of Arc, Avail, The Usuals, Assuck, Limbert Fabian, Anthrax, and more. [nothnglft@aol.com]

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"isolated incidents" |
| Good Riddance
"feel their pain" | The Toasters
"shebeen" (live in Munich 1995) |
| Violent Society
"comin' back for you" (live from CBGB's) | Acumen Nation
"bleed for you" (verbal mix) |
| Less Than Jake
"...automatic" (live from NY) | Napalm Death
"unchallenged hate" (live from the UK) |
| Jello Biafra
"on Mumia" (spoken word) | Mephiskapheles
"three favorite americans" |
| Mike Park
"justice" | The Bouncing Souls
"east coast fuck you" (live in DC) |
| Gohti Hook
"where is my mind" | Citizen Cope
"old man vs. himself" |
| For The Living
"first person" | Gameface
"sweet wreck" |
| | Better Than A Thousand
"poison in your brain" (LFBK remix) |

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Winter '98/'99, \$2, S-64-F+
(301 Commerce Dr., Fairfield, CT 06432)
'Tis the season for snowboarding and you can peruse this catalog with everything you might need to head out on the slope. Boards, bindings, boots and more.
[http://www.performancesnowboards.com]

PLANET CHOCKO #5, \$1ppd, HS-28-R

(PO Box 1160, Maywood, NJ 07607)
Local photos, comics, the art world and more. In this issue: Steve McQueen, poetry, music and video reviews, Jerry Only (Misfits), Mandy Leigh, and more. Quick, but interesting.
[planetchocko@hotmail.com]

POPSMEAR #18, \$3US, S-86-F+

(648 Broadway - 2nd flr., New York, NY 10012)
More glossy reading with a smart-ass attitude. In this issue: A long article about a hermaphrodite complete with naughty pictures. Entertaining letters, sexy sign language, managing the homeless, Holyland USA pictorial, and more. Great reading for the twist in your heart.
[popsmeat@aol.com] [http://www.popsmeat.com]

PROFANE EXISTENCE

#36, \$3ppd, S-64-MT
(PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)
Anarcho punk stuff. News, views, thoughts and actions. Lots of great police brutality and confrontation reports from around the world with some pretty good pictures. Interviews with: a Polish squatter, Anti Product, and Abuso Sonoro. Lot's of scene reports from overseas. Music and zine reviews and more.
[mail@profaneexistence.com]
[http://www.profaneexistence.com]

RAW SEWAGE DIGEST

#5, \$1ppd, S-12-R
(PO Box 221, Delaware, NJ 07833)
This issue concentrates on bad taste with reader mail, some fiction of a disgruntled parcel worker, a couple of calls for TV trial offers, and some comics of questionable taste and value. There are some news bits that are equally of bad taste. Self reportedly, they want to stoop lower than the Weekly World News. Judge for yourself.

REAL OVER DOSE

#18, \$10ppd/3 issues, HS-62-T
(64 Chatsworth Dr., Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk IP4 5XD, U.K.)
Lot's to read all crammed in! Columns, local news and otherwise. Letters, classified ads. Interviews with: The Vibrators, The Quadrajets, Stinking Polecats, Nervous Tension, Boris The Sprinkler, The Destructos, The Offspring, and more. Music, zine and live reviews.

RIGSBY #10, \$4ppdWRDL, HS-92-T

(c/o Petra Craven, 50 Hollingbury Rise, Brighton, U.K.)
Lots of local pictures and thought. There's some talk of snacks. A shitload of "top ten" opinion. Bandwise there's: Cosmonks, Vanilla Pod, Cause For Alarm, Groove Ghoulies, The Humpers, and more. A shitload of reviews of all sorts and lots of prose for you to read through.

ROCK BRIGADE #146, ?, S-68-F+

(AV Paulista, 2073-Ed.Horsa I., Salas 821/822 - Sao Paulo, Brazil)
Superglossy metal-guitar-god magazine from Brazil at that! In this issue: Sepultura, Dimmu Borgir, Cradle of Filth, Iced Earth, Paul Gilbert, the Milwaukee Metal Fest '98, Frank Zappa and more. You also get a couple of pin-up posters of Lemmy and one of Slayer! Live, and audio reviews. Yes, you've got to speak the Brazilian jive. [http://www.rockbrigade.com.br]

RUDE INTERNATIONAL

#2, \$3US, S-68-T
(PO Box 391302, Cambridge, MA 02139)
Glossy ska and related mag with a very professional look. Columns, news and events. In this issue: Rancid, Dropkick Murphys, The Business, Suicide Machines, The Slackers, The Pietasters, stage diving, lots of local pictures and more. This issue reportedly is supposed to have a more of a punk than ska slant to it, but that's no deterrence from their mission statement. One of the refreshing features of this zine is the top notch photography of people, places, and events.
[rude@rudeinternational.com]
[http://www.rudeinternational.com]

RUNNIN' FEART #4, ?, HS-56-T

(c/o C. Masson, 12 Crusader Crescent, Stewarton, Ayrshire KA3 3BI, Scotland)
Really well put together with a great print-job! Inside you'll find: Oi Polloi, Airbomb, Pink Kross, The Steam Pig, The Amphetamines, Chinese Burn, Burning Boy, and more. Packed section of music and zine reviews. A lengthy read which will satisfy you appetite for rollicking punk rock with a taste of salt from the east side of the Atlantic Ocean.

SALLY TOMATO #4, ?, HL-80-MT

(1471 W. 153rd St., Gardena, CA 90247)
A pretty well made zine with a heavy silk-screened cardboard cover for this issue. Inside you'll find: Sissy Bar, an interview/dating game with members of various bands, the Ichi-Shi-Go's, a coloring book of outfits drawn by various band members, Peter Visser, and much more. A pretty creative zine that's well done with lots to read. The sort of thing that will look good on your coffee table at home or in your dorm room where it will impress all your new freshman friends. They'll ggle with surprise and snort with delight!

SECOND CHOICE #4, \$3ppdUS, S-64-MT

(PO Box 7067, Hackettstown, NJ 07840)
Columns and audio reviews. Interviews with: Fastbreak, Avail, H2O, 9 Lives, The Get Up Kids more. Well put together. If you like the hardcore stuff this should do well to satisfy that menacing appetite you have inside of you.
[dlew@eden.rutgers.edu]

SECONDS #47, \$2.95US, S-100-F+

(24 Fifth Ave. #405, New York, NY 10011)
Bauhaus is on the cover (big surprise)! The all interview magazine with some reviews thrown in for good measure. In this issue: Bauhaus, Brian Jonestown Massacre, Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Etta James, 12 Rounds, Steve Reich, Massive Attack, and more. A pretty well rounded issue.
[secondsmag@aol.com]

SHITWIPER ZINE

#5, \$3ppdWRDL, HS-40-R
(c/o Allan Mendoza, PO Box 37 ACPO, Cubao, Q.C.1135, Philippines)
From the Philippines in English you can read about: Barrier, Homicide, The Union, thoughts on UK punk, Your Mother, music reviews and more thought from across the globe.
[shit_wiper@hotmail.com]

SCRATCH #33, ?, S-80-MT

(17300 17th St. #J223, Tustin, CA 92780)
Letters, live and music reviews. In this issue: Anti-All, Gotohells, Kill Allen Wrench, Fag Rabbit, Four Letter Word, and a lot of opinion on local rules and regulations imposed by various government organizations. Changed it's address and growing in content.
[scottscratch@earthlink.net]

SLOSHED! FANZINE

#3, 75cents, S-24-T
(PO Box 6704, Ketchum, ID 83340)
Punk zine with the standards, reviews, columns, etc. Interviews with: Tony Reflex (ADZ), Avail, the Business, Brian Baker, Blacks 77, Electric Frankenstein, and Bill Stevenson. Pretty well done and the price is right.
[http://www.sloshed.com]

SLUG & LETTUCE

#56, 55cents, T-16-T
(c/o Christine Boarts, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632)
Book, music and zine reviews. Classified ads. Indispensable and an institution by now. Fulfill your DIY info hunger and get every damn issue of this.

SOAP & SPIKES FANZINE

#5, \$2USppd, S-32-T
(c/o Derek D., 431 Burlington Ave. #5, Burlington, Ontario L7S 1R3, Canada)
A punk rock zine from Canada. There's some pretty in-depth interviews in this issue: Brandon Cruz, Ill Repute, Toxic Reasons, Don Bolles (the Germs), Tony James. You also get some audio reviews and a few bits more.
[snspikes@netcom.com]

SPOTLIGHT, THE

weekly, \$1.50US, T-24-F+
(300 Independence Ave. SE, Washington, DC 20003)
If you want to read a newspaper that covers mostly national issues from a (self described) "populist & nationalist" angle, then this is for you. Giving equal opportunity hate towards democrat and republican alike gives the Spotlight the chance to dig in and get passionate about what they believe. Certainly not a liberal view taken within the pages.

SUB-PULSE FANZINE #5, \$2, S-32-T

(c/o Daniel Kingery, 1215 E. Hyde Park Blvd. #109, Chicago, IL 60615)
Sub-Pulse movies, columns, reader mail, music & zine reviews. Also in this issue: Hot Water Music, Los Crudos, and Braid. The sub-pulse of Chicago is here for you to read and enjoy. Perhaps the windy city gets more ideas blown around than other places. I'm not really sure, but I think that there's something beating within the cover of this zine. Feel the pulse for yourself. [dkingery@mork.uni.uiuc.edu]

SWANKHOLE! FANZINE

#2, \$1ppd, HS-20-R
(PO Box 1505, Carmel, NY 10512)
More swank punk talk from the second issue. A tough questions: to shit or to puke. Being Hulk Hogan. There are quite a few thoughts and opinions all spliced in a cut-up style.

THE THING #201, \$9USppd L-62-F

(133-5 Papagou Ave., 15773 Zografu - Athens, Greece)
This issue's all in English, so if you've wondered what it's about, but haven't been able to read the Greek this is your chance. Inside you'll see: New Bomb Turks, Fells, No Talents, Turbonegro, Crypt, Nomads, Spaceshits, B Movie Rats, and more. Lots of reviews, really well put together on glossy paper. The price is worth it if you're curious to read a Greek zine. [thing@ath.forthnet.gr]

TRIPPA SHAKE #10, \$3ppd, S-24-T

(c/o Ballini Stefano, via Mocale 79, 50028 Tavarnelle V.P.(FI), Italy)
Zine, record, live, book reviews, and columns. Also: Dead City Rebels, Patrizia Corti, reader mail, and more in this all Italian language zine.

TURNING THE TIDE

#3v11, \$2, T-20-MT
(P.O. Box 1055, Culver City, CA 90232-1055)
Keeping a watch on all the unpleasantness going around now a days. Inside: Martyrs of anti-racist resistance, reactionary militia's, crack and the CIA, and more.
[part2001@usa.net]

UNDER THE VOLCANO

#46, \$2US, S-56-F
(PO Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767)
A good read with columns, mail, live and lots of music reviews and more. Interviews with: Avail, Bad Religion, Louis Posen (Hopeless Rec.), and Rancid. There's lots of information and opinion presented in their columns. A pretty good read for your money.
[blackutv@aol.com]

URBAN GUERRILLA ZINE

#5, \$1.25ppd, HS-44-T
(14424 Walnut St. #419, Berkeley, CA 94709)
Punk rock zine. An interview with: Crass. Audio and zine reviews. Lots of punk thought opinion sprinkled liberally within the pages.

VERA KRANT #20, DFL40/yr., HS-28-F+

(Oosterstraat 44, 9711 NV Groningen, Holland)
The great little zine from the Netherlands. Always with a nifty color cover and some creative inside pix. News, reviews and all the sort of thing that one might find in Holland this time of year.

VIZINE #10v2, \$1.00, HS-34-MT

(4633 W Paradise Dr, Glendale, AZ 85304)
A pretty heavy paper stock zine that's distributed for free in whatever town it is that it's from. You'll find: 9 Volt, Snowpony, Marilyn Manson, Chemical Brothers, Hole, Hooverphonic, Rob Zombie, and lots more.
[vizine@vdr.com]

WAR CRIME #10, \$2, S-64-T

(c/o Mike, PO Box 2741, Tucson, AZ 85702)
Letters, columns, and articles and news concerned with environmental and human rights, anti-fascism and authoritarianism and things in that sort of rebellious anti-government vein. Book, audio and zine reviews. Natural headache cures. Sinking whaling ships how-to. Lots of information that's well written with good illustrations and photos.
[mkramer666@yahoo.com]

X-TRA #24, \$8/12issue, S-32-MT

(2484 Hammer Ave., Norco, CA 91760)
Reader letters, music and live reviews. Interviews with: Powerhouse, Welt, Co-Ed. It's from the record store with the same name... The address is listed, so drop in.
[xrecords@aol.com]

YEAH!!! #32, *, S-32-T

(PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)
It's the official newsletter and catalog of Dionysus Records. You'll get some of their views and news and their full compliment of available items all crammed between the pages.

ZAP #152, 5DM, L-52-T

(Postfach 1007, 6652 Bexbach, Germany)
Back to full sized issues and back to the usual abundance of stuff. Gig listings. Lot's of punk! There's some piercing's, a bit of Ron Jeremy, some zine and music reviews and news and views. Also: Sick of It All, Sheer Terror, Murphys Law, Gorilla Biscuits, and more bands.
[101466.3212@compuserve.com]
[http://www.jaqua.com]

P

O



R

Y

Revelation

by Sabrina Kaleta

I do not fear
the sea of blood,
the river of life
in my veins.

I feel the double-edged sword,
know truth
maims and heals.

The other side of the mirror
beckons,
waits for me to dive in,
lose myself in chaos.
I accept chaos and it
loses me.

You tell me I am not chosen,
I will suffer like the rest.
I tell you I have suffered,
I do not fear your plague.
Disease is the dark cave
I pass through,
beyond it, there's light.

It is natural,
like waking to the sun
clouded by smog.
I am used to this,
I will recover and
find a rainbow at my door.

You call me pagan,
a fortuneteller,
a slave to the serpent,
but the serpent is
just a messenger
I can follow or cast out.

You say I will be stung,
a slow acting poison
that does not provide
the comfort of death

I tell you
you can't save or damn me.
Your hallucinations of the divine
do not bind me.
I can find my own path
to heaven.



Everything Is Not Everything

by John Gallo

this is true—
but try listening to some people
who will try to convince you otherwise
We are a stumbling breed
and inside the corridors of empty heads
and vacant hearts are the echoes
of the stupid who keep on insisting
that truth cannot be defined.
Everything is not everything
and sometimes I wonder why
one would even think so.
Everything is not everything.
The echoes repeat
and repeat
again
and
again
and
again
and...

THE SPITFIRES

by C.D. Moody

Hurt turns to anger
Anger turns to rage
Take a time out
Maintain your dignity
& take a walk
Before that fury
Ask yourself four questions
What am I thinking?
What am I feeling?
(One word)
What do I need?
& what do have to do
To meet that need?
Find a solution
To your significant issue
Expand your energy
& redirect
Blessed be most
The spitfires

Martha Stewart and The Good Life

by Brigitte Young

Communication,
exasperation
Dedication,
elastic inflation
Words of wisdom,
cynicism
Metaphoric aphorism
Loss of hope,
failure to cope
Chemical dependency on mood-altering dope
Linkage function,
alien abduction
Constant and powerful hell bound suction
Passionless breathing,
anger seething
At a loss for words and passively grieving
Wishing on stars,
faded at bars
Driving too fast in uninsured cars
Not telling time,
standing in line
Becoming accustomed to reality's crime
Encased in glass,
kicking some ass
Fading away like unpolished brass
Continually churning,
pages turning
Candles of hope no longer burning
Laying low, no place to go
Nothing to show,
strong undertow
Safety in strife,
questioning life
Cutting out understanding with a plastic knife.

UNTITLED

by Jeremy Diaz

The streets are alive tonight
sparks flying up from the cracks
I live the current
goes through me like a raging river
Makes me whole
Makes me giant
It comes in spasms
sometimes harder than others
and always unexpectedly -
I stand
braced in waiting
jaw clenched
and eyes glowing
takes me to another place
far away
Everyday is the Fourth Of July here

BEST FRIEND

by S. Ferranti

holding my breath -
trying to suffocate -
thinking of you -
one night -
will last forever -
in my mind -
to think what could of been...
but no i shouldn't -
so i won't
one word -
cut so deep -
i should of thought before i
spoke -
in a different time -
a different place -
without such
circumstances
such a weird triangle -
thoughts put into words -
it will be alright -
i wouldn't trade
that one night for the world.

BOOKS VIDEOS

17% HENDRIX WAS NOT THE ONLY MUSICIAN

by Billy Childish

The cover is a reproduction of a painting Billy did in 1972, the end page holds a CD with 14 tracks of music his latest group, Thee Headcoats, recorded in 1998 (see the music review section for the scoop on the tunes) and the middle contains an assortment of reproductions of work that represent a fraction of artistic output from Mr. Prolific personified. There are close to a hundred pages, broken up into eight sections; an introduction, paintings, manifestos, photo booth snapshots, poems, woodcuts and drawings, a chapter from a novel in progress and a time line of relevant Childish info. This is probably the easiest and cheapest way to get a quick overview of what all the hullabaloo is all about. If you like what you see and hear, keep this in mind; there are about 1,500 more paintings, over 30 collections of poems and at least 80 full length albums, from various bands over the last 20 odd years, floating around out there. I like a lot of what I've seen and virtually everything I've heard. -P. Edwin Letcher (Slab-O-Concrete, PO Box 148 Hove, BN3 3DQ, UK)

AMERICANA, THE OFFSPRING PRESENTS

This here video features extreme sports (said with Terry Bradshaw football intro accent) taken to another level; extreme sports for the supreme lunatic with no concept of physical pain. My kind of entertainment. Although there's a cliched, "Gen X" tinge to parts of the tape (BMXers "rippin' it up," surfers "tearin' it up," snowboarders "shreddin' it up," and the like), cool points are made back with some insane physical feats and some good 'ol fashion bravery. I won't give all of the good stuff away, but let's just say that involved in his madness are bicycles, U-Hauls, pavement, and guys with little inhibitions. There was plenty of illegal activity being filmed as well, which also made for that neat feeling that you own something that could damage other people's lives. That's always a good thing. The video starts out with pretty raw footage of Dexter and Greg K. in a garage in 1983 "practicing" - or their variation thereof (This was prior to them learning how to play instruments in any musical fashion.) - Dexter on drums lookin' all young. The rest of the video is done with a homemade feel to it - kind of refreshing after seeing the majority of their videos being produced by big-shot MTV suits with production resumes that read: Fiona Apple, N' Sync, White Snake. There's no live performances or interviews with the band either. There aren't even really any details on their beginnings nor the growth of the band over the 15 or so years they've been around (in some form or another). It's just not a documentary film. It's more small skit, home video, cartoon animation, extreme sports, self-produced music videoish. The "stars" are all friends of the band, which is nice, and the drugs being done are real. It's a straight forward account of what the guys in The Offspring do in their free time backed

with their music as the soundtrack and pretty fuckin' funny as well. It's definitely made for the kids in the scene rather than the kids in the mall and worth watching if that's the only image of The Offspring that you have. This video is not being released to MTV, VH1, BET, or TNN as far as I know. The only way I think you can order it (besides finding it in stores) is through Nitro Records, 7071 Warner Ave. Ste. F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647. -Holly

ARMED TO THE TEETH WITH LIPSTICK

by Blag Dahlia and Marc Rude

How many of you whippers remember Kilgore Trout? Yeah, ya know him, that fabulous, wonderful, great science fiction writer that could only get published in pulps and porno mags. Funny mishaps in space and time that were spliced in between pictures of naked women with their legs spread. The spirit of Kilgore is alive and well in this outer space gumshoe "Doolan"-the protagonist in this really fun read. Kinda like if a Jim Thompson character- scratch that- this guy comes of more like an accidental Marlowe - was wan-wan-wandering through Tomorrowland. Ink enhanced by Marc Rude, no stranger to many (a tattoo-styled artist who has done famous works for bands like Tex and the Horseheads, The Misfits, Electric Frankenstein, etc.) I read this sci-fi-noir during a flight to New York (128 pages with lotsa art) and would giggle when some unsuspecting busybody would peek, then gasp at the drawings (my favorite was "Siamese Twin Prostitutes") and chapter headings ("Don't Laugh, Yer Mother's in the Trunk," "Jesus on Per Night," "A Pentothal Enema," and "Blood and Soda Pop") then scurry away. I didn't make any friends that day which is rather unusual for a connoisseur of small talk like me, but I did have the pleasure of enjoying this very fucked up story. -Reflex (Greedy, PO Box 170481, SF, CA 94117)

ART OF SKOT OLSEN: SET OF TEN POSTCARDS

A cool set of weird art postcards. Skot seems to be very talented and has a unique and very distinctive style. The themes follow your basic decadent/anti-religious motifs with his own twisted take of a pot shot. -AI (Rotten Ink, PO Box 2157, Montclair, CA 91763)

BURNING IN PARADISE

Poetry by Michael Madsen

Michael Madsen is probably best known as the current, reigning Hollywood "tough guy" with his roles in films like "Reservoir Dogs" (as the memorable, ear-slicing Mr. Blond) and the ABC-TV series "Vengeance Unlimited." What's a guy who's been dubbed the next Lee Marvin know about poetry? Lots, apparently, as his first book reveals. Beneath the badass exterior beats the heart of a street poet. Madsen writes



like a knife slices; clean, direct and straight. The writing is terse, sometimes downright surly. But there is plenty of wry humor and sly observations. Bukowski is an obvious touchstone, but Madsen thankfully doesn't overdo the comparison. Madsen uses his writing to chronicle the day-to-day moments of his life, some are emotionally shattering, others are throw-away thoughts. The powerful combination of the two make this a hard book to put down. -Martin Banner (Incommunicado Books, PO Box 99090, San Diego, CA 92169)

THE CLASH: THE NEW VISUAL DOCUMENTARY

Fine band. Damn fine bloody band. I figure, the more I can learn about the band's existence, the better, and since PBS aren't yet running 4 hour long documentaries on rockin' bands, I went and found myself a book with plenty 'o pictures. As the only biography on the band in print, this book probably contains business information scarcely known by a lot of Clash fans. A back seat approach is taken on their personalities and personal lives on the whole, and discussed more are dates, albums, tours, the people they came into contact with, and ongoing business conflicts. Less time is spent on what's going on through Mick and Joe's heads, which is what I am personally more interested in when reading about band history, not exact dates and business ventures. Yet that is what some people are really interested in. The book is basically a narrated tour diary throughout with interspersed drop quotes by members of the band on the topic at hand. Drop quotes aren't as solid to me as, say, direct writing from the horse's mouth. You never know what context drop quotes are taken from and how truthful or untruthful they actually are. But then again, it's called a documentary, not an autobiography. The language they use is also pretty fun to try and decode with them sounding either extremely versed British or uneducated Americans. I also had troubles with all the financial talk in the book. I don't know a pound from a button and therefore had no concept of the money being thrown about with record deals and so forth. No loss; don't care much. On a positive note, there's a lot of information packed into 112 pages on everything ranging from their beginnings in art school, to being a political band, to not being a political band, to maybe being a political band, to tours, to burned bridges, to Joe Strummer's acting career, to... You get the point. From 1977 to 1992, a lot of shit went on with The Clash and although this book's not written directly by the band and is a bit too narrated for me, I believe the information is accurate and fulfilling in Clash trivia. Also included is a complete discography which is good for people who can afford to collect good stuff. -Holly (Omnibus Press or Music Sales Corporation, 257 Park Ave. South, NY, NY 10010)

COSMIK DEBRIS: THE COLLECTED HISTORY AND IMPROVISATIONS OF FRANK ZAPPA

by Greg Russo

In Creem, December, 1974, Frank Zappa proclaimed "Frank Zappa is the guy who makes those albums. But there's another Frank Zappa, who is crazy but you don't really know about. Information on his identity will contribute towards no useful function in contemporary society." Russo's incredible book is THE comprehensive overview of the 20th century's most prolific composer. By studying this Zappa, one can acquire insights and discover new questions about the other Zappa. We can learn what is behind the creative process by probing the patterns. Russo meticulously highlights what Zappa called "conceptual continuity" clues (CCC) - thematic threads that run throughout his work. Pattern recognition means comprehensive awareness and big fun, too. Since Frank was so much more than just a musician, this book becomes a lesson in life in all its glorious details. Reprint of the actual Daily Report article on the infamous raid on his studio in Cucamonga in '65, gig list, massive discography, tons of photos and text galore add up to a frankly fulfilling survey of Zappa and his musical multi-verse. -Gerry Fialka (Crossfire, Box 20406, Floral Park, NY 11002)

DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION: PART THREE

directed by Penelope Spheeris

Make no mistake, this isn't a continuation of part one. It's no call to punk arms, no match under dry tinder for a culture of youth rebellion. It's about a sub-scene of punk and revolves a loosely defined group of LA-area gutterpunks, dealing more with issues of abandonment, homelessness, and alcoholism than it does with loud, fast music. (Which is extremely incidental this time out - almost scenery and less than a soundtrack.) Whereas the first Decline movie centered around a burgeoning music scene that many sincerely believed was poised to overrun the world, this installment deals with people who have been overrun by the world as it stands, latching on to punk - at first it seems to its visual style and aesthetic. What separates the kids and young adults in this film from other homeless people is pretty easy to see - readily recognizable punk attire: chains, studs, patches, happy hair, multiple piercings. However, what was rammed home by this movie is not what they look like in the slightest - pair 'em up to a fresh batch of suburban punkaroos at a Swingin' Utters show and you'll be hard pressed to figure out which one will leap into mommy's Explorer after the show and which one has to break into a unoccupied house and shit in a corner after the last chord is struck - but their complete and utter rejection of any and all authority, including any and all of its enforcers; more decisively (and sadly) - anybody who is willing to give them a helping hand. On the surface you may think, "anarchy, man," or "fucking a' right." What this documentary rammed home, for me, was this: Their love of beer and blank, wholesale rebellion vast



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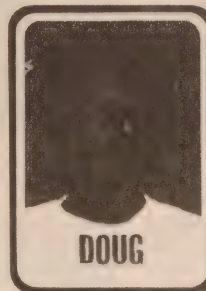
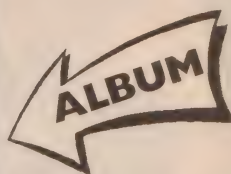


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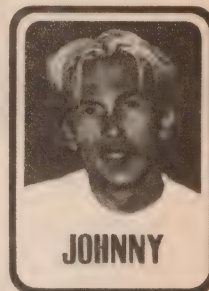
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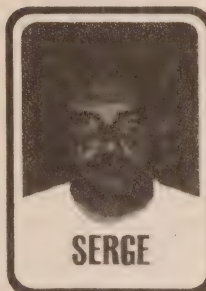
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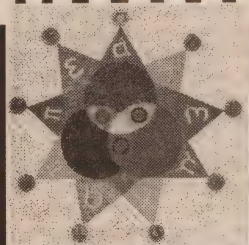
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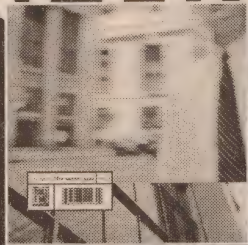
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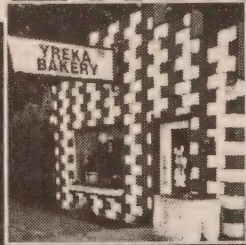
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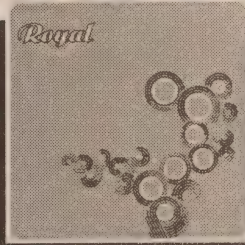
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ly outweighs every other variable in the beauty of life to the point that they would rather spit in the face of anyone trying to help them beyond giving them change for a 40 oz. Any and all forms of life different from theirs is mistrusted - even taunted. At the showing I went to, Penelope Spheeris gave a little talk beforehand and quite a few of the cast members were in the audience. She was told to fuck off by someone in the front row, and very few really seemed to give a rat's ass that she was donating a bulk of the proceeds of the film to actually help the people she portrayed, and she sternly requested that no one fuck with the place - which was ultimately ignored by a can of beer thrown against the screen. They couldn't even see themselves. Every time human skeleton, punk casualty, yet still barely functioning in real society, Rick Wilder (Mau Maus) splashed across the screen he was met with a sort of boos and taunts. The entire tone of the movie came across as self-annihilation - impairing to the point where the subjects of the movie didn't even give a fuck of what they could possibly be and look like if by some fluke they lived past twenty-five. It's almost as if, in all seriousness, what they wanted was money for beer and nothing - absolutely nothing - else. Not even keys or skills to get out of from where they're at - without selling out or giving up - which I believe are some of the true elements of rebellion beyond self-destruction. As I walked out of the theater, a couple people asked me for change. Did I give it to 'em? Nah. Let 'em hate me. They already do, almost as much as they hate themselves. That said, I thought it was a pretty darn good movie that was shot real well. -Todd

DESTROY: A PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL OF THE SEX PISTOLS, 1977

by Dennis Morris
Great reproduction of classic images make this a must for any Pistols fan. Why the hell did this guy wait 20 years before putting this together is a real mystery. Nevertheless, a lot of these photos have snuck out to the public in various forms over the years, the cool thing here is that you get to see some of the other shots on that same roll or film, or during the same photo session. Every shot is a classic, sneering smart ass punks, too bad they died, they would have been big. -Al (Creation, PO Box 13512, Berkeley, CA 94712)

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL - CONSPIRACIES, CULTS & COVER-UPS

by Robert Anton Wilson with Miriam Joan Hill
While reading the alphabetical (my Beta went Alpha and beyond) entries in this kaleidoscopic coverage of conspiriologgy, I hadn't laughed out loud so much since viewing Craig Baldwin's Tribulation 99, which happens to be one of Wilson's favorites. These guys give you information you know exists but does not seem to show up anywhere. Wilson yins the yangs from John Adams to Orson Welles, from Area 51 to the Trilateral Commission, from Pynchon to Pound, from the Circumcision Conspiracy to Skull & Bones, from Jean Cocteau to Wilhelm Reich and lots more including multitudes of cross-referencing. Robert Anton Wilson, the mirthful messenger, throttles the jocular with philoso-facts, insights, addresses

and URLs. "Nothing is impossible just because it is improbable." -Gerry Fialka (HarperPerennial, 10 E 53rd St, NY, NY 10022)

GOT TO LAND SOMEWHERE: PUNK AND HARDCORE LIVE SHOTS

by Anne Ullrich and Lee Hollis
A pretty decent collection of hardcore live shots including bands from the US and a lot of Europe and plenty of crowd scenes. Unfortunately it suffers from very dark reproduction which destroys a lot of the detail that makes books like these interesting even after quite a few looks. -Al (c/o Trust Fanzine POB 110762, D-28207 Bremen, Germany)

LORDS OF CHAOS: THE BLOODY RISE OF THE SATANIC UNDERGROUND

by Michael Moynihan and Didrik Soderlind
Interestingly, the title of this book doesn't come from Norway, or even Europe, but one of America's hotbeds of black metal, Florida. It's adopted from the name a group that had lofty plans of going to Disneyworld as part of their high school graduation party, stealing Goofy and Donald Duck suits, and randomly killing tourists with silenced hand guns (think of the national emotional scars). This book is impressive not only with its scholastic aptitude, its understanding for its subject, and its scope, but its ability to show compassion for what it dealt with without fawning and remaining refreshingly objective while covering a subject that most people think is just a joke or a reason for people to wear dead-looking makeup and jump around in the snow in loincloths and swords. To my knowledge, no long and serious study of black metal predates this book - what a resource. First off, let me explain that I know dicksquat about black and death metals so it's quite possible that Moynihan focused way too much on a specific Norwegian scene while wholly ignoring other bands who were less fascistic, satanic, brutal, or bloodthirsty yet just as influential - but I wouldn't know. (This is an open challenge to Thrashhead who knows this stuff and who infers this but hasn't read the book cover to cover yet and written a review. Pony up.)

That said, here's some of the Cliff's notes so you punks out there who allergic to heavy reading can act like you read the book.

Black metal was given a name in 1982. England's Venom's "elaborate endorsement of Satanism to a degree which would have caused wet dreams for medieval inquisitors" established the name of before-unknown genre of music in title of their second album "Black Metal." Their satanism was a handy way of culling fans (with the magnetism of pseudo-rebellion in the mask of true rebellion - watch your Mt. Dew commercials), along the lines of Slayer. Yeah, maybe Slayer's first promo shot (see Flip #115) was of a virgin sacrifice, but more truth would lie in the fact that they were "beer-drinking everyday metalheads" than serious satanists. High Priest of the Church of Satan, Anton Le Vey puts the whole direction of black metal in interesting terms: "Many of the so-called black metal 'satanists' appear to me as essentially Christians - they're defining satanism by Christian standards." King Diamond, Merciful Fate's figurehead and lead singer, pushed the envelope of blasphemy and "provided a vastly more

volatile cocktail for teenage fans to imbibe," furnishing a couple more pages to the black metal handbook. However, it wasn't until Bathory, a band made the entire nutshell to be filled and redefined and pushed as a genre, who managed "to create the blueprint for Scandanavian Black Metal in all its myriad facets: from frenzied cacophony to orchestrated, melodic bombast; reveling in excess of medieval Devil worship to thoughtful explorations of ancient Viking heathenism; drawing inspiration from European traditions to deliberately flirting with the iconographic of fascism and National Socialism."

The Norwegian scene was small but world-wide influential. (For instance, few people talk of Icelandic or Swiss (home of Celtic Frost) black metal.) First incident of note was Dead of Mayhem's suicide. Shedding a small but telling flick of light of the shape of darkness to come. Upon finding his half-headless shotgunned-to-the-back-wall ex-bandmate, Euonymous and another took big pieces of his skull and hung them on their necklaces. Then they took pictures. Dead's suicide note: "Excuse all the blood." Activity such as this was the fat and gristle of inspiration that many a future black metallor chewed upon - and grimly indicated how little they cared about the lives and deaths of one another.

Oystein Aaseth (Euonymous) opened a black metal record shop, Helvete (hell), in Oslo (interestingly, financed in part by his mom) and started a label, Deathlike Silence Productions. A scene gelled. Contacts were made with bands like Darkthrone, Immortal, Thorns, Enslaved, Arcturus, and Emperor. One day, in walked Varg Vikernes and his one man band Burzum (taken from the J.R.R. Tolkien-speak of The Lord of the Rings, meaning "much darkness." Interestingly, Tolkien is a huge, huge welt that black metallors tap.). Several years later, in a flurry of activity and a dispute over royalties, Varg ended up sticking a knife so far into Euonymous' cranium that he had to kick it to get it dislodged. Quoting Varg, "I hit him directly into his skull and his eyes went boing! and he was dead." Varg is now serving maximum penalty sentence and is currently building bigger and bigger myths about himself, skating away from satanism into the world of odinism (Odin being "the one-eyed enemy of the Christian 'God'"), and currently harvesting a persona parallel to Manson's in the United States.

Another "famous" aspect of the Norwegian black metal scene was its affection to burn down churches. They were real enthusiastic torchers. (FYI, the name "lucifer" means "light bringer.") Begun by Vikernes and his cohorts in 1992, in a four-year period, forty-four churches were burned. Some did it for the sake of burning a church, just to be bad. Varg also states that "There was no organization," and in this way, it's kinda akin to the LA riots, where it happened on a wider scale, almost simultaneously, without a control center or any one person or group taking all the credit of the actions. This basic thought is echoed through the book - of why such a nice place as Norway was the nexus for so many hot tempers and evil dudes. Ihsahn, singer of Emperor suggests, "I think Black Metal tried to concentrate more on just being 'evil' than having a real Satanic philosophy."

The end of the book goes to great pains to plot the perceived trajectory of how black metal will ascend (or descend) and proliferate.

Other bands on GMM:
Anti Heros, Dropkick
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77, Ozymorion, Those
Unknown, Ducky Boys,
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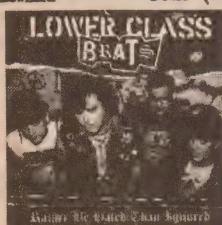
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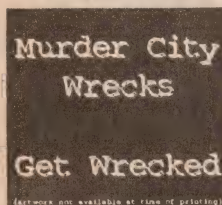
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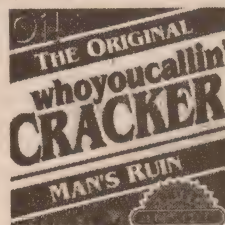
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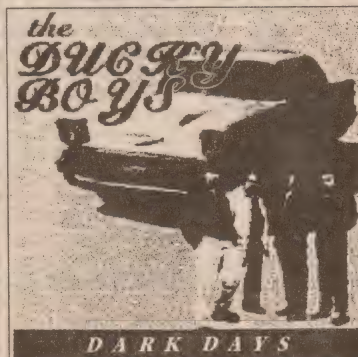
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erate, listening to its echoes (for instance, in Germany, France, and England) and mining the fields of yore to contextualize the phenomenon. What I found, on a music culture level, to be a first is that although black metallers weren't a happy bunch and had no need to separate their whites from their darks (all they had were darks), they seemed to take their philosophies dead serious, without the usual warp and vortex of drugs, alcohol, and sex, opting for a strong fascination and identification with symbolism, death, myth, and paganism (Celtic, Druidic, Odinist, Greek and Latin pantheism). All in all, very interesting and this probably won't be a PBS special anytime soon, so it's well worth picking up.

Miscellaneous factoids: Howard Hughes was "quite sympathetic" to Anton Szandor LeVey's Church of Satan.

Norway, a country that has a thriving movie industry, has produced only one horror movie in its 70 year history. In Northern Norway, in Lappish areas, there are Christian sects that prohibit the ownership of TVS and curtains, and stomped their foot down, banning Monty Python's "The Life of Brian."

Under Norwegian law, conspiracy to break the law is not illegal if it is done to help a close family member. -Todd (For free catalog: Feral House, 2532 Lincoln Blvd., #359, Venice, CA 90291: www.feralhouse.com)

MAN RAY: PARIS-LA

(Edited by Pilar Perez) An absolutely incredible book on Man Ray, genius filmmaker, painter, maker of objects and photographer. These pages reek with perfect reproductions of his "spirit of provocation" art in rich mystifying colors, as the Man declared "an irresistible desire to violate" established laws. The avant-garde never looked so good. Surreal me. -Gerry Fialka (Smart Art Press 800-338-Book)

MORE ROCK FAMILY TREES

by Peter Frame

Holy moly, this is kinda crazy. The reason I looked into this book is that I'm attempting to make the family tree for Southern California punk rock, slowly coaxing more and more bands to send in their trees and stop by Flipside HQ with photos to spice them up. Peter does all of his trees by hand. It's complex, engaging, and mind-blowing how much detail and texture you can get from just tracing your fingertips over the trajectory of a band's career (short synopsis of each band listed are provided: i.e. "Suicidal Tendencies; Venice beach trash metal."). There are also pages and pages of hand-written text chronicling the roots of the blues (going back to Nigeria and such), the roots of folk. Tons of times I found myself saying, "I did not know that." The book is separated into sections, and the ones I spent the most time were "Flowers of Romance: the '76 Rebellion," and "Respected Cult Bands from the Bowels of 80s Hollywood Clubland," but don't sell the other sections short. Black Sabbath, what would a punk rocker have to do with anything Black Sabbath? Suicidal Tendencies' Robert Trujillo joined Ozzy's band, that's what. What follows is stuff I did not know and feel like sharing: Original Buzzcocks vocalist went on to form Magazine; Drummer John Maher now races VWs and holds the world record for removing and replacing a Beetle engine and played in PIL in '92; you may know that Ian Curtis was in Warsaw before helping form Joy Division, but did you know he was in Stiff Kittens?; Steve Jones, Paul Cook, and Glen Matlock were in a band called the Swankers before being in the Sex Pistols; The Dickies have one of the most uninteresting family trees. It just says "1977-Now" and lists the band members with "several other various"; Lou Reed and John Cale were in The Primitives, the Warlocks, and The Falling Spikes (picking up Sterling Morrison) before eventually forming the Velvet Underground (the Velvets have an entire foldout page to themselves). All in all, if you have great appreciation for music in general and aren't scared of looking at other stuff with your punk, it's highly recommended. -Todd (Omnibus Press, www.musicsales.co.uk)

MOST ART SUCKS FIVE YEARS OF COAGULA

(Edited by Tom Patchett) Mat Gleason has carved his own valuable niche and articulates it so well in the intro, "Face it, art world - Coagula has published ten issues of thumbtacks in your pretty little over-rated ass." This Best Of Coagula kicks royal booty. The world's largest free art magazine's motto is "The LowDown on High Art," so the reading is both funny and super insightful. Art is anything you can get away with. Don't judge what you don't understand. Coagula writers get it and Mat's been punched out for it. Most Art Sucks makes you think and laugh. Note the big thanks to Mat's publishing role model, Al Flipside, for his admonition "Don't sell out, sneak in." Massive multi-verse kudos to both Mat and Al for proving the provocation potentials of the printing press. -Gerry Fialka (Smart Art Press 800-338-Book)

SCREAM WHEN YOU BURN

Edited by Rob Cohen

Positive qualities abound in this 250 page anthology, from the no favorites alphabetizing of the authors, to the selections themselves. Rob Cohen edited Caffeine, a literary LA freebie filled with

quality selections and graphics. Here, we get words (minus pix) ranging from poetry by the likes of Dave Alvin, Charles Bukowski, Scott Holstad, Gerald Locklin, and Scott Wannberg, to short prose by ex-DEVO skinsman David Kendrick, David Ulin, and D. Navarro (whose account of a drive by shooting is made more incisive by its conversational tone). The whole book concludes with and insightful and easy to follow Allen Ginsberg interview. He wraps everything up by discussing a "sense of community," something Rob (and Co.) paid close attention to both when publishing Caffeine and compiling "Scream When You Burn." -Pooch (\$14, Incommunicado Press, PO Box 99090 San Diego, CA. 92169)

THE RIP-OFF BOOK by Victor Santoro

In this fast paced world of much toil and an ever-shrinking "guaranteed" slice of the pie, isn't it heart warming to know that there are those whose goal it is to leave you pie-less and bewildered? As the world's population continues to rise and its resources and comfort zones are stretched thin, expect also a rise in the purveyors of the almighty con job. Fear not, though, as you have a powerful ally in your corner and his name is Victor Santoro. Santoro is here to supply you with the most awesome weapon of all in your day to day tussles with the con man, and that weapon is knowledge. It is quite amazing how well the author knows his "shit" as Santoro exposes scenario after slippery scenario, many of which this cynical and street-wise reviewer had not been exposed to. Some of the categories of fraud revealed in this book include real estate scams, fleecing relatives, entrapment, door to door salesmen, telemarketing, health care, and a plethora of others. Besides the con jobs themselves, you will also learn the lingo of the trade as well as what you can do to make yourself less attractive to the bunk peddlers of the world. I have to say, though, that my favorite part of the book was his assertion that exacting revenge via annoying and sometimes maddening pranks against the fraud perpetrator can be a fun and healthy pursuit with Santoro starting your mental ball rolling with a wacky array of sometimes downright hilarious shenanigans. Santoro also drives home several important points: Con men come in all shapes and sizes, and are usually not the greasy eel stereotype of yore; No one is too smart or immune from the con caper; Many cases of fraud walk a thin line between legal and illegal with their perpetrators often times so-called respected businesses; You don't have to be a paranoid shut-in in order to be prepared; And finally, people don't become victims of fraud only out of wanting something for nothing. So, if you're interested in staying the target, hoping your big, shiny police protectors will defend you once you are victimized (and usually finding out that they can't or won't), then avoid this book at all costs. On the other hand, if you don't like playing the part of a fool every time, this mandatory piece of reading is time and money well spent for you. (Pick up a few copies for family and friends - they will thank you later.) While you're at it, nab yourself a copy of what Loompanics declares the "best book catalog in the world." An egotistical and arrogant statement for sure, though I might have to agree with said trumpet blowing. -Brian (Loompanics Unlimited, PO Box 1197, Port Townsend, WA 98368)

WE ROCK SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO: THE OPTION READER #1

Edited by Scott Becker

Articles reprinted from Option Magazine including Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Patti Smith, Melvins, The Breeders, Screaming Trees, Dinosaur Jr., Chumbawamba, New Bomb Turks, Superchunk, Afghan Whigs, Jesus and Mary Chain, Mike Watt, and The Jesus Lizard. Tangent number one: If your fucking promo belittles zine culture to the point of "scruffy dogmatism," why the fuck send it here asshole if our dogmatic kennels are so full of shit? Option's the "Only magazine [that] has been in the trenches of the alternative rock revolution since the beginning." Option? Who stuck the Olympic torch up your ass and named you champion of all that's burning and hemorrhoidal (it'd be an aneurism, but your head's up your ass, get it?)? Tangent number two: How to make an Option article: always, always take great pains in explaining what your interviewee is wearing. Never, never let the interviewee talk for themselves for more than two sentences at a time - because you're there to contextualize, hipsteize, make cooler-ize, thrift store chic-terize (Except the Mike D talking to Thurston Moore piece, which was my favorite because I wasn't told how Thurston's bangs were cut and they talked about music at length). Tell the reader how dismal the place they're playing is, or if it's really nice, how out-of-place the band is. Sub Pop references preferred, the term "ultra chic" a bonus when licking Matador's rectum. Tangent three: Parasites feeding off the host. Four of the writers are now

at Rolling Stone, and the book, when the musical artists aren't speaking for themselves, smacks of the worst of "rock journalism": smug, righteous, condescending, social climbing fuckwads, wrapping the decade up into nice cultural capsules, ready for ease of consumption. Book report: I like it when the artists themselves talk. Superchunk is neat. There's a good Einstein quote. I love it when Fugazi sticks their stiff middle fingers in the throats of the larger publications. I wish this would have been pure interviews, Q and A's so the asshole "rock journalists" would shut the fuck up (or just have intros and outros). If any of the artists at the beginning of this sound good, I suggest you park it at the bookstore and read it. Hell, if you're at a big chain, have a friend fake an epileptic seizure and rip out your favorite artist's chapter. If anybody discovers a nerve toxin that could be dropped out of a plane that just killed people striving to be "cool losers," drop me a line. I'll help you with the patent process. Hell, I'll even turn the prop to the plane and ride the fucking bomb down like Slim Pickens did in "Dr. Strangelove." -Todd (\$15.00 (don't do it) Incommunicado Press, PO Box 99090, San Diego, CA 92169)

GARY HORNBERGER'S COMIC REVIEWS

BRU-HED'S GUIDE TO GETTING GIRLS NOW!

#1, \$2.50

Girl beating the crap out of a short guy with a giant head and a giant appetite for sex is what this one's about. Filled with a dozen or so eight panel shorts of this Bru-head character attempting to win sex with nut-numbing results are absolutely hilarious. This loser attempts it with girls from every angle possible and in fact from every race and religion What girl wouldn't want to nut kick a guy who asked "will ya suck on my dolphin." If Clinton wasn't in the public eye, he might be known under the pseudonym Bru-head. This one will keep ya laughing for days. -Gary Hornberger (Schism Comics, 19785 W. 12 Mile, Suite 190, Southfield, MI 48076.)

DIM WITTED DARRYL THE WORLD'S DUMBEST MAMMAL

#2, \$2.95

It seems that Darryl is really familiar, I believe that this character is a rip off of Jimmy the Idiot Boy. In the main story line, this Darryl's character kills a bug, shows it off to some friends, the friends tell him he's going to hell, he worries then decides to go to church and in the end finds out from the priest that it's OK because God put animals here to pillage. Now don't get me wrong, I laughed but not whole heartedly. This comic tries to get at social and political downfalls but just when it comes time to really drive home the point it takes a left turn up a curb over a mailbox and into a building where it dies a fiery death. The comic has possibilities but until the message comes across clearly I'm going to place this one in storage. I mean, come on, even Darryl's dad is a rip off of George Liquor. -Gary H. (SLG Publishing, 325 South First St., Suite 301, San Jose, CA 95113)

THE TICK'S BIG BACK TO SCHOOL SPECIAL

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Here's the big blue guy's newest adventure from the mind of Sean Wang, who I guess is writing while Eli Stone works on the Luny Bin Trilogy. Anyway, how can you beat the Tick infiltrating a local high school to thwart a new evildoer? We find the Tick masquerading as a student while Arthur the sidekick portrays the school janitor. It seems that one of the Tick's old adversary's sons has the student body and faculty building him a giant ray gun to finish up what his dad had set out to do a while back. It seems that the apples that are being used to mind control everyone will become his downfall. If you are familiar with the Tick then you will enjoy the new characters and laugh at this story line. -Gary H. (New England Comics, Inc., PO Box 310, Quincy, MA 02269)

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Dragons "Pain Killer" CD now in its 2nd pressing! Excellent songwriting with music best described as having the rock'n'roll of vintage Stones & Thunders combined with the catchiness of The Replacements with the power of RFTC. \$10 to Scam-O-Rama Records, 13446 Poway Road #321, Poway, CA 92064.

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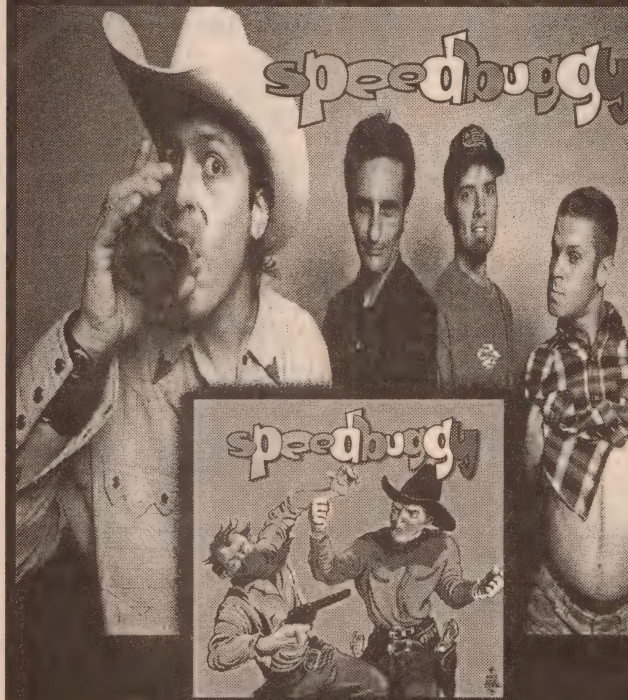
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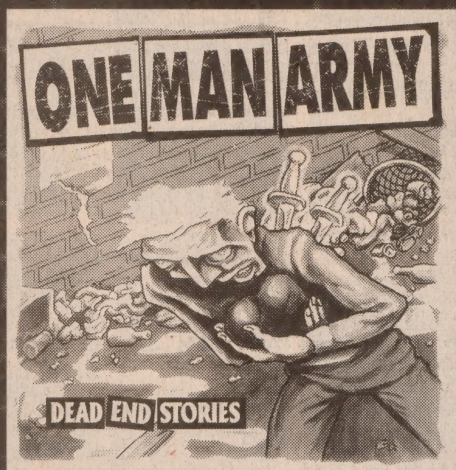
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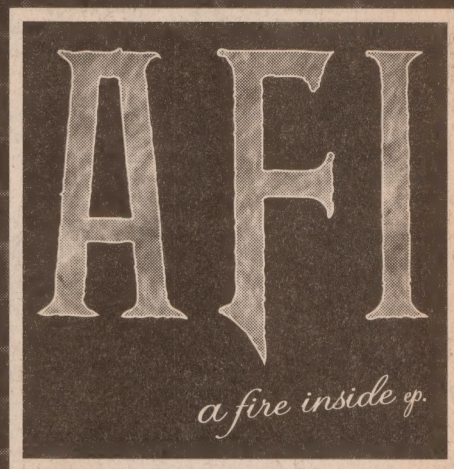
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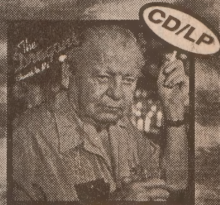
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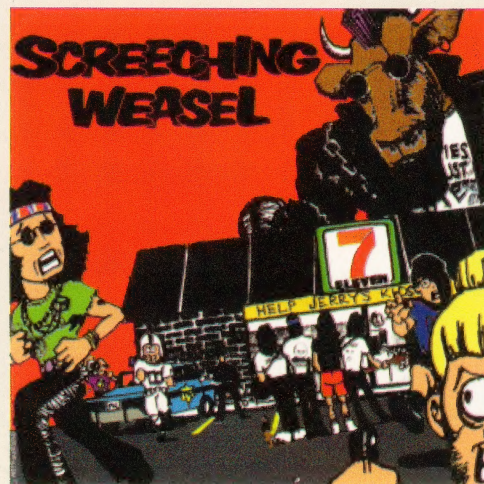
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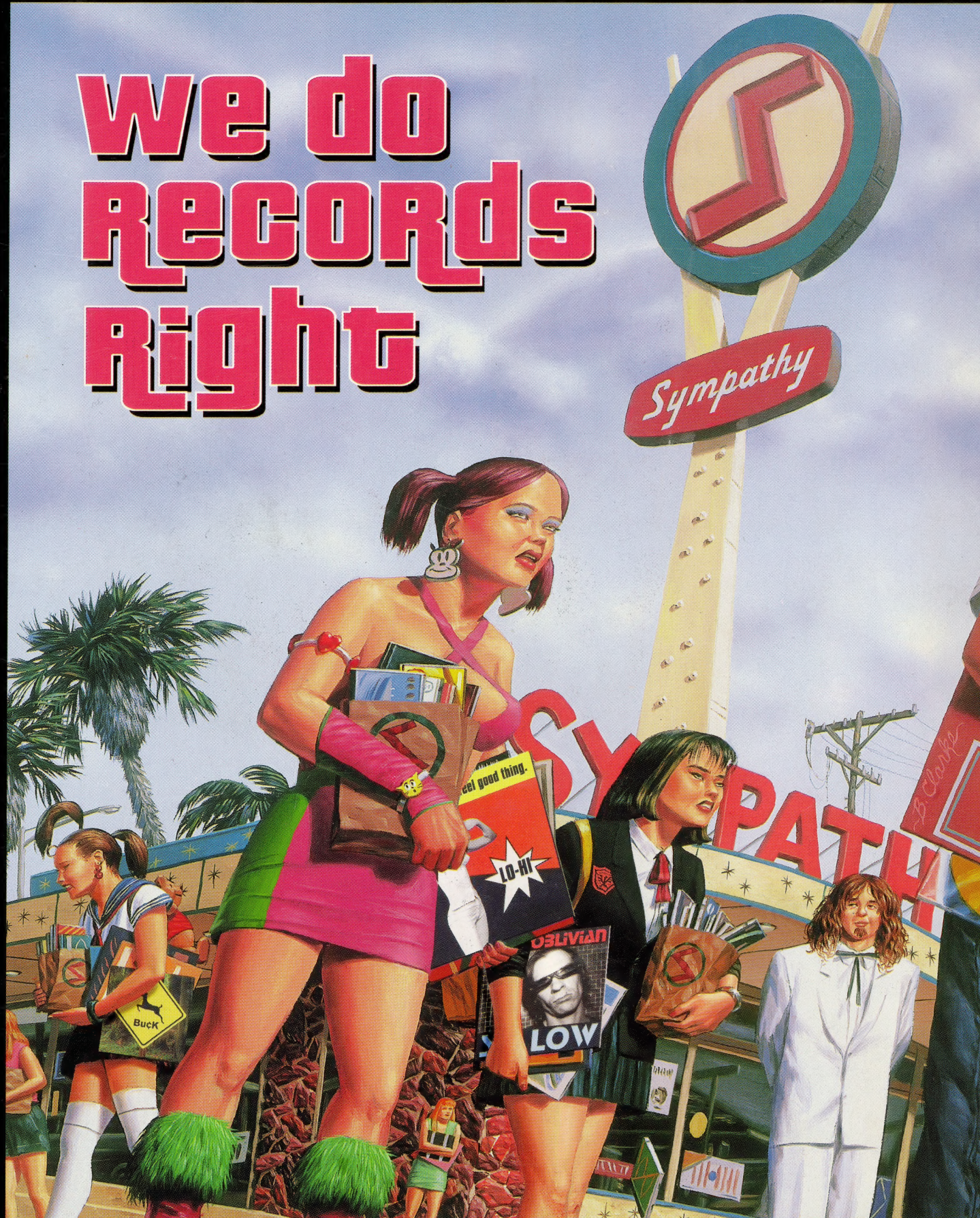
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